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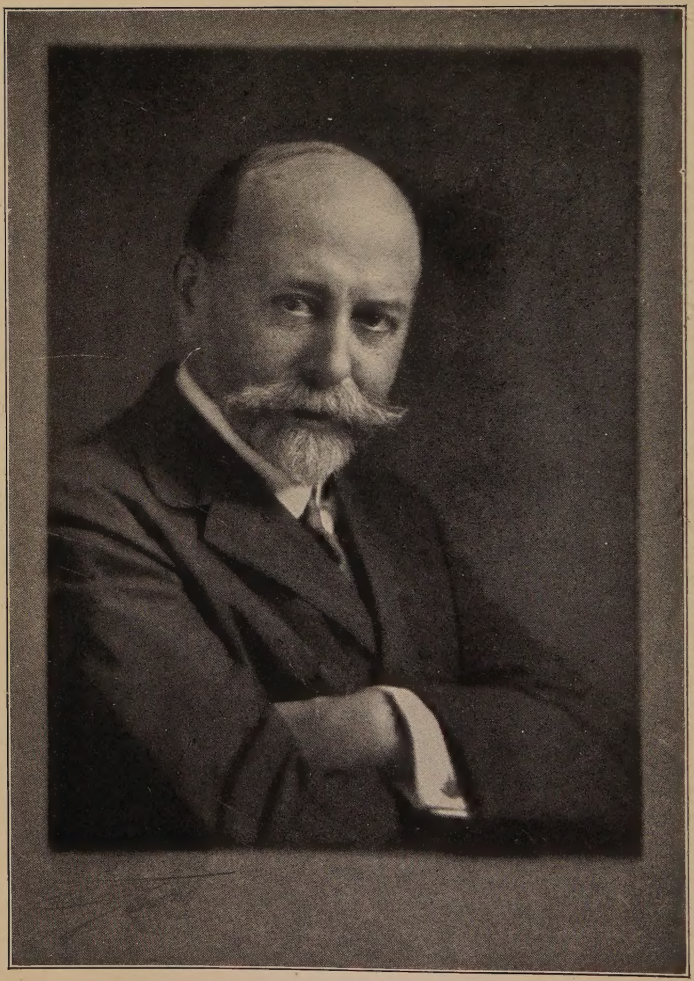

WILLIAM HARRIS ARNOLD.

VENTURES IN BOOK COLLECTING

BY
WILLIAM HARRIS ARNOLD

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK · LONDON
1923

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TO
MY WIFE

FOREWORD

It is a delight to me to be afforded the opportunity of paying a small tribute to the memory of a great friend. To my books I owe many of the friendships that have served to make life glad, but with hardly one of the comrades in the happy hunt for printed treasures have I found myself more in tune than with William Harris Arnold. Whether as a guest at the dinner-table, or as a companion in a trip up the river or in a motor-run to some seaside watering-place, or seated in a chair in the library, he was at all times bright and hearty; and in either circumstance his light laugh and cheery voice added pleasure to the occasion. Others will doubtless recount the events of Harris Arnold's active, useful, and successful life; for me it must suffice to tell in ever so small a whisper that whilst living, his society encouraged me, and that I hold his memory dear.

I first became acquainted with Harris Arnold in August, 1896. I was then engaged in laying the foundations of the "Bibliography of Tennyson," which did not reach completion until 1908.

Just at that moment occurred an event, of course trifling enough in itself, which will assuredly take its place in the annals of the lively romance of book collecting. One of the very rarest of the "Trial Books" of Tennyson is a slender octavo entitled "The True and the False. Four Idylls of the King," printed, but not published, by Edward Moxon in 1859. Until 1896 the only example of this much-coveted treasure known to exist reposed in security upon a shelf in the Forster Library at South Kensington.

In the summer of that year a copy was advertised for sale in the catalogue of a West of England bookseller at the modest price of seven shillings and sixpence. It might have been supposed that so tempting a bargain would have been snapped up by some English collector of *Tennysoniana*. But no British collector was sufficiently awake to seize the gift the gods offered. It remained for an American collector, and he a novice in the collecting world, to gain the prize. Harris Arnold saw the entry in the catalogue, promptly despatched a cable, and in a couple of weeks the book was in his hands. Having heard of my projected work on Tennyson he wrote me of his luck, and sent the volume back across the Atlantic that I

might have the opportunity of examining its pages for possible variations of text, and might compare it with the specimen at South Kensington. Thus early in our intercourse was the kindly and generous nature of the character of Harris Arnold made plain to me. From that date until his lamented death in January, 1923, our correspondence never ceased.

Arnold commenced, as most book-lovers do, by gathering books at random. Anything rare, anything choice, was sought for and welcomed. But in common with the wisest of his kind Arnold soon felt the unwisdom of this manner of collecting, and perceived that the one sure way to reach anything like finality, and the one sure way to render any collection useful as well as attractive, was to limit his energy to the accumulation of books and manuscripts by two or three of the authors whose work he loved best. Accordingly in 1901 the bulk of his collection was sold by auction by Messrs. Bangs and Co., of New York, in two separate portions, the one consisting of American literature only, the other including books in general literature covering a wide field. Having thus cleared the way, Arnold turned his attention to Alfred Tennyson and Robert Louis Stevenson. Upon the former in particular he concentrated the power of both

mind and purse, with the result that the Harris Arnold collection of *Tennysoniana* has become famous upon both sides of the Atlantic as the first Tennyson collection ever founded in America. In the following pages Arnold has himself described in his own delightful way many of his host of wonderful things. If every collector when nearing the end of the journey would but follow his example, the advantage to the little world of book-lovers would be great, and the labor of the bibliographer of the future would be lightened.

THOMAS J. WISE.

25 Heath Drive
Hampstead, N. W.
August, 1923.

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VENTURES
IN BOOK COLLECTING

I

THE MAKING OF A BOOK-COLLECTOR

"And now I bring you some of the fruits of my experience"

My start as a book-collector was sudden and without conscious premeditation; I cannot fully account for it. The fact that I had been a bookseller for many years does not seem to me an adequate explanation, for the books I began with enthusiasm to accumulate were all first and early editions of authors none of whom were then living, while from my business experience I had become familiar only with current publications.

It happened, when in March, 1888, I came to New York, that among my new acquaintances was a man prominent in the councils of the Grolier Club. He suggested that I join the club, which was about to enlarge its membership and move to more commodious quarters. Cursory examinations of various collections of books and allied articles exhibited under club auspices left me apathetic. Perhaps I became affected subconsciously by the enthusiasm of the ardent collectors I often met on "Club Nights." However that may be, I am quite sure I was affected sub-

jectively by the potency of the punch which was freely dispensed on those always genial occasions.

When for a few years I had been a member of the Grolier, now and then I found in my mail catalogues of old and rare books. I inferred that certain zealous dealers had taken my name and address from the club's year-book. These catalogues came more and more frequently, but were almost ignored, for they belonged to a branch of bookselling that was not only unexplored by me, but had not aroused more than a curious interest —the sort of interest the unlearned might find in a museum of antiquities.

In the winter of 1894–95 much was said in the newspapers about the sale of the collection of Charles B. Foote, who had gathered what at that time was one of the most important collections in this country of first editions of British and American authors. I read, too, in *The Critic*, a weekly periodical, a laudatory appreciation of Mr. Foote's books that Edmund Clarence Stedman had written. Mr. Stedman's article stimulated my curiosity. One day while on my way home from business I recalled that in the morning mail I had received from the old London firm of Ellis & Elvey a little catalogue which I had put aside unopened. From after dinner to bed, a very late bed, I read and re-read that cata-

Was neuyr Capteyn vnder a kyng
That regnes mo put in subiection
Ne strenger was in feldꝫ of alle thingꝫ
As in his tyme ne gretter of renoun
Ne more Pompous in high presumpcion
Than Olopherñ whiche fortune atte laste
So licorously ladde hym vp andꝫ doun
Til that he dedꝫ was or that he wiste
Not only that this worlde hadde of hym awe
For lesingꝫ of riches andꝫ liberte
But he made euery man reneye his lawe
Nabugodonosor was lordꝫ saide he
None other godꝫ sholde honouredꝫ be
Ayens his heste ther dar no wight trespas
Sane in Betulia a strongꝫ cyte
Where Eliachim was prest of that place
But take kepe of the deth of Olopherñ
Amydꝫ his ost he dronke lay al nyght
With ynne his tente large as is a bern
Andꝫ yet for al his pompe andꝫ al his myght
Judith a womman as he lay vpright
Slepinge his hedꝫ of smoot & fro his tente
Ful pryuely she stale from euery wight
Andꝫ to the cyte she hath it sente
That nedith it of kyngꝫ Antiochus
To telle his high andꝫ ryal maieste
His high pryde his werk venemus
For such another man nas neuyr as he
Redith what that he was in Machabe

A PAGE OF CAXTON'S FIRST EDITION OF CANTERBURY TALES.
The first English book printed.

logue. The next day I cabled for what seemed to me, and still seems to me, an item of fascinating interest: a single leaf of the first edition of "The Canterbury Tales," printed by Caxton, the first original English book printed in the English language in England. This fugitive leaf marks the beginning of an infatuation that has continued without abatement ever since, and has been, with relation to objects inanimate, my chief joy.

I soon heard of a book that contained a list of British dealers in second-hand books who made a practice of issuing catalogues. Before long I was in receipt of about ten foreign catalogues a week; also I received those issued by dealers in this country. For years after that first intense night I read every line of every catalogue of old books I could put my hands on.

The demands on my time were such that I could spare little for visits to old book-shops; so for the most part I made selections from these numerous catalogues. Gradually dealers, becoming acquainted with the scope of my collecting, reported items as soon as received.

I began with first editions of eight American authors: Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau, and Whittier, and after a while extended my range to first editions

of British authors, giving particular attention to Tennyson and Browning. I continued on this course for six years, when, for personal reasons, the greater part of the collection was sold.

While collecting American first editions Mr. Foote had ingeniously advertised for them. Doubtless many a New England household was stirred by the possibility that among "grandpa's" books might be found some that this New York man desired. The consequences were that Mr. Foote filled many a gap in his list, and the dealers were overwhelmed with offers; the supply far exceeded the demand. I found it quite easy immediately to obtain more than half of those I wanted, and eventually I gathered of first editions and books contributed to by the eight authors no fewer than seven hundred volumes. I was always careful to obtain the books in the original covers, and those only when in good condition throughout. Whenever a better copy was offered than one I already had, I could usually obtain it by tendering my inferior example in part payment. There was so little difficulty in assembling these hundreds of books that one of the greatest pleasures of book-collecting was seldom experienced. Even the earliest books of the authors were readily found; the fact was that very few people were collecting them. Such rar-

ities as Hawthorne's "Fanshawe," Holmes's "A Family Record," Longfellow's "Outre Mer" in two paper-covered octavos, Lowell's "A Year's Life," Thoreau's "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," and Whittier's "Mog Megone," which nowadays are as difficult to obtain as a Duncan Phyffe table, were soon in my bookcase, and, but for the tone of time, all were unchanged from the days of their issue.

In 1895 there were few accessible records of the prices that had been paid for first editions of American authors; therefore in buying I naturally exercised caution. None of the prices asked by dealers seemed unreasonably high, and the general run of them appeared absurdly low. There was no occasion to hesitate when a copy of Thoreau's "Week" in the best possible state was offered for $13.50, but I felt brave indeed when in 1896 I brought myself to the point of paying $200 for "Fanshawe"; but it, too, was in pristine condition, and I made the plunge on learning that the author, rather ashamed of his youthful production (he was only twenty-four when the book was printed), had destroyed all the unsold copies, these comprising nearly the whole of the small edition, and that, so far as known, only ten or twelve copies were in existence.

It was in the auction-room that I had most of

the thrills of those early days. What a delightful sensation it was when the auctioneer knocked down to me for $16 a copy of Lowell's "On Democracy," privately printed for the ambassador before the address had been delivered, together with another copy of the first published edition, a little pamphlet issued by the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

When I had been a few years collecting, an old lady, a first cousin once removed, asked me to advise her whether to accept from a second-hand bookseller an offer of $4 for about two hundred books which had been in her family for a generation or more. A glance showed, for the most part, old school-books; but a thorough examination disclosed a copy of Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," in two volumes, with paper covers, issued in 1846 by Wiley & Putnam as numbers 17 and 18 of their "Library of American Books." This is a rare form of the first edition. There were also a few other estimable items of much less value. At auction those two little brown volumes alone fetched $90. Great was the surprise and gratification of my cousin Lydia. This little service made some noise among my kin, and my opinion as to the value of family libraries was in demand. The number of old Bibles and biblical books brought to my at-

tention is doubtless creditable to the family propensities, but I could confess to little more knowledge of the thousands of editions of Holy Writ than that Gutenberg was the first to print one, and as to religious books in general, I could only say that I had never collected any.

Bibles bring to mind a far-away incident. When I was a boy I regularly attended a Friends' First Day school. Fifty years ago the standard of education among Quakers was not high. In our school what was known as the Bible class, which in the course of years I attained, had for leader an elder of the meeting. Once, when a more than commonly well-informed pupil read from the Noyes version as testimony on a mooted point, the venerable man, with a troubled look, declared that the class should adhere to the "*original*," by which he could only have meant the King James version, then in his trembling hand, and from which he read with a tone of finality.

When I had collected books for about a year and a half I had the presumption to write an essay entitled "Why First Editions." I was driven to this by the inquiries of friends who looked upon my new pursuit as a foible. They had as little knowledge of first editions and what leads people to collect them as I had had

only two years before. I advised with Frank Hopkins, who, as it happened, was about to install a hand-press in the attic of his Long Island home. Mr. Hopkins suggested that I write something more to accompany the essay; so soon I had ready "five egotistical chapters of anecdote and advice" and a little article on bookworms. Of the larvæ that bore their nutritious way through books I had sought information from the distinguished entomologist, Professor J. H. Comstock of Cornell University. He provided me with specimens, a brief description, and innumerable references. The Marion Press, the title chosen by Mr. Hopkins for his little establishment, brought out under the title, "First Report of a Book Collector," a sumptuous tome, printed by hand on hand-made paper and bound in spotless vellum. It had unusual illustrations, not the least of which was a collotype of a bookworm magnified thirty diameters, the first picture, so far as I know, ever made by photographic process of any of these wee creatures.

This bookworm was one of several of Italian origin that came to this country in a copy of the "Divine Comedy" of Dante which was imported for the library of Cornell University. From the appearance of the volume it is sur-

mised that these bookworms were born and bred in the "Inferno"; that during the sea voyage most of them were in "Purgatory," and that on arrival at New York they all found themselves in "Paradise." However that may be, they were well cared for, and several descendants of the immigrants have entered one or more of our leading universities. Indeed, they are credited with having given to Cornell a certain distinction which as a mere seat of learning it would not possess.

I shall not say more of this aspiring publication, of which eighty-five copies comprised the first edition, and two hundred copies the second edition of smaller size and only less luxurious form, except ostentatiously to quote in full a letter written by his own hand in his seventy-ninth year by the greatest of bibliopoles, Bernard Quaritch.

London 15 Piccadilly, March 21, 1898.

W. Harris Arnold, Esq.,
New York.

Dear Sir,

I thank you very much for presenting to me a copy of your

First Report of a Book Collector,
royal 8vo, 1897–98

I have read it with great interest and I thank

you for the friendly references to myself and my business.

I admire your enthusiasm, though it is for a class of Literature I am rather weak in. 18th and 19th century rarities I do not specially go after. My range is nevertheless very wide. I take in

Manuscripts and Palæography
Early Printed Books
" Bibles & Liturgical Works
Natural History, Voyages, Travels
Greek & Roman Classics
Oriental Literature, Egypt etc.
English Classics, English MSS. and English Topography
The best foreign books
Music, Polit. Economy, Games, Sports Gardening Literature
Curiosa & Superstitions of every sort etc. etc.

You must admit a tolerably wide range.
In fact I follow up the bibliographical wants of *all* my customers.
However what you say,—and say justly about the collecting of first editions is true and very much to the point in all departments of Literature and Science.

The postscript to your first Report on Bookworms

is the first really scientific account on this dangerous insect family. We have to thank you and that accomplished Entomologist Mr. Comstock for it

Yours, dear sir,
ever truly
Bernard Quaritch.

As I became acquainted with first editions of British authors, my interest in collecting was intensified. Of course they were not so easy to acquire as the first editions of the nineteenth-century Americans, but the difficulty of pursuit induced greater zest. I had good luck, better luck than I was aware of at the time. While my selections were almost altogether from catalogues of British dealers and by bids at the London auctions, the disadvantage of distance was much reduced by kind offers of certain London dealers to send books on request for inspection and sometimes without even the formality of request. I recall my surprise when one day I received not only the three or four books I had asked for, but ten or twelve more, and all of them uncommonly good examples of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century rarities. Some of these were too costly for my purse, so, rather than return them, I gave New

York's most astute dealer opportunity to take what he would of those I could not compass. None went back to London, for he took all that remained with the remark, "I wonder where they could have got all these good ones."

In five years I gathered about two hundred English first and early editions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and a long shelf-full of seventeenth-century poetry. That shelf held a "Paradise Lost" in the original sheep binding, the first edition, with the title-page of early issue, for which I paid what now seems the astonishingly low price of $200. This distinguished volume had for neighbors Brome's "Songs," Cartwright's "Comedies," Doctor Corbet's "Certain Elegant Poems," Dryden's "The Hind and the Panther," Fletcher's "The Purple Island," and unusually fine copies, all first editions, of the poems of Carew, Donne, Drayton, Hall, Howard, Marvell, Katherine Philips, "The Matchless Orinda," Shirley and Waller, and for none of these scarce books except the Waller did I pay more than $40.

Those were the days of Browning clubs. While devotees of the poet were puzzling over obscurities of text, I was searching assiduously for first editions. One by one I found them all, though "Pauline" eluded me until 1900. Even

more important than the rarest of first editions were proof copies of "Dramatis Personæ" and "The Ring and the Book," both with numerous manuscript revisions and corrections made prior to publication, and each accompanied by a letter referring to the proofs. These were to be sold at auction at Sotheby's. I sent bids for them to my good friends Ellis & Elvey, who exercised uncommon discretion in executing them. "Dramatis Personæ" was sold first, and was secured for me much below my limit. "The Ring and the Book" immediately followed; the bids went quickly beyond my limit. Then, with an elasticity of action rarely exercised by an agent, a bid was made for me far in advance of my limit, but which, added to the price of "Dramatis Personæ," was no more than the sum of my two limits. Both treasures became mine at a cost, including commission, of $116. This was in 1897. When I look back on this episode it seems to me that I had undeserved luck. Those bids were nothing short of stingy.

It was not difficult to get satisfactory copies of the first published editions of Tennyson; before my first year was past I had nearly all of them. There were, however, other Tennyson books to obtain which called on all of one's collecting ability. It appears that the poet had had printed

trial copies of several of his more important productions which from time to time he sent to friends whose criticism he particularly desired, and always with the request to destroy or return. No more than ten or twelve of each were usually made. Of course these trial books are extremely rare. Another sort of rarities are the copies of poems produced for copyright purposes, of which a very small number of each were printed. My first good luck with these Tennyson treasures was obtaining for thirty shillings a trial book called "The True and the False," the title first chosen for the first four Idylls, but, at publication, changed to "Idylls of the King." Only one other copy is known to exist. Through the kind offices of my new, but now dear old, friend, the distinguished collector and bibliographer, Thomas J. Wise, to whom, while we were strangers, I had written to tell of "The True and the False," I obtained one Tennyson rarity after another, most of which at the time were unknown to American collectors.

There are two well-known items of peculiar interest in that they were first printed by amateurs on a private press from manuscripts graciously provided by Tennyson. These are the poems "The Victim" and "The Window, or The Loves of the Wrens." The printers were Sir

Ivor Bertie Guest, his mother, and two of his sisters. There were only about twenty-five copies of each produced at the family home known as Canford Manor. A cablegram came from Mr. Wise telling me that an offer for the copies of these two poems which had been sent by the Guests to the poet in recognition of his courtesy would be entertained by Tennyson's son Hallam. I immediately cabled accordingly. Word came of the acceptance of my offer; a few days later I received this letter:

London, July 20, 1898.

Dear Mr. Harris Arnold,

Pray make your last will and testament as quickly as ever you can, and see to it that you leave to me your copies of "The Victim" and "The True and the False." This is very necessary, because if there be any atom of truth in the proverb that "whom the gods love die young," then certainly a remarkably early death is in store for *you*. The gods who look after the ways and ends of us, lovers and preservers of good books, must love you with a more than immortal affection. They prove their regard, too, in the happiest of ways. As though one unique—or practically unique—Tennyson book were not enough for one collector to gloat over, they have

followed up the gift of "The True and the False" by flinging a second "uniquity" at your precious head! "The Window" and "The Victim" arrived a day or two ago. The former is all right; it 's just a fine copy—a remarkably fine copy—of the usual book. But "The Victim" is a treasure indeed. It is an early copy, showing a different setting none of us had ever heard of before; and the result of these two days' enquiries suffices to satisfy us that it is the sole existing example of an *earlier edition than the quarto!*

It appears that when the Guests printed the two books they at first proposed to print them in octavo. In octavo "The Victim" was accordingly set, but never printed off, as at the last moment it was decided to change the octavo for the quarto form. The types of this octavo were distributed, and the two books produced in the regular quarto form we know so well.

This octavo is somewhat roughly printed—palpably it is a "final revise." It has the wood-blocks pulled in *gold;* the wood-blocks of the quartos are worked in *black.* These blocks are the same as in the quartos, but a smaller type was employed, suitable to the smaller page. It is bound up in the regular red French-morocco leather in which most of the quartos were issued

and has Lord Wimborne's [Sir Ivor Bertie Guest's] monogram on the side.

Altogether it is a "find" indeed, and everyone here is filled with envy! If you were disposed to part with it I could sell it for you half-a-dozen times over at a considerable advance upon the price you have paid for it. May I retain it for a week or so? I want to find out still more about it, and to have the title-page, etc. photographed. I have sent off "The Window" to-day by letter post, registered. It is not "uncut"* as we collectors understand the word, but it is a spotless copy in the original state as issued; altogether you've got a bargain. I only wish I had *seen* these two books before I cabled you. I honestly confess that in that case you would not have been cabled to at all. I should have bought them myself—have kept "The Victim" and have placed "The Window" only at your disposal. Ah, well! From all I hear you are a good fellow, and well deserve your luck.

Always sincerely yours,
Thomas J. Wise.

Of course, I could be only highly gratified to have all the circumstances ascertained by my

* It is, perhaps, unnecessary to explain to any reader that, as applied to a book, the word "uncut" signifies, not unopened, but *with full untrimmed margins.*

more than kind friend. The result was announced thus:

"*At last!!* I am sending you your precious 'Victim.' You ought to have had it months ago. Indeed I felt a very pig to have kept it so long. But I wanted to retain it whilst I made every possible enquiry concerning it. This I have now done, and I am driven to the conclusion that the book is absolutely unique.

"It seems quite certain that the book—in octavo form—was never distributed at all. Probably this was the only solitary copy struck off before the decision was arrived at to set up the Poem as a quarto.

"I think I envy you its possession almost as much as I envy you your 'The True and the False!'"

After the death of Frederick Locker-Lampson, his collection of rarities was sold *en bloc* to E. Dwight Church of New York City. Retaining the Shaksperiana and such other portions to secure which Mr. Church had bought the entire collection, the remaining books, manuscripts, and letters were put with Dodd, Mead & Company to be disposed of at private sale. I had early choice. To me there was strongest appeal in Tennyson's copy of Milton's "Poems," the first edition, 1645. On the fly-leaf, in his

younger hand, is the owner's signature, while on the opposite page, in his later hand, is this pencilled memorandum: "From T. Hayes of Manchester. I think I gave him £8 8 unbound, with a Landor and other books." On the inside of the front cover is the bookplate of Locker.

There is a curious story which relates to the engraved portrait of Milton, the frontispiece of this little volume. A proof of the portrait was sent to Milton, who before returning it added four lines in Greek. The engraver, ignorant of the classic tongue, supposed the poet wished the lines placed under the portrait (perhaps he did), and there they are in every copy of the book. The lines may be freely rendered somewhat as follows:

"When you compare this with the form Nature herself fashioned you will say that the picture has been engraved by an unskilled hand. Friends of mine not recognizing this portrait will please laugh at the poor copy of a poor painting."

I once made a bibliographical discovery. As I had never made one before, and have never made one since, I trust I may be pardoned for describing what may be termed the slightest difference in two issues of the same edition.

When, in 1863, the beautiful young Danish

princess Alexandra came to England to be married to the Prince of Wales, the poet laureate signalized the event by a poem entitled "A Welcome." It was produced as a folded leaflet of four pages, and was sold on the streets of London for a penny. A copy of this leaflet was in the Foote sale and brought $15. In the catalogue of a London dealer I found this item, priced one shilling and six pence. I ordered it, and requested that a second copy be sent, if available. Two copies came. I wrote for ten more, planning to use them in exchanges. The ten came. Again I wrote, asking how many more could be supplied. The reply was "eighty-one," and these at a slight reduction in price if I would take all. I sent for all. Just after these eighty-one reached me came a letter from the frank dealer which told me of *one hundred and twenty-three more* which had been found in a neglected corner. I also was told that as the eighty-one copies had been declared the entire quantity remaining, I could consider myself at liberty to return them. This I did.

While examining my twelve, I made the little bibliographical discovery. On the first page, under the title, is what in printers' parlance is termed a "French rule,"—a straight line except for a diamond-shaped centre,—lo! there were

two kinds of diamonds; one solid, like this, ——◆——, and the other hollow, like this, ——◇——. The question immediately arose, which of these is the first? Some one will say "Why worry?" Yet differences of little more consequence have been subjects of grave consideration ever since first editions have been collected.

Mr. Wise, in his exhaustive bibliography, puts the solid diamond form first, but gives no reason for this discrimination. My view is that the little poem was twice type-set, and the two printed together on one sheet. The infinitesimal question may safely be left in the air. So far as my observation goes, the minutia of variation has never been reduced to a finer point than in this little mystery of the diamonds.

One of the most notable instances of slight variation in different issues of the same edition is that of Milton's name as it appears on the title-pages of the first two issues of the first edition of "Paradise Lost." I say first two, for there were no fewer than six in all. The book appeared in 1667, and both of the first two title-pages bear that date and are otherwise exactly alike except for the author's name, which on one is printed from much larger type than it is on the other, and for slight differences in the

sizes of the "frames" and the spacings of the types.*

Which of these title-pages was first issued has been a matter of amiable controversy for more than fifty years, and there seems to be no possibility that the question will ever be settled.

Early in 1901, to my regret, the necessary time came for parting with the greater portion of the collection. With the exception of the Tennysons, the Chaucer leaf, and one specially prized volume, the books, together with letters and a few manuscripts, were sold at auction. The results of a resort to sale by auction are, of course, always more or less uncertain, and in this instance the issue had been rendered particularly dubious from the fact that only a few months earlier two New York firms that dealt extensively in first and early editions had severally declined to buy the books of me at the prices I had paid for them. Another dealer, whose long experience gave weight to his opinion, told me, just before the auctioneer called for bids on the first item, that he believed the prices would be unsatisfactory.

* That these title-pages were printed separately from the text of the poem I know from personal examination of a detached example which has the name in larger type. This title-page was printed on the recto of the second leaf of a half-sheet once folded, thus forming a separate signature of two leaves. The title-page with smaller type was doubtless printed likewise.

Happily, the doubts raised by these portents were dispelled. Many of the prices were sensational. "Outre Mer," which cost $60, sold for $310; two Lowell pamphlets, "Mason and Slidell" and "Il Pesceballo," which respectively cost $10.35 and $18, sold for $175 and $140; Thoreau's "Week" brought $52.50; the two copies of Lowell's "On Democracy," $180; "Fanshawe," $400; Shelley's "Adonais" cost $150, it sold for $510; a trial leaf of a projected Kelmscott Shakspere cost $57.75, it sold for $625; the proof copies of "Dramatis Personæ" and "The Ring and the Book" brought $1135; "Paradise Lost," $830. The list could be much extended. The total receipts were double the sum originally expended.

These results afforded convincing evidence of our growing interest in book-collecting, the most fascinating pursuit in which it has been my privilege to indulge.

The specially prized volume I had retained was a shabby copy of the "Poems" of Doctor John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, which had belonged to Charles Lamb. This book is distinguished not only for its ownership, but also for the autograph notes of Coleridge, which abound on the insides of the covers, the one remaining fly-leaf, and the margins of the printed pages.

At the bottom of the back-cover is this charming apology: "I shall die soon, my dear Charles Lamb, and then you will not be sorry that I have bescribbled your book." This volume was one of sixty from Lamb's library brought to this country in 1848 by Charles Welford, of the firm of Bartlett & Welford, whose successor is Charles Scribner's Sons.

The books were made known widely by a descriptive list in *The Literary World.* Among the orders received was one from Charles Eliot Norton, requesting the Donne. The book already had been sold. Who was the fortunate purchaser I do not know, but in the course of years the volume came into the appreciative hands of Charles W. Frederickson. In 1897 it appeared in the catalogue of Mr. Frederickson's library, which was to be sold at the auction-rooms of Bangs & Company.

At this time, Ernest Dressel North, the well-known bookman, was a salesman in Scribner's book-shop. It happened that the original letter written by young Norton to Bartlett & Welford forty-nine years before was shown to Mr. North. He wrote to this purport:

Dear Professor Norton: New York, May 5th, 1897.

With further reference to your letter of February 12th, 1848, in which you favored our prede-

cessors with an order for the copy of Donne's Poems that formerly belonged to Charles Lamb, it gives me pleasure to report that this interesting volume is soon to be sold at auction in this city. May I ask whether you wish to avail yourself of this opportunity? If so, I should be glad to receive your instructions with a view to securing the book for you.

Very truly yours,

Ernest Dressel North

In his reply, Professor Norton inquired whether Mr. Arnold intended to bid for the Donne. Mr. North and I inferred that from his acquaintance with my collecting proclivities the professor might suppose I greatly desired the volume. As it was, I had not yet seen the collection; so, in emulation of Professor Norton's courtesy, I sent word that I had no intention to bid for the book.

The day after the sale I learned that Professor Norton had not sent a bid; his inquiry had been made with a view to a loan of the volume in case I should obtain it. Dodd, Mead & Company were the successful bidders, and most fortunately I secured the book from them forthwith. In a letter received several months later the venerated professor thus wrote:

"I envy you the possession of the Donne,—envy you, I mean with no sinful disposition, but with a virtuous sympathy! The notes by Coleridge make it very precious, ranking as they do with the best of his acute and imaginatively sympathetic criticisms on Shakspere and other Elizabethan poets."

The little volume is no longer mine; the present owner is my loving wife, who shares with me the uncommon pleasures of the book-chase.

The title first given to this chapter was "Book Collecting in the Nineties." A witty friend asked, "Do you refer to your own years or to those of the calendar?" Although I have not reached that stage of life where it is excusable to boast of the length of days attained, nevertheless I am confident that "age cannot wither nor custom stale" my enthusiasm for book collecting.

II

A BOOK-HUNTER'S GARNER

WITH EXAMPLES OF "THE GENTLEST ART"

"No life of bird, or beast, we take,
Though blood be up, and keen the chase.
Our quarry——books——"

—HALKETT LORD.

WHILE gathering first and early editions, I now and then obtained an author's own copy or one he had given to a friend. My appreciation of the sentimental appeal of such books became more and more pronounced. After an experience of six years, I decided to give particular attention to the acquisition of books that bear inscriptions of ownership, presentation, or other personal marks of interest.

The collector of first editions strives to procure them in their pristine state, just as the numismatist seeks uncirculated examples of coins; but, when a book bears evidence of distinguished association, the material condition of the volume becomes a matter of secondary importance.

Preferably, these books should be first editions; but, of course, a book may be so inscribed that its association interest will far transcend

the bibliographical, whatever the importance of that may be. A volume of the very slightest consequence may be transformed into an object of precious regard just by a bit of writing on one of its leaves. Such are "The Poetical Works of Thomas Sackville," with the autograph signature "John Keats" and date "1820" on the title-page; and "The History of Romances," with the autograph signature "Percy B. Shelley" and date "1816." These two books were in the collection of Thomas J. McKee, and were sold with that portion of his library which was dispersed at auction in May, 1902. Now they are with me.

These books of themselves would find no place of honor in any collection; but, by the inscription in each of the name of the owner, written by his own hand, they carry for all time the evidence of rare association.

I am acquainted with many collectors, but not one of them has told me of such abundant good book luck as has been accorded me. Sometimes the favor of fortune has been put in my path; sometimes hints are thrown out as if by way of invitation to follow trails leading from the beaten track. It was a suggestion of mere possibilities in an advertisement, insignificant in size, in the Boston *Transcript*. sent to me by

John Keats 1820

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS SACKVILLE,

LORD BUCKHURST AND EARL OF DORSET;

CONTAINING

GORBODUC,

AND

INDUCTION AND LEGEND OF HENRY DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

In vain I think, right honorable lord,
By this rude rhyme, to memorize thy name,
Whose learned Muse hath writ her own record
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame. SPENSER.

LONDON:

. CHAPPLE, 66. PALL MALL, BOOKSELLER TO THE PRINCE REGENT.

1820.

a kind friend, that brought me to a very rich quarry. The notice merely stated that the subscriber wished to dispose of his library of about three thousand volumes, some of which were of special interest. I pasted the half-inch cutting on a note sheet and wrote, "Please send me particulars of the more important books."

The advertiser was a physician, formerly of London, residing in Beverly, Massachusetts. The doctor intended to return to England as soon as he could dispose of his library and some other effects. Inclosed with his reply was a list of association books all of which had belonged to Bryan W. Procter (Barry Cornwall), his wife, "Lady Anne," or to their poet daughter, Adelaide.

TO

B. W. PROCTER

THIS STORY IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

W. M. Thackeray.

At the top of the list my amazed eyes read: "Vanity Fair. First Edition. Dedication Copy to Barry Cornwall, with author's Autograph."

Percy B. Shelley 1816

THE HISTORY OF ROMANCES.

AN

Enquiry into their *Original*;

Instructions for Composing them;

AN

Account of the most Eminent

AUTHORS;

With Characters, and Curious Observations upon the Best Performances of that Kind.

Written in *Latin* by HUETIUS;

Made *English* by

Mr. *STEPHEN LEWIS.*

——juvat integros accedere fontes,
Atque haurire. *Lucr.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. HOOKE, at the *Flower-de-luce*, and T. CALDECOTT, at the *Sun*; both against St. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleetstreet*. 1715.

Then followed authors' presentation copies of Lamb's "Elia," Swinburne's "A Summer Holiday," Rossetti's "Poems," Kinglake's "Eothen," Leigh Hunt's "Poems" (with two poems in the author's autograph on the fly-leaves), all first editions, and a proof copy, with many autograph alterations, of Barry Cornwall's "Charles Lamb, a Biography of his old Friend," with the dedication of John Forster in the author's handwriting. There were also five or six other association books of only comparatively less interest. All of these the owner would let me have for what seemed a very modest sum for such rarities.

A few days later I was in Beverly. My natural doubts were removed by an inspection of the volumes. The doctor, himself a poet, had been an intimate friend of the Procters.

As I turned to depart, with the books under my arm, I noticed a Jacobean arm-chair, such as one occasionally may see in the chapter-house of an English cathedral. I asked:

"Are you willing to part with that chair?"

"Yes," was the reply. "As I am leaving this country, I wish to dispose of my furniture as well as my books."

Thus it was not without fortuitous consequences that a certain charming girl of cultivated

taste, to whom years earlier I appealed, had advised me to put old rather than new furniture in my new bachelor quarters, for this counsel led me to learn something of Chippendales, Sheratons, and Heppelwhites, and to gain a passing acquaintance with even such ecclesiastical examples as this stately reminder of ancient days. The richly carved, age-darkened chair, and another of the period of Queen Anne, were pronounced choice examples by Ernest F. Hagen, the expert to whom I always resorted for judgment on my adventurous furniture acquisitions. The girl for many a year has shared with me the enjoyment of these and many other treasures that have become mine through the influence of her unerring flair for things of beauty.

Permit me to tell of another casual "find" that never would have been mine but for devotion to this most fascinating pursuit of book-collecting.

At the very end of a catalogue of old books which were to be sold under the auspices of that veteran auctioneer, S. V. Henkels of Philadelphia, was an item that caught my willing eye—a small unframed painting in oils of a farm-boy in a grain-field, by Winslow Homer. The chance of securing a prize in this inadequately described picture induced me to take the little journey,

although doing so necessitated the sacrifice of my cherished Saturday game of golf. Before the end of the week some unexpected business matters required my presence in Philadelphia. The conjunction of business and pleasure, with the usual precedence given to the former, would prevent me from being at the sale in the late afternoon, when the Homer would be reached. So I went to the shop of the Rosenbachs, where I found both of the brothers. It happened that in the sale was an important Tennyson autograph, and the remark was immediately made, "I suppose you have come for the Tennyson letter." I said I intended to take a look at it. I was then asked, "Are you a judge of Homer paintings?" The brothers said they intended to bid on one at the sale. I disclaimed any such qualification, but told of two of his water-colors in my possession. I was asked to go with the brothers to look at the picture in question. We found it, dulled by dust, under a pile of pamphlets, a typical example of Homer's middle-period, painted by him for Bayard Taylor. Then I confessed the object of my visit. At once the brothers generously said, "We'll buy it for you." At the end of the day I called at the shop; the painting was placed in my hands. The brothers had bought it for the ridiculously

1398115

low price of seventy dollars. Only my insistence induced them to let me pay the usual agent's commission on this and a few other items bought for me in the afternoon.

As everybody knows, Thomas Carlyle had extremely trying experiences in his endeavors to find a publisher for the manuscript, completed in 1831, of one of his most famous books. At last, in 1833–34, "Sartor Resartus" was brought before the world anonymously in successive numbers of *Frazer's Magazine*, in the face of protests from many subscribers. As part of the author's compensation he was to receive for his private use thirty or forty copies of the complete work in pamphlet form. These were struck off from the type forms from which the magazine had been printed. The generous printer increased the number to fifty-eight. What is commonly, but erroneously, termed the first edition (actually the first published English edition) was not brought out until four years later. In the interim, two small editions were published in this country. While I was in London in the summer of 1911, a presentation copy of the private issue, bound in boards with a leather back, but with the front cover and a few leaves detached, was sold at Sotheby's. I bought it for thirty pounds, which is just double the price I

had been asked a few years earlier for a copy without inscription. Thirty pounds was not a low price, but I was quite content, and would have paid much more rather than lose it, for this was the only presentation copy that had come into the market for many years.

I did not then give particular attention to the name of the person for whom the book was inscribed. With other books I had bought in England and Scotland, the volume was sent to my home. On my return, among many catalogues which had come during my absence, I found one from Henry Sotheran & Co. of London, in which I was more than surprised to find described a presentation copy of this private print of "Sartor Resartus," elaborately bound in levant morocco, price, ten pounds! I cabled to Sotheran's. Their reply stated that the book had been sold. A little later arrived the parcel of books from London. On examining the "Sartor Resartus," I was roused by the name of the recipient of Carlyle's favor, Mrs. Richardson. I turned to Sotheran's catalogue; their copy was also inscribed to Mrs. Richardson.

The puzzle was soon solved. The Sotheran firm had planned to bind the book, and thus described it in their catalogue; but later, realizing that much too low a price had been put on

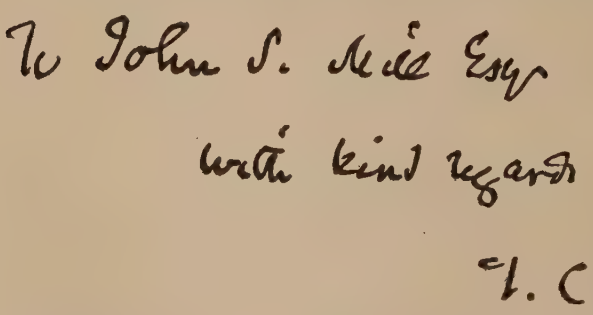
the rarity, they sent it, unaltered, to be sold at auction.

The book is still in shabby state, for I prefer the old binding to the richest that might be put over its extremely economical leaves. In a cloth folder, and again inclosed in a substantial asbestos-lined case, this thin octavo of 107 pages will have well-deserved protection from the hazards of the coming years.

Of other early editions of Carlyle's writings, the most interesting I have is a copy of "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays" in four volumes, which was brought out, two volumes in 1838 and two in 1839, by James Munroe & Co. of Boston. Emerson, who edited the collection, contributed a brief "Advertisement" by way of preface, in which he says, "Many readers will here find pages which, in the scattered anonymous sheets of British Magazines spoke to their mind with an emphasis that hindered them from sleep." We may surmise that James Russell Lowell, at Harvard and still in his teens, was ready, if need be, to burn the midnight oil, for on the fly-leaf of each of the first two volumes we find his bold signature, with the date September 10, 1838. In each of the succeeding two volumes his name appears again, with the date July 20, 1839.

The six lectures of Carlyle which bear the general title "On Heroes, Hero Worship and the Heroic in History," came out in book form in 1841. There were one thousand copies of this first issue, so the book is not rare. The copy I have was presented to Mrs. Anna Jameson, the author of "The Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art," "Lives of the Early Italian Painters," and other books that were in vogue in Carlyle's time and have many readers to this day.

In 1843 John Stuart Mill received a friendly gift of a copy of "Past and Present," which the author had written in the marvellously brief period of seven weeks. The inscription reads, "To John S. Mill, Esq., with kind regards T. C." I never look at the philosopher's name on



the fly-leaf without recalling the tragic incident of the destruction of the manuscript of the first volume of Carlyle's "French Revolution." Mill had planned to write a history of the great up-

heaval, but learning of Carlyle's intention in this direction, he withdrew in Carlyle's favor, and placed at his disposal the books and other material which had been gathered in preparation. On the completion, early in 1835, of the first portion of the manuscript, Carlyle submitted it to his generous friend. The precious sheets, mistaken for waste paper, were destroyed by one of the household servants. Mill, overwhelmed by the catastrophe, pressed upon poor Carlyle a check for two hundred pounds as the "slightest external compensation for the loss." Carlyle unwillingly, but from sheer necessity, accepted one half the sum. The disheartening task of rewriting occupied six months. The complete work was ready for the printer early in 1837.

To analyze our friends is not the best pastime in the world, but of course we harmlessly may, and, naturally, often do, characterize them as good, grateful, sincere, close, intimate, frank, or faithful. Innumerable happy attributives suggest themselves. It is as Carlyle's candid friend that Edward FitzGerald, the translator of the quatrains of Omar Khayyam, wrote to the Reverend George Crabbe, the elder son of the poet. I quote from the original letter in my possession:

"As to the 'great Scotchman' I spent an

evening with him in London: and told him exactly your experiences of his writings; how you detested his German jargon, but how his Burns and Johnson made you laugh and cry alternately —He declares he will go one day to Boulge . . . to see us all but (to tell you the truth) I don't much want him. He is too laborious a guest—I agree with you in all your admiration of him; you must read his '*Past and Present*' when I get home."

FitzGerald had a peculiar way of treating favorite portions of certain books. He carefully extracted from the volume the desired chapter or article and had it separately bound and labelled. Thus from "Past and Present" he took the part entitled "The Ancient Monk," consisting of a little more than a hundred pages. This is now in my collection. The binding is brown half-morocco, with brown cloth sides, lettered in gold lengthwise on the back, "Carlyle's Monk." The inside of the front cover bears FitzGerald's book-plate, designed for him by Thackeray; on the fly-leaf is his well-known signature.

The first mention of Omar Khayyam in the letters of FitzGerald was in April, 1857; his study of Persian had begun a few years earlier. I happen to have his copy of "A Pocket Dic-

tionary of English and Persian" by Tucker. On the half-title is inscribed "Edward FitzGerald Febr 1855 London"; so it is fair to assume that with the aid of this very volume FitzGerald made the translation of the quatrains that brought fame to his name.

In common with most book-hunters, I also seek autograph manuscripts, letters, etc. I count myself particularly fortunate to possess a memorandum by FitzGerald which relates to the metre he used for the translation. It begins with this quatrain written in ink:

> O shall we once again beneath the beams
> Of yon chaste moon renew this night's fond dreams
> Or will her rays reflect a flickering path
> Across our lives' far separated streams?

Then follows this comment in pencil, also in his hand:

"I came upon this verse when I was looking round for a suitable metre for the translation but omitted to note the author's name. I remember being struck by the 'flickering path' imagery—crude but good in picturesque suggestion. I had noted some verses in the 'Keepsake' of 1842 or circa 40. Could it have been there?"

At my request, an official searcher at the British Museum has looked at the "Keepsakes"

for 1835–45 inclusive, but he has not found the verse. I should be much gratified to hear from any one who can tell me where the lines appeared.

The first edition of FitzGerald's "Omar" was printed in 1859, a modest paper-covered volume. He thus tells of it:

"As to my own Pecadilloes in Verse, which never pretend to be original, this is the story of *Rubaiyat*. I had translated them partly for Cowell: Young Parker asked me some years ago for something for Frazer; and I gave him the less wicked of these to use if he chose. He kept them for two years without using: and as I saw he didn't want them I printed some copies with Quaritch; and, keeping some for myself, gave him the rest. Cowell, to whom I sent a Copy was naturally alarmed at it; he being a very religious man: nor have I given any other Copy but to George Borrow, to whom I had once lent the Persian, and to old Donne when he was down here the other Day, to whom I was showing a Passage in another Book which brought my old Omar up."

The little books did not find ready sale. Priced originally at half a crown, soon reduced to a shilling, then to sixpence, Quaritch finally exposed them on a stand outside his shop at twopence or a penny; authorities differ as to

the exact depth of the commercial degradation. One of these waifs was bought by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who, quickly recognizing the unusual merit of the verses, spoke and wrote about them to many friends. In 1919 the Quaritch firm sold a copy in its original state for 120 pounds, and in April, 1920, the Holden copy was sold at auction in New York for $975.

No one has enriched the books he owned, or borrowed, as did Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Besides his notes on the margins of the printed pages, he often filled the fly-leaves with criticism and comment. For instance, in his own Elzevir copy of John Barclay's "Argenis," now in my possession, are seven closely written pages of scholarly praise of the old romance, a book apparently as neglected a hundred years ago as it is to-day, for the critic says:

"It absolutely distresses me when I reflect that this work admired as it has been by great men of all ages and lately I hear by the poet Cowper should be only not *unknown* to general readers."

In Allan Cunningham's copy of "Biographia Scoticanna," in which Coleridge has written remarks in relation to certain parts of the book to the extent of more than 150 lines, he adds his signature and an apologetic postscript:

"S. T. Coleridge who entreats and trusts in Allan Cunningham's pardon for thus bescrawling a leaf of his Book. A. C. may be assured that S. T. C. is not so devoid either of genial Taste or of gratitude for pleasures enjoyed as to have treated a book of A. Cunningham's own creation so irreverentially."

In all, no fewer than four and a half pages are covered with the closely written lines, but we may take for granted that A. C., whose name in full is inscribed on the title-page, fostered no resentment. It is this generous critical contribution that to-day renders the old octavo worthy of careful preservation.

In the spring of 1808 Coleridge wrote a critique for the *Edinburgh Review* on the "History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade" by Thomas Clarkson, with whom he had long been in sympathetic relation. Clarkson, though not himself a Friend, for many years had united his efforts with those of the English Quakers to bring about the suppression of the atrocious traffic throughout the British Empire. In a letter I have, dated March 9 of the same year, in response to an invitation, Coleridge thus writes to Mrs. Clarkson:

"I cannot come to you—what indeed could I bring but Discomfort? but Wordsworth cer-

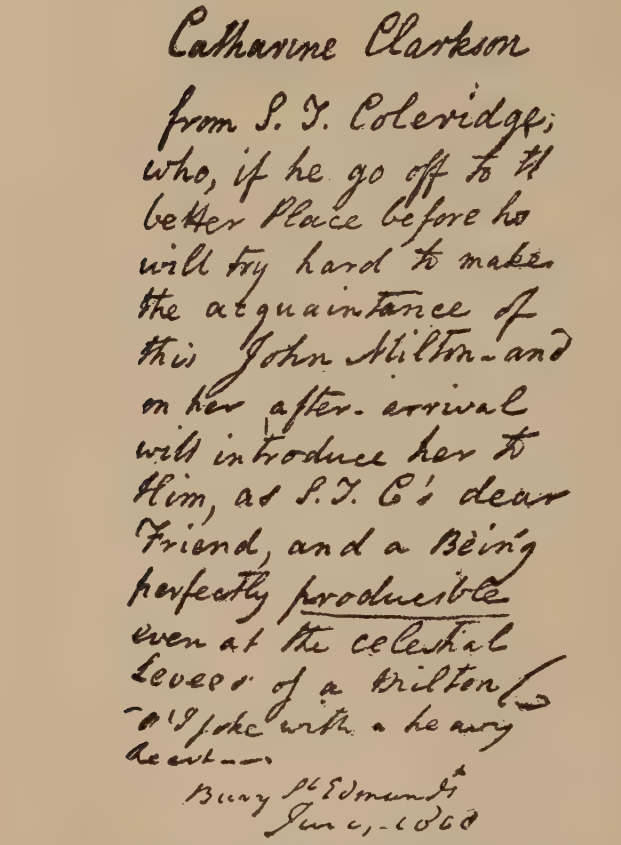
tainly will spend a day or two at your uncle's—and he is a Comforter. God bless him and his. His friendship and that of his sister Dorothy's are the only Eminent Events, or Passages, of my Life, (among those wherein my Happiness has been involved) in which I have not been cruelly deceived or deluded: taking however a full share of the Blame to myself."

Coleridge was in much distress of mind and body, for he further says in the same letter:

"As soon as I have written this, I shall (God willing!) go down to Bristol, and place myself under the immediate care of Dr. Beddoes more for Duty than from any Hope of Recovery, or to utter the whole truth; from any wish of Life."

Later in the same year the Clarksons had renewed their invitation, and Coleridge came to their home in Bury St. Edmunds. It was at this time he presented to Mrs. Clarkson, who was one of his most devoted friends, a diminutive copy of "Paradise Lost," with this charming inscription on one of the fly-leaves:

Catharine Clarkson from S. T. Coleridge, who, if he go off to the better Place before her, will try hard to make the acquaintance of this John Milton—and on her after-arrival will introduce her to Him as S. T. C's dear Friend,



Catharine Clarkson

from S. T. Coleridge;
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better Place before he
will try hard to make
the acquaintance of
this John Milton—and
on her after-arrival
will introduce her to
Him, as S. T. C's dear
Friend, and a Being
perfectly producible
even at the celestial
Levees of a Milton (
—O! I joke with a heavy
heart—

Bury St Edmunds
June, 1808

and a Being perfectly producible even at the celestial Levees of a Milton. I joke with a heavy heart.

Bury St. Edmunds.

June 1808

This book, I fancy, was a parting gift, for the preceding fly-leaf had been attached by wax,

so as to cover the written page. We can imagine the pleasurable surprise of Mrs. Clarkson when the seals, three in number, were broken, and the message was revealed.

Another volume I have, the poems of Thomas Randolph, inscribed, "S. T. Coleridge—given me by Robert Southey," marks for us the friendship of these comrades and co-workers of two-score years.

Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" was brought into the world after many vicissitudes. All of Volume One and nearly half of Volume Two were off the press when Coleridge quarrelled with his Bristol printers. The sheets were then transferred to a London printer, with whom another quarrel ensued. At last the two octavos were published by Rest Fenner, with no lack of uniformity in type, presswork, or paper. My copy of this miscellany is in the original boards, uncut, with paper labels, and almost unchanged in condition from the day of issue, more than a hundred years ago, when it was presented, "With the Author's most grateful respects," to whom we have no clue.

Coleridge was only twenty-three and Wordsworth twenty-five when they first met in 1795. Two years later Coleridge made his memorable visit to Racedown, where the acquaintance rip-

ened to intimate friendship. Here, too, he met Wordsworth's sister Dorothy, who was to have a lifelong influence over him.

A brief, but important, letter written at this time by Coleridge to his friend, Joseph Cottle, a bookseller of Bristol and publisher in a small way, is a significant tribute to Wordsworth's poetic genius which had not yet been recognized by other critics. The letter is well known to Wordsworthians, but no one, I am sure, will cavil at its insertion here. Of several letters of Coleridge now in my collection I regard it as having the highest interest.

My dear Cottle

I am sojourning for a few days at Racedown, the mansion of my friend Wordsworth; who has received Fox's Achmed—he returns you his acknowledgements [*sic*] and presents his kindest respects to you. I shall be home by Friday—not tomorrow—but the next Friday. If the Ode on the departing Year be not reprinted, please to omit the lines from "When shall scepter'd Slaughter cease"—to—"For still does Madness roam on Guilt's bleak dizzy height—" inclusive. The first Epode is to end at the words "murderers fate."—Wordsworth admires my Tragedy—which gives me great hopes.

Wordsworth has written a Tragedy himself. I speak with heart-felt sincerity and (I think) unblinded Judgement, when I tell you, that I feel myself a *little man* by *his* side; and yet do not think myself the less man, than I formerly thought myself.—His Drama is absolutely wonderful. You know, I do not commonly speak in such abrupt and unmingled phrases—and therefore will the more readily believe me.—There are in the piece those *profound* touches of the human heart, which I find three or four times in "The Robbers" of Schiller, and often in Shakespere—but in Wordsworth there are no *inequalities*. T. Pooles opinion of Wordsworth is—that he is the greatest man he ever knew.—I coincide.— — —

It is not impossible, that in the course of two or three months I may see you—

God bless you and

S. T. Coleridge

Thursday

Of course, with the lines you omit the notes that relate to them.

Wordsworth had the felicitous habit of writing his name in his books. I believe there are more books now known to have belonged to Wordsworth than to any noted man of his time or of any earlier period. None of the four from

the poet's library that are now with me is of high importance, but three of them denote the scholar. The "Tragedies of Sophocles," in Greek and Latin on alternate pages, bears Wordsworth's name in his earlier hand, and has very many manuscript marginal notes, which are all in one or the other of the classic tongues of the texts. It was printed at Cambridge in 1665 by that master of his art, John Field. Another volume containing the works of three Roman poets, Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, has the owner's initials in his earlier hand on the title-page, while in his later hand on a fly-leaf is this fine inscription:

"To G. L. Fraser as a memorial of Rydal from his sincere friend Wm. Wordsworth December 1826."

The little volume was beautifully printed in 1772 by John Baskerville, a name revered by all lovers of good books. A well-printed small quarto, Dictionnaire François, & Portugais, with the imprint of Michel Manescal da Costa of Lisbon, has the poet's bold signature, "Wm. Wordsworth, Rydal." "Letters from the Continent" by the Reverend Weever Walter, M. A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, Wordsworth's alma mater, has written on the half-title page, "W. Wordsworth Rydal Mount." On the mar-

gins several manuscript notes testify to the owner's familiarity with the scenes described by the learned traveller. Wordsworth made several visits to the Continent, the first, a pedestrian tour of the Swiss Alps at the age of twenty. Three years later his first publications appeared, "An Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches," the latter poem based on this initial excursion. Coleridge was his companion on two visits, the second of these being a tour of the Rhine in 1828, the year in which Walter's "Letters" came from the press.

The popularity of Wordsworth's poems is attested by the request of an enterprising schoolmaster, by name Joseph Hine, for permission to choose such of his productions as would make a suitable volume for young people. The poet gave generous license. Hine says in his preface that he had found: "when Mr. Wordsworth's poems were read, the pupils were in a glow of delight, and never failed to listen with much attention; were always deeply impressed with the matter and eager to hear more; and numbers of them would apply to me to borrow the volume to read more and again."

The book in Quaker-drab cloth was published by Moxon in 1831. The copy in my possession is inscribed:

"Wm. Wordsworth to his respected Friend John Carter."

It is pleasant to surmise that John was a young admirer of the distinguished poet.

In 1835 appeared the little volume entitled "Yarrow Revisited and other Poems," which contained Wordsworth's compositions for the four years immediately preceding. The copy I have belonged to Mrs. Godwin, formerly Mrs. Clairmont, the second wife of the radical philosopher, the father-in-law of Shelley. Lamb, who knew her well, vituperates this lady in such unmeasured terms that it is difficult to reconcile the presentation inscription.

"Mrs. Godwin in token of sincere regard from Wm. Wordsworth."

The book is dedicated to the poet's warm friend, Samuel Rogers, whose celebrated breakfasts brought to him the company of the immortals. We have a human touch in a little message written by one friend, forever famous, to another who believed himself destined to rank among the greatest poets of his time.

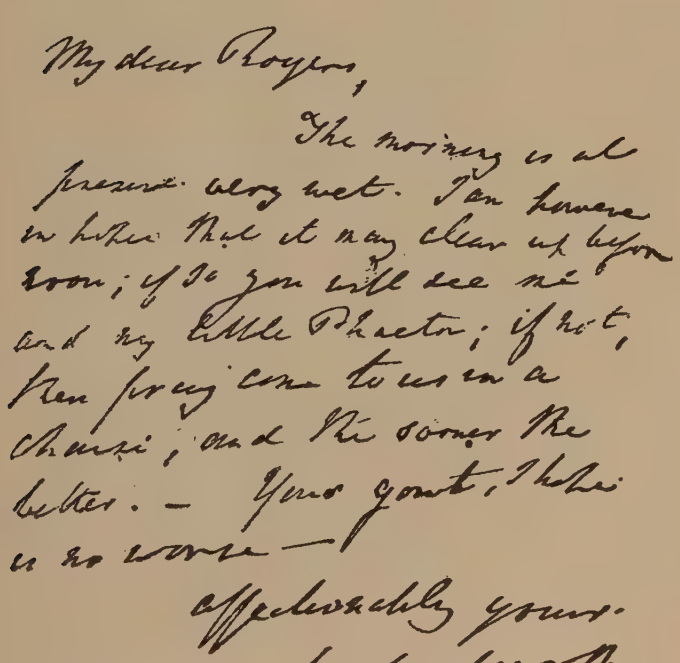
My dear Rogers—

The morning is at present very wet. I am however in hopes that it may clear up before noon, if so you will see me and my little Phaeton;

if not then pray come to us in a chaise, and the sooner the better.—Your gout, I hope is no worse—

Affectionately yours

Monday Mor. Wordsworth
Rydal Mount
Half past nine



To-day Samuel Rogers's books would be neglected were it not for Turner's and Stothard's exquisite illustrations used with the effusions of the generous retired banker.

The first edition of "The Excursion," designed as the intermediate portion of Wordsworth's never-completed great poetical scheme entitled "The Recluse," is a sumptuous quarto of over four hundred pages. It was published in 1814, but the copy now with me was still in the poet's hand many years later, for it bears this inscription on the half-title:

"To Miss Copley as a token of sincere regard from William Wordsworth, Rydal Mount 19 Dec—1838."

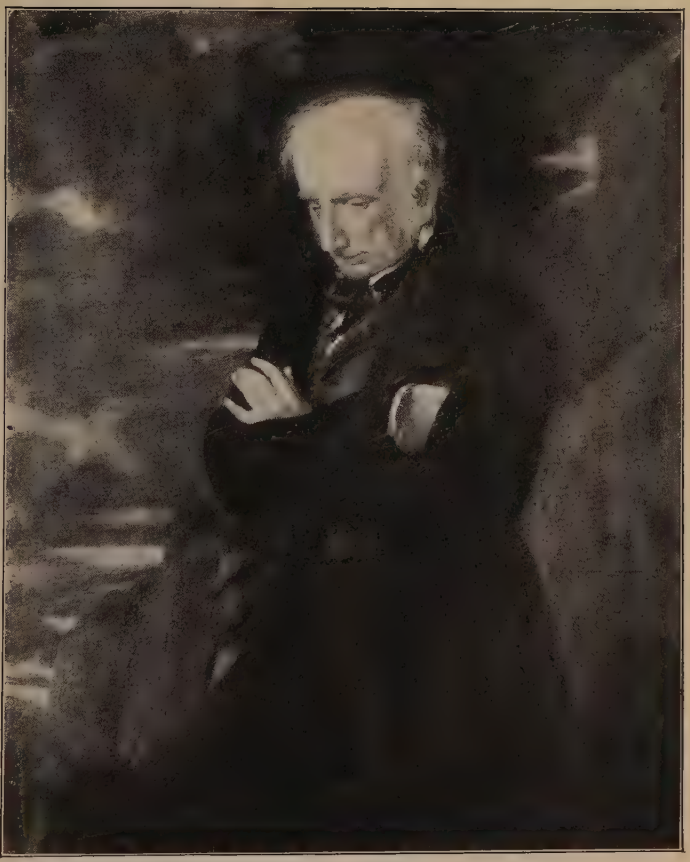
When the Wordsworths came up to London in the Spring of 1820 to attend a wedding, Charles Lamb took the opportunity to give a party for them. One of the guests, Thomas Alsopp, was thus invited:

We expect Wordsth tomorrow Evening. Will you look in?

C. L.

Another guest was Henry Crabb Robinson, who records in his "Diary":

"At nine I went to Lamb's where I found Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth. Lamb was in a good



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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

humour. He read some recent compositions which Wordsworth cordially praised."

On July 10 Wordsworth, his wife, his sister Dorothy, and the bride and groom, whose nuptials they had attended a few weeks earlier, left England for a Continental tour. They returned after an absence of four months, when Lamb again writes his friend Alsopp:

"Wordsworth is with us this Even. Can you come?"

Wordsworth and Lamb must have had many points of sympathetic contact; but their ruling passions were as divergent as could be. Wordsworth, the poet of nature, loved mountain, plain, and valley, while Lamb declares he is "not at all romance-bit about nature." "Let not the lying poets be believed who entice men from the cheerful streets."

The other invitations bear testimony to Lamb's habitual hospitality. One, without date, to Sergeant Talfourd, reads:

Dear Talfourd

Come and dine with us to-day on Miss K's Birds, come a little before 4. We dine punctually at that time.

Yours ever C. L.

If I ever produce a M S sonnet again I'll be damn'd!

Miss K. was Frances Maria Kelly, the actress for whom Lamb formed a hopeless attachment. The portentous sonnet has not been identified.

A delightful note, dated from Enfield, June, 1826, was written to Miss Holcroft, daughter of Thomas Holcroft, the dramatist.

Dear Louisa,

I think I know the House you have in view. It is a Capital old Manor House lately in possession of Lord Cadogan. But whether it be that or another we shall have in the meantime a small room and bed to let, pretty cheap, only Two Smiles a week, and find your own washing. If you are not already on the road, set out from the Bell, Holborn, at ½ past 4, and ask to be set down at Mr. Lamb's on the Chase. Mary joins me in the hope of seeing you very speedily, and in love to you all.

Yours truly
C. Lamb

Mary has left off writing letters, I do all.

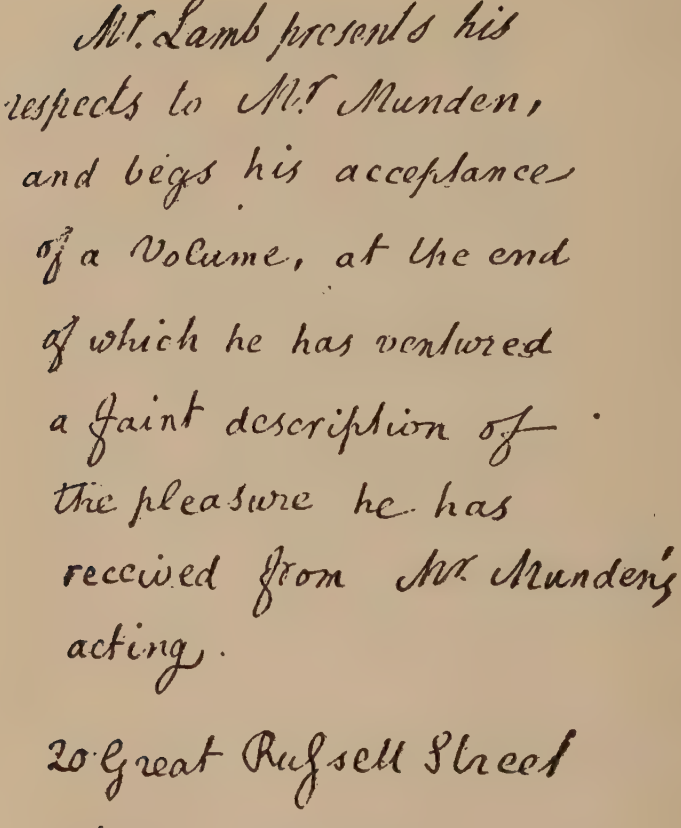
It is my good fortune to possess two copies of the first edition of "Elia." One of these is in what booksellers term "fine collectors' condition"; it has the original board covers, with label intact and leaves uncut; moreover, it is of the first issue of the first edition before the title-

page was reprinted and a half-title added. Of much more consequence, however, than these technical "points" is this presentation inscription:

"Mr John Clare with Elia's regards"

John Clare, now almost forgotten, was known in his day as the "Northamptonshire peasant poet." He was the author of four volumes of verse. Clare died in 1864, leaving his widow in such needy circumstances that she sold the "Elia," and other books presented to Clare by Lamb, to Mr. John Taylor. Subsequently a fund was gathered by a committee formed for the purpose, and the precious volumes were taken over from Mr. Taylor and presented to the Northampton Museum, where they remained until 1902, when, despite an organized protest against such blind action, the museum trustees sent them to London to be sold at auction. The proceeds were used to buy books of reference for the library.

My other "Elia," also of the first issue of the first edition, though leather bound, is much worn and loose at the hinges. It was given by Lamb to the comedian, Joseph S. Munden, who, as will be remembered, is the subject of the last essay in the book. On the fly-leaf is this distinguished tribute:


Mr. Lamb presents his
respects to Mr Munden,
and begs his acceptance
of a Volume, at the end
of which he has ventured
a faint description of
the pleasure he has
received from Mr Munden's
acting.

20 Great Russell Street
Covent Garden.

Mr. Lamb presents his respects to Mr. Munden, and begs his acceptance of a volume, at the end of which he has ventured a faint description

of the pleasure he has received from Mr. Munden's acting.

20 Great Russell Street
Covent Garden.

"Elia" was published in 1823. In 1833 followed the second collection, "Last Essays of Elia." The copy now with me is briefly inscribed to one of Lamb's oldest friends:

"For Hazlitt from the authour."

Lamb had no more faithful friend than his biographer, Bryan Waller Procter. In a letter written by him to Sergeant Talfourd there are a few words which afford us one more happy glimpse.

"I saw Lamb some 3 or 4 weeks ago. He had a superfluous gaiety upon him, which at last I traced to a recent Legacy—a thirty-two pounder —which he wished me to keep secret even from the Gods."

A friend of mine, when told of my intention to print these anecdotes, expressed the opinion that it might be better worth while to tell *why* people collect books. Such an explanation would require one to expound the philosophy of collecting, a task far beyond my powers. Moreover, I should be as reluctant to dissect my joys as to analyze my friends. If, through reading

my experiences, any one comes in some measure to appreciate the spirit of the pursuit it seems to me that this is a far happier result than any which might be obtained from a perusal of a dissertation on the whys and wherefores of collecting.

It is a pleasure to relate incidents of my experiences, which now cover a period of almost thirty years. If these prove of interest to present-day readers, I shall be encouraged in the hope that they may have a permanent value as a contribution, however slight, to the record of book collecting in our country.

III

A BOOK-HUNTER'S GARNER

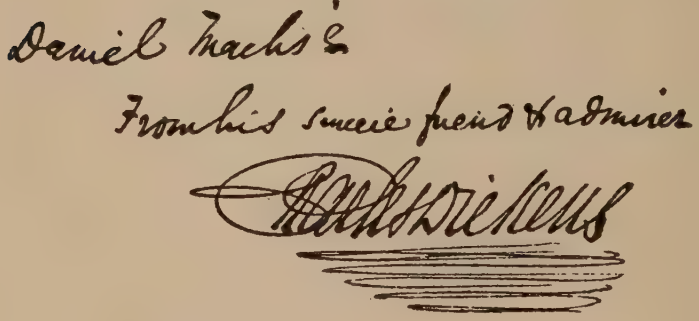
WITH EXAMPLES OF "THE GENTLEST ART"

"There is no Past so long as Books shall live!"
—BULWER LYTTON.

I SHOULD advise any beginner in book collecting whose bank-account is such that he must think more than once before paying a large sum for a much-desired volume, to keep in touch with dealers in ordinary second-hand books and to read their catalogues carefully. Such dealers often buy family libraries *en bloc* and in them sometimes find books of unusual value. On these, and desirable volumes acquired in other ways, a low price may be put for the sake of a quick turn. Sometimes in his ignorance a dealer fails to recognize a rarity, and prices it on the plane of the riffraff that is part of the stock in trade of every general dealer in second-hand books. Professor Charles Eliot Norton told me, when showing his fine copy of the first edition of Hawthorne's "Fanshawe": "I picked this up from an outdoor stand of a Boston book-shop; it cost me twenty-five cents."

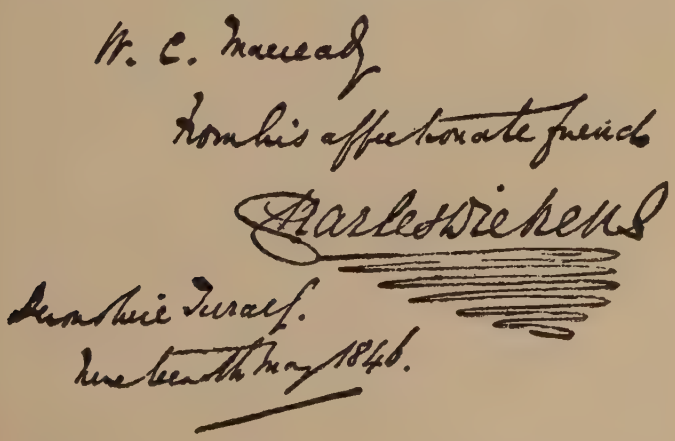
It was a quick turn for an Edinburgh dealer

a few years ago that put into my eager hands, the very next day after he obtained it, a first edition of "Pickwick Papers," a presentation copy from Dickens to his intimate friend Maclise, the distinguished artist whose painting of the great writer is in the National Portrait Gallery in London. The inscription on the fly-leaf of the volume, one of several which Dickens had specially bound in morocco for presentation, reads:



In London, a few weeks earlier, I had been offered a copy of the same book inscribed to a less notable friend. The London dealer was one of the best-known purveyors of rare books and autographs. His price was 180 pounds. The Edinburgh man was widely known as a bookseller, but with him rarities were merely

incidental to a very large business in current publications. I paid forty pounds for what is now one of the stars of my collection of association books. Years before my steps led me to this "topper," I bought in London, at the auction sale of the library of Stuart M. Samuel, a copy of the first edition of "David Copperfield," also presented by Dickens to Maclise, and a first edition of "Pictures from Italy," with this inscription on the half-title:



The dedication copy of "Pickwick Papers" acquired by Harry Widener, now, by his lamented early death, in the monumental Widener Library of Harvard University, may stand as the most important of all Dickensiana. I count

it a privilege to possess the dedication copy of the first "Popular" edition, issued in 1847; it came to me many years ago for a small sum at a London auction. The printed lines of dedication read:

To Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, M. P.,
This Book
is inscribed as a memorial of friendship

Below this, Dickens has written, "and this Book is given by Charles Dickens."

In the volume I have inserted this coincidental note to Talfourd:

Mr. Charles Dickens will be happy to have the pleasure of dining with Mr. Sergeant and Mrs. Talfourd on Saturday the Twenty Second of May.
(P.S. Private and confidential. Mr. Charles Dickens feels it remarkably odd to be writing to Runkle Square in this polite style.)

Regents Park
Sixth May 1847

The throes of the young author (Dickens was only twenty-eight) are graphically described in this characteristic letter to Walter Savage Landor:

1 Devonshire Terrace
26th July 1840.

My Dear Landor.

Mr. Shandy's clock was nothing to mine—wind, wind, wind, always winding am I; and day and night the alarum is in my ears, warning me that it must not run down. When I received that Swing-like letter of yours, such visions of Bath sprung up and floated about me that I rung the bell for my portmanteau and putting it on a chair, looked hard at it for three quarters of an hour. Suddenly a solemn sound from the clock, jarred upon my ears; and sending it upstairs again, I sat down with a sigh, to write.

Gravely and seriously—for it *is* a serious matter—I have been looking forward to a glimpse of you were it only for one day, and am still looking forward, and shall be looking forward for Heaven knows how long. I am more bound down by this Humphrey than I have ever been yet—Nickleby was nothing to it, nor Pickwick, nor Oliver—it demands my constant attention and obliges me to exert all the self-denial I possess. But I hope before long to be so far ahead as to have actually turned the corner and left the Printer at the bottom of the next street—and then—!

In the meanwhile, when you have the grace to write a long letter *I* will have the grace to

answer it with one of corresponding dimensions, so take care what you do, and what inflictions you call down upon that poetical scene, on which be all peace and happiness and sunny light for evermore!

Of course the Dickens clock was "Master Humphrey's Clock," first published in eighty-eight weekly numbers. These were followed by an edition in three big cloth-bound volumes. My copy has the well-known book-plate of the author in each volume, but there is no other indication of ownership. The administrators of the estate of Dickens had a label pasted in each of his books certifying that it was from the library of Charles Dickens. While it is possible that this particular copy may have been overlooked, it seems to me more likely that some unscrupulous person may have taken book-plates from three less important books and put them into this copy of the "Clock." There have been instances of this sort. I hold the matter in suspense. As all Dickens collectors know, the volumes contain "Old Curiosity Shop" and

"Barnaby Rudge," which in all present-day editions are separated from the fanciful clock episodes. The familiar pseudonym "Boz" was seldom used as a signature to letters. How it originated is told in the preface of the Popular Edition of Pickwick; perhaps it is worth while to repeat it here.

"[Boz] was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honour of the Vicar of Wakefield; which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and being shortened became Boz. 'Boz' was a familiar household word with me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

In my autograph collection, I have a bit of "Old Curiosity Shop" manuscript, with this explanatory letter:

To my Son, F. J. Barker,
Delaware, Ontario, Canada.

I lived when quite a young girl, for some years with the family of General Gabriel Gordon Col. of H. M. 91st Regt on whose staff my Father had been.

The General, then an old man of 93 & blind, lived at Ardwick Lodge, Manchester, and opposite on a terrace resided M^{r} & Mrs Henry

Burnet (Fanny Dickens) with whom I was very intimate—

Charles Dickens, just then returned [at the date of the autograph] from America, came down on a visit to his sister, and was present at the opening of The Free Trade Hall in that city where we all made one party on the Platform where he made a grand speech—present also, Disraeli, Cobden, Bright, & others— Next day I asked him for his Autograph, and he said "Is there any particular sentence you would like me to write out of any of my books" "O, yes," said I—"the death of little Nell"! and he most kindly wrote the enclosed. [*See page opposite.*]

Fanny Barker

Fairview, Avonside,
Canterbury, New Zealand.

Mrs. Barker was mistaken in stating that Dickens had "just then returned from America." He reached England, after his first visit, in June, 1842, more than a year before she had obtained the autograph from him. While on his triumphal journey in our country, he had, for secretary, a Mr. Putnam, who, in Forster's "Life," disguised as "Mr. Q.," is frequently mentioned and amusingly described. Years later, to this efficient companion was sent this charming letter:

"Dear gentle patient Nobli
Nell was dead. Her little bird
– a poor slight thing, the pressure
of a finger would have crushed –
was stirring nimbly in its cage; and
the strong heart of its child
mistress was mute and mo-
tionless for ever."

Charles Dickens

Manchester
Sixth October 1843.

THE MANUSCRIPT REFERRED TO IN FANNY BARKER'S LETTER.

Broadstairs, Kent.
Thursday Twenty Fourth July, 1851.

My dear Mr. Putnam.

I have received your letter with very great

pleasure, as it is quite delightful to me to have a new assurance of your attachment, and a reminder (though I need none) of your old fidelity and zeal. I have often travelled, in fancy, over the old ground and water in America, and have over and over again beheld you coming at dusk into the stern-galley of a Western steamer, with a little jug of some warm mixture intended for my very little cabin. Sometimes (this present year for instance) I have had an impression that you would come to England, and should not have been in the least surprised to behold you bodily entering my study.

Whether we look as we used to look, I can't quite determine, I am much redder and browner I believe, than I was in those times—more robust—less interesting—shorter haired—a more solid looking personage—and not younger. But I take great exercise, and am very strong. Mrs. Dickens is stouter, though not quite so well in health as she used to be then. Anne, who has been with us in Italy and in Switzerland, is with us still, and looks (in my eyes) much the same. They both desire to be kindly remembered to you—and an immense sensation has been created in their minds by your allusion to your daughter—which has given unbounded satisfaction.

I write from the seaside—from a fishing vil-

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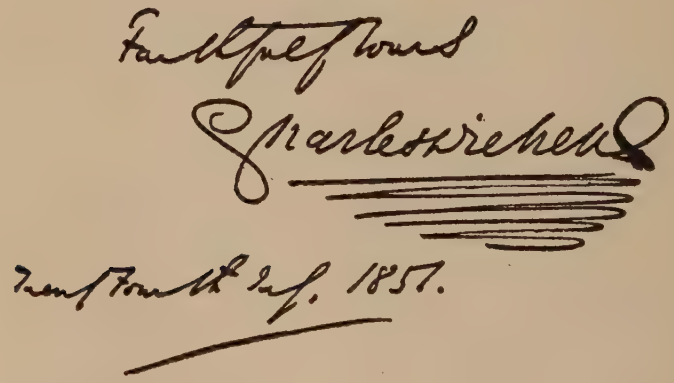
CHARLES DICKENS.

From a painting by Daniel Maclise, 1839.

lage and small watering-place to which we generally come at this time of the year. We still reside, however, in London—our headquarters being always there. We have eight children, and have had nine—a little girl died suddenly, not long ago. The picture of the four we had when we were in America, hangs in our dining-room at home. It is in a gay round frame now, and has these many years forgotten the sliding lid of the box you used to take off, before you set it up on a side table at each of the four and twenty thousand Inns we stayed at. I wonder whether you recollect the Inn at Hartford where the "Levee" wouldn't go away—or at Newhaven where they kicked the staircase, to express impatience—or at Columbus where they came in, arm in arm, at about midnight—or at St. Louis where we had (I think) a ball—or at Pittsburgh, where I recollect one man with very large buttons on his waistcoat, who got behind the door and couldn't be got out—or at Philadelphia, where a little hatter with black whiskers did the honors! I feel as if I should like to see all those places again, so much—and to have another ride on a corduroy road, and to sit at another very long table with nothing particular to eat upon it, aboard the Messenger.

I see many americans in London, and find

them the old good-humoured kind-hearted people. We never quarrel, but "get along" (as you would say) quite merrily and pleasantly. If I ever find one, in travelling about, I try to make him more at home, in remembrance of my old welcome. Sometimes he seems disposed to consider me a sort of Monster, at first, but he soon gets over it. I want to save the next leaf for the autographs you ask for. Therefore I will only ask you to give my cordial regards to your wife (quite a matron, I suppose, since I saw her at the Tremont House) and a kiss to the little girl, and to believe me always Faithfully your friend, CD.



Mr. Putnam, apparently not content with the signature CD., left undisturbed the first of the "autographs" he had asked for; all the others

have been cut from the leaf, and were doubtless distributed to expectant friends.

Dickens is to-day, and has been for the more than fourscore years since "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" came before a delighted public, the most popular of all nineteenth-century authors; therefore I venture to add still another of his letters—a letter which is certainly a funny one. It was written to Mary Boyle, for many years an intimate friend. It came to me with an explanatory note written by the "young woman," a cousin of Miss Boyle.

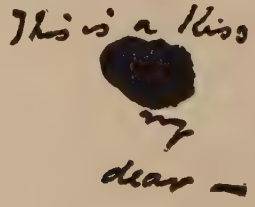
Tavistock Farm
Christmas Day 1852

My own darling Mary.

No end of merry christmases and Happy New Years to you my gal!

Misses being out I don't wait for her to write respecting of the young woman as you proposes for to make me acquainted with but my dear Mary I doe assure you that there an't a many young women as I should so much like for to know as *her* which you will I hope my own tell her that much from him as is still yourn and knowing as you ant no cause to be jealous for all that I am certain beforehand as I shall a Door her O Mary wen you come to read the last chapter of the next number of Bleak House I think

my ever dear as you will say as him what we knows on as done a pretty womanly thing as the sex will like and as will make a sweet pint for to turn the story on my heart alive for such you are and so no more at present but yourn in Sir Rodger dee Coverley and reels as long as we can hear it and say to that young woman my always Imbraceable Mary as I hopes To dance with her much for I do a preciate on her and likewizs my Rosy Posy for such it is well known youever must be and let me see the man as says no to it and it will be the worse for is hd and so I tell him candid i have had cast I on pillers put underneath the dancing room which will prevent you and her from falling intoe the kitching my ever blue ming Mary



Dame Fortune has not favored me with so many association books and letters of Michael Angelo Titmarsh as of Boz, but, as the possessor of the Barry Cornwall copy of "Vanity Fair," —the dedication copy,—I might be content without more.

Thackeray was born at Calcutta on July 18, 1811. He was only five when his father died. A year later, in care of an Indian servant, the child was sent to England to be educated. The ship made a brief stop at St. Helena. With his attendant, as Thackeray himself has told, he took "a long walk over rocks and hills until we reached a garden, where we saw a man walking. 'That is he,' said the black man; 'that is Bonaparte! He eats three sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay hands on.'" The ever remembered incident was to bear fruit in after years in the famous epitome,

> He fought a thousand glorious wars,
> And more than half the world was his;
> And somewhere now, in yonder stars,
> Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

The little fellow did not see his mother again until 1822, when she came to England as the wife of Major Henry Carmichael-Smyth. The

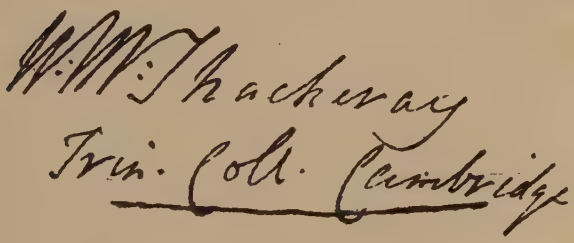
boy was then entered at Charterhouse. It is interesting to note that, at this old school, he was proficient in Latin, with a particular fondness for Horace. It may be that this trend to his studies was due to the influence of Major Carmichael-Smyth, who was always held in affectionate regard by his stepson. Two years after the lad went to Charterhouse, the major gave him his own big copy of Horace, which still bears the donor's armorial bookplate. At the top of one of the front fly-leaves, in the young scholar's beautiful handwriting, is written with pencil:

W. M. Thackeray
Charterhouse 1824

On the title-page, in two places, his initials are written with ink, and in the upper right-hand corner is the embossed impression of his well-known little seal. It is not surprising that, after all the years since the book first came into the hands of Thackeray, it has been much worn by use, and the front cover is detached.

I also have a book of Thackeray's college days which suggests his liking for long country walks. This is a series of beautifully engraved county maps, with the main roads in colors. It

is entitled "Cary's Travellers Companion, or, a Delineation of the Turnpike Roads of England and Wales; showing the immediate Rout to every Market and Borough Town throughout the Kingdom." The little volume, printed on very thin paper of fine quality, bears this imprint: "London, Printed for John Cary, Engraver, Map and Printseller, Strand. 1st Jany 1791." On the first fly-leaf the young owner wrote:



My choicest Thackeray letter would have been published before now but for a bit of luck. The letter was given in full in the page proofs of the catalogue of the dealer whose shop I happened to enter, just as the printer's devil was about to take the final revise to his master. In a moment the precious letter and the deleted proof sheet were mine.

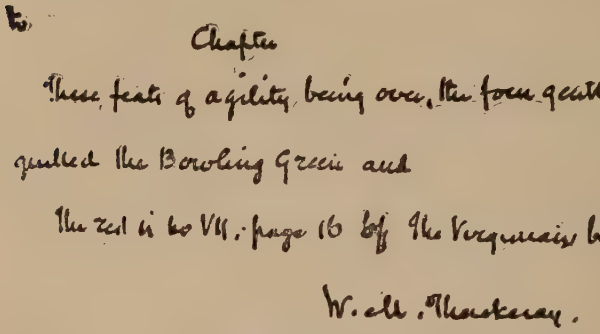
Friday, April 9.

My dearest Mother.

Cant make out the Paris journey just now. Have to lecture on the 20th (mind the proceeds of the lecture are for your ivories). I have promised Lord Palmerston to dine at the Library Fund on the 25th & am rather anxious to repair my defeat at the Dramatic dinner. Want to show on the 1 of May at the Royal Academy Dinner, and to get time to go into hospital with Thompson, being a good deal bothered at present by my old enemy. Am pretty well on with my work this month, and have found it go easier: am better in general health too I think, and this is all my bulletin. For is n't there the days work before me and ought I not to tackle to it? When it is done and I am tired, I don't like to write letters; you will fancy, I am unwell: when it is not done and to be done, I don't like to write letters. It reproaches me and says "Come, Sir do me or nothing else." And so we go on toiling & devising and tumbling and getting up again. I think it is good fun to hear the girls singing & humming down stairs, and though silent and solitary & preoccupied myself, and seeming very melancholy, am not the least so—but in a

pleasant bearable grave grey frame of mind—considering life very tolerable. To be sure it ought to be, with prosperity and good children. Don't, in the kindness of your heart, propose the open carriage to Mary. I can't have any intimacy—I don't respect her, or regard her, or forgive her. She has been rude to my daughters, and rude to my mother. I don't harbour a pennyworth of ill feeling and will do anything in my small power to serve the young ones or old ones at Hyndford House. But friendship is impossible: why it's a perpetual hypocrisy not to laugh at that astounding—hullo! Stop! Better go on with the Virginians No. VII, than abusing your neighbours. I copied an extract of your Maria's letter to the girls and sent it your favorite Tom Fraser—with the injunction "Put that in your pipe and smoke it." He says "there will be no difficulty" and I told him to write to Maria and send her some money w^{h} he promises to do. My adorer John Brown writes me that they will put me up for Edinburgh. Think I had best leave it alone: am afraid I am too old to speak now: but, never having had a purpose in life, or known what I was going to do until I was doing it, cant tell whether I shall refuse, or accept or covet, or

don't care for this honour if it comes. Come let us get—


Chapter
These feats of agility being over, the four gentlemen
quitted the Bowling Green and
the rest is in VII. page 16 by the Virginians by
W. M. Thackeray.

Thackeray made two lecture trips in our country. The first, in 1853, was devoted to "The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century;" two years later he came "To tell all the Yankees about the Four Georges."* While in Boston, on his first visit, Thackeray went to church of a Sunday and heard Theodore Parker preach with such satisfaction that he wrote this letter:

Tremont, Sunday, Jan. 2

My dear M^r. Parker.

Can you kindly ask your organist what was the air (I thought it sounded like Haydn's) w^h he played in the Introduction to your service this morning? The air is so touching & noble that it begat a desire in me to make some verses

* This line is from verses read at the farewell banquet in London, at which Dickens presided.

if I could: and I would be very glad to have the music at any rate for my daughters to play to me—

This however is only the pretext for writing—I want to say with what delight I heard you—and to thank you for one of the greatest pleasures I have had in my life. That climax about Mr Lawrence quite overcame me. I saw him and shook hands with him on the day of his death, and was struck with the sweetness & benevolence of his countenance w^h is to smile pity and kindness no more—I wonder whether he heard yonder what you said of him? I can't help speaking out of the abundance of pleasure w^h I owe to you and thanking you too for your kindness in listening sometimes to a man who is very glad to come to you for instruction

Believe me Most sincerely yours

W. M. Thackeray

Every one has heard of Thackeray's broken nose, the result of a school-boy fight. Once, when a rumor was circulated that Thackeray was likely to become an adherent of the Church of Rome, some one remarked to Douglas Jerrold, "They're Romanizing old Thackeray!"

"I hope," said Jerrold, "they'll begin with his nose."

Satirical and sarcastic flings were frequent between the rival wits, but these were never the expression of rancor. On occasion, however, Jerrold would do more than show his teeth; this testy little bite must have left a lasting scar.

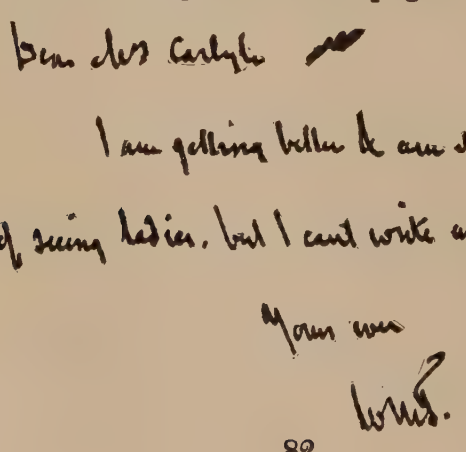
Sir.

I do not understand your note; nor your request, nor anything appertaining to you. And I must request you not to pester me any further

Yours truly

D. Jerrold

This note and a presentation copy of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" are all I have of Thackeray's fellow-contributor to *Punch;* the lectures first appeared in its pages.



Thackeray could have had no more appreciative friend than the witty lady to whom he sent the message shown on the opposite page.

There are many letters written by Jane Welsh Carlyle, which are as delightful as any by the hand of woman. I venture to interject a short one here. From the collector's point of view, I have never looked with favor on the answers to requests for autographs; as a rule they are perfunctory productions. The reader will agree with me in counting this as one of the rare exceptions.

5 Cheyne Row
Chelsea

My dear Mrs. Alison

Demands for my Husband's autograph are frequent enough, from those even who have not *your* claim of acquaintanceship either old or new—but to ask for *my* autograph would never certainly have occurred to "an ordinary mind," and I must set it down for an eccentricity of genius!—My autograph you perceive is the worst in nature, having been taught to write at five years old, when I could only make the pen write at all, by gripping it in my whole fist; I have retained this habit of holding it (in a modified form) up to the present hour, and besides I am one of those fated and fatal mortals born to

having always a bad pen! So it is a mercy I have done nothing, either good or bad enough, in my time to make my autograph generally desired.

I am a bad caller, for I have no carriage, and never learnt to walk—but if I find myself providentially in your neighborhood any day, I will certainly do myself the pleasure of returning your long ago visit—

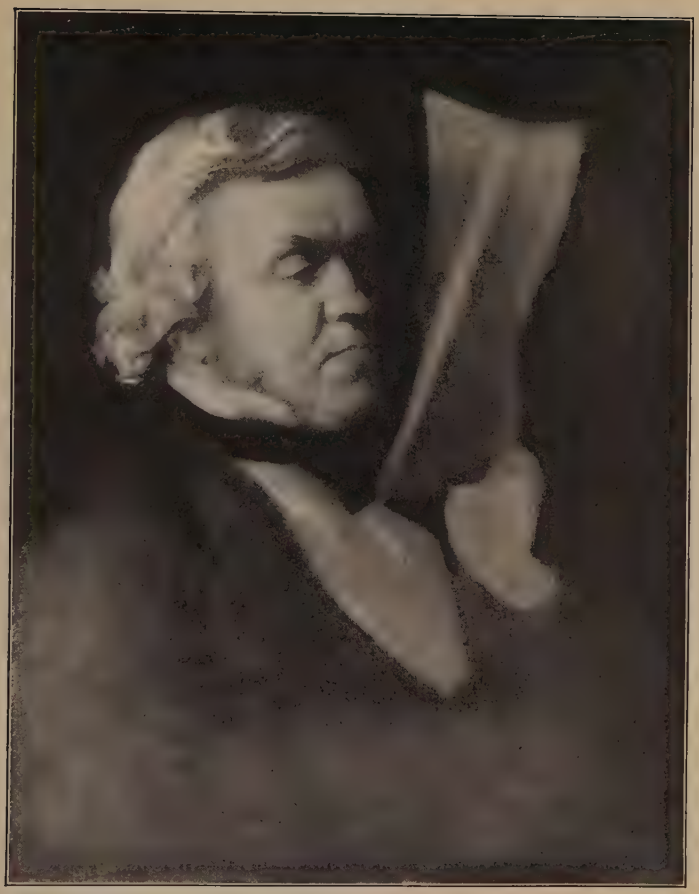
Very kindly

Yours

Jane W. Carlyle.

While "The Virginians" was in course of publication, the London literary group was much disturbed by a libellous sketch of Thackeray written by Edmund Yates, the editor of *Town Talk*. By Thackeray's request, the matter was taken up by the Garrick Club, of which both men were members, and Yates was expelled. In the controversy Dickens gave his support to Yates. This resulted in an estrangement of the two great novelists, whose previous relations had been most friendly.

Thackeray's incessant application to literary work told on his always precarious health; yet despite many warnings, he ignored the doctors' advice and instructions. He died suddenly on



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WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

From a painting by Samuel Laurence.

the day before Christmas, 1863, at the early age of fifty-two.

One of the last persons he saw, other than those of his immediate family, was Dickens. The two men had not spoken to one another since the rupture of 1858. Only a few days before the end came, on Thackeray's initiative, a reconciliation was effected. The happy event is graphically described by Sir Theodore Martin in a letter written more than two score years later.

"There were no lookers on what passed between Thackeray & Dickens but myself. I was standing in the Athenæum Hall chatting with Thackeray—Dickens came out of the Reading Room, passed us quite close, & taking no notice of either of us—'There's Dickens!' Thackeray exclaimed, & went so quickly after Dickens, that he caught him at the foot of the stairs. He held out his hand to Dickens, saying a few words, & then Dickens took his hand. A few words and Thackeray came back to me, & told me what had passed between them. The speaking was chiefly Thackeray's—that the estrangement must not go on—that they should shake hands, and be the friends they had used to be.

"Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, when here a few weeks ago, told me that

when he came home that day, he told his daughters what had passed, just as I had described the scene to her, and the words he used. Thackeray's kind & affectionate nature suffered under an alienation from his old friend, and he could not resist the impulse to put an end to it by the generous advance to Dickens which I witnessed, & the motive to which I quite understood when he broke away from me.

"There you have the true story."

One of the earliest publications of "The Wizard of the North," and the first to bear his name, was a translation of Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen of the Iron Hand." It was as "Walter Scott, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh," that in February, 1799, he made his bow to the literary public. My copy of the thin octavo is inscribed on the title-page, "From the Translater." One who is charitably inclined might account for the "e" in the ultimate syllable as a reversion to the old French, from which we derive the word, although it is well known that Scott in his early days was somewhat addicted to poor spelling. Bell, the publisher, paid the young writer twenty-five pounds for the copyright.

My earliest autograph of Scott is a note written from Lasswade, on the Esk, about six

miles from the Scotch capital. To a little cottage here, in the summer of 1798, he brought his bride of six months, and here he doubtless made the translation of Goethe's tragedy, perhaps with the very pens the Edinburgh stationer sent, as requested.

Mr. Scott requests Messrs Manners & Millar to send him per Bearer a copy of the best Gardening Kalendar—also a quire thick post gilded—and ¼ hundred quills—
Lasswade Cottage
Wednesday—
[5 September, 1798]

The successful publication of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," soon followed by the enthusiastic reception of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," had so established Scott's reputation that the publisher Constable offered one thousand guineas for "Marmion" soon after the poem was begun and before he had read a line of it. The first edition of two thousand issues in 1808 was sold in a month at a guinea and a half a copy, and twelve less sumptuous editions were disposed of before 1825.

It is a well-recognized fact that there have been more famous people bearing the name of

Smith than of any other cognomen. One of my Scott letters was written to a distinguished woman of this name, an accomplished English actress who graced the London stage for many years.

My dear Miss Smith

My late engagements have made me seem very ungrateful when I would most wish to seem otherwise but I throw myself upon your goodness to admit an apology founded upon various avocations literary and poetical not to mention the daily discharge of official duty. As a sort of peace offering I have to beg you to accept what I hope is already in your hands a copy of my new poem called by the hard name of "Marmion." I shall be much flattered indeed if you like it half as well as my little folks did the Panorama your kind gift, which they have studied and quoted every day since to the great edification of Papa who daily learns something he did not know before.

We have M^rs^. Siddons here—I believe to take her farewell of the Edinburgh audience. I observe you have been performing along with her in Town and was most happy to hear (for I did not fail to enquire) that you sustained the comparison as triumphantly as your warmest friends

could wish. I wish London had been within 100 miles I would certainly have come to see you both on the same stage.—We have also Miss Baillie here at present who is certainly the best dramatic writer whom Britain has produced since the days of Shakespeare & Massinger. I hope you have had time to look into her tragedies (the comedies you may miss ever without any loss) for I am sure you will find much to delight you and I venture to prophecy you will one day have opportunity to distinguish yourself in some of her characters. I mean if the real taste for the Drama independant [*sic*] to shew and scenery should ever happen to revive, of which I think your being permitted to remain upon the *shelf*, as you call it, is no very promising symptom.—We have an Actor here of considerable merit called *Young;* he is a well-educated and gentleman-like man and an enthusiast in his profession. I sometimes have the pleasure of seeing him in private and like him very much—

M^rs^. Scott joins in kindest & best remembrances & the children desire a thousand thanks which they hope will not be less acceptable for my laziness—John Murray Bookseller Fleet-street has directions to send you Marmion. I flatter myself you will make enquiry after it in

case it has not reached you before this letter. I have some hopes to be in town this spring when I will seek an early opportunity to express personally how much I am your faithful & affectionate friend

Walter Scott

Edin^{h} 4th March

Letters of invitation are such pleasant communications that I seldom let pass an opportunity to add one to my collection. This one to William Stewart Rose, an old friend and frequent visitor, shows "the Veiled prophet" in his most genial and always hospitable character.

My dear Rose

Devil take you for telling Lady Davy but do not suppose the mischief is more than a little bit of curse may be appropriate to—my only reason for keeping the character of the *Veiled prophet* is the number of kind friends who will write to me on the subject. My last unsaid my purpose & left you to your own course of coming hither which I supposed would be by the lakes. For myself I would greatly have preferred *steaming* it or *stewing* it had it been cheaper for I have an utter contempt of parade in travelling and always take the cheapest way.

You must come to Leith by steam. I believe the boats are now started and you are to be Lockhart's guest. They have a large house and are delighted at the thought of seeing you and you will proceed to Abbotsford and so to Saint Marys with all ease & speed—I charge you to reverse Iago's rule and put no more money in your purse than will pay your passage. It is a useless commodity in the land of

> Green hills and waters blue
> Grey plaids & torry woo—

I am truly sorry for Lydia's bad health. She has so much that is really amiable about her—I wish to God she would come down in the autumn and try quiet living with us for a little while. She grinds the edge of life so sharp that she must needs impair the substance.

If the steam is not working you will find the ordinary Leith smacks decently fitted up & capital sailing but you will involve yourself in trouble if you attempt any other port than Leith & you must come direct to John Lockhart's 25 Northumberland Street. I will never forgive you if you make au facon about this. You know my daughter's house is my own especially as my own is straightened at present by sacrifice of our spare bedroom to enlarge my premises for re-

ceiving the philosophers. Sophia is also quite well.

I had a dinner of the Celtic Society yesterday i. e. I presided there and the yells howls pipe-screaming and ear splitting sounds bafled [*sic*] all description. However the waving of plaids of all hues & cheques dancing of feathers and glistening of steel baldricks silver chains durkes & pistols made up for it. . . .

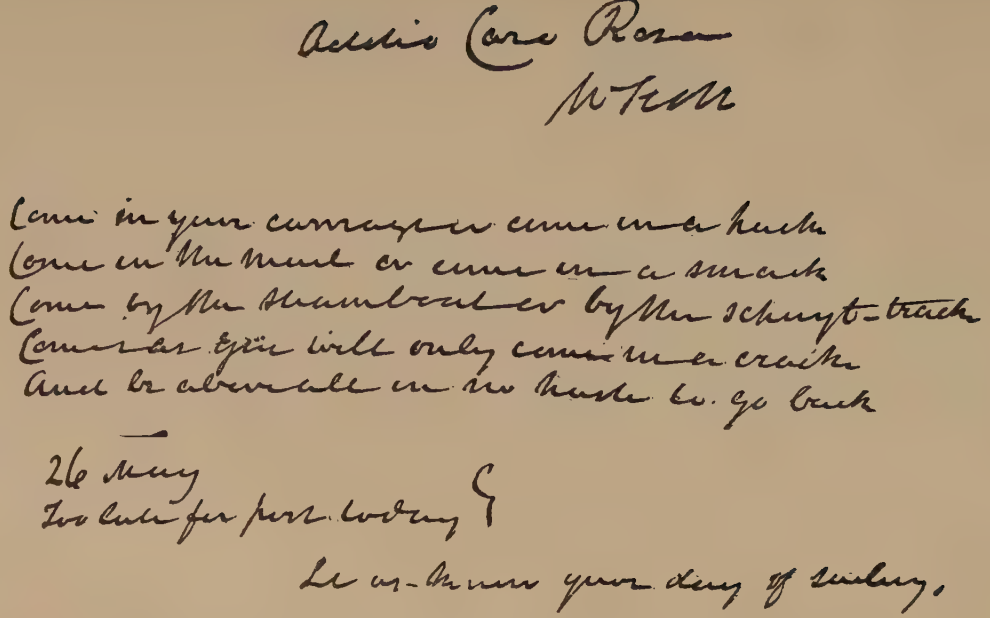
N. B. I drank two bottles of claret with head neither sorry nor sore—(the first time this dozen of years) no nor giddy either.

I have the manuscript packed up which Lady Holland wished to see upon the affair of 1715. The reading three pages of it yesterday aloud would have procured me three dirkes in my bosom at the least. Will you enquire of Lady H. with my most respectful compliments how I shall send it to her Ladyship. I mean to what place in town—The Booksellers would be best I suppose. I should be loth were there a chance of miscarriage.

I will be proud to accept Mrs. Rose's hospitality in case I do after all make a start for the convention. But I fear there is little chance of it now. If I do I intend to steam it.

Addio Caro Rosa

W. Scott



FACSIMILE OF CONCLUSION OF SCOTT'S LETTER TO WILLIAM STEWART ROSE.

Come in your carriage or come in a hack
Come in the mail or come in the smack
Come by the steamboat or by the schuyt-track
Come as you will only come in a crack
And be above all in no haste to go back

26 May
Too late for post booking
Let us know your day of sailing.

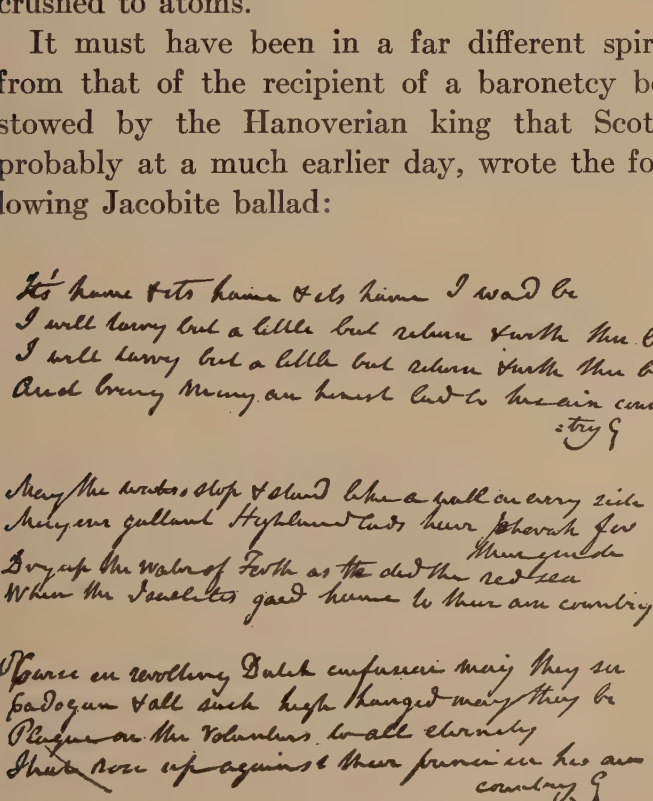
When George IV arrived at the port of Leith on his journey to Edinburgh in the month of August, 1822, Scott, in the midst of rain, was rowed to the royal yacht.

"What!" exclaimed his Majesty, "Sir Walter Scott! The man in Scotland I most wish to see!"

Lockhart relates that when Scott reached the quarter-deck the king called for a bottle of Highland whisky, and, having drunk his health, desired a glass to be filled for him. Sir Walter, after draining his own bumper, made a request that the king would condescend to bestow on him the glass out of which his Majesty had just drunk his health; and this being granted, the precious vessel was immediately wrapped up and carefully deposited in what he conceived to be the safest part of his dress. On arrival home he unexpectedly found there the poet Crabbe.

Scott, wet and hurried, embraced the venerable man with brotherly affection. The royal gift was forgotten. The ample skirt of the coat within which it had been packed, and which he had hitherto held cautiously in front of his person, slipped back to its more usual position; he sat down beside Crabbe; and the glass was crushed to atoms.

It must have been in a far different spirit from that of the recipient of a baronetcy bestowed by the Hanoverian king that Scott, probably at a much earlier day, wrote the following Jacobite ballad:



IV

LUCK OF A BOOK-COLLECTOR

A FEW OF MY BIGGEST FINDS

When one has a certain degree of success in any line of endeavor, his achievement is variously commented upon. Some admire his skill or ability; others envy him his good luck.

Neither is quite right. In the game of golf, for instance, a tyro sometimes happens to hole out from a long distance. That is luck—pure and simple. The skilful player, on the other hand, always expects that his approach shot will land somewhere near the hole, and he is not entirely surprised when the ball occasionally drops in.

When a man says, "Luck came my way," he doesn't mean exactly that. He means that he really knows where good opportunities are likely to be found; and he takes his stand right there and waits patiently, as the intelligent hunter for his big game.

I am not quite so modest as that. I know that luck enters as largely into the pursuit of rare books and manuscripts as it does into most other pursuits; but I cannot help admitting that

I, for one, take a naïve pleasure in pluming myself somewhat because I have been unusually fortunate—or call it what you will—in encountering and bagging some rather big finds.

On Friday, the 13th of March, in the year 1903, while I was having a chat with the veteran dealer in autographs, Walter Romeyn Benjamin, he alluded to some highly important Tennyson manuscripts which were offered for sale by "Nijhoff." "Who is Nijhoff?" said I. "Nijhoff in New York is a branch of Martinus Nijhoff, a firm of booksellers at The Hague." Mr. Benjamin described the manuscripts in detail. I recognized them at once to be those that had been recently advertised by Henry Sotheran & Company of London as stolen from them.

Half an hour later I was in Scribner's, where I mentioned the matter to Henry Leavitt Smith, who then was the efficient manager of that distinguished book-shop. Mr. Smith declared he would go immediately to Nijhoff's, whose place of business was a little way down the Avenue. I suggested that it might be better for me to go. This I did and I was soon told the little there was to tell. Nijhoff never had had the Tennyson manuscripts; but, prior to the theft, by arrangement with Sotheran, they had undertaken to

offer them in this country. As I turned to go, the courteous salesman said, "Would you like to see the earliest existing letter written in what is now New York?" To myself I said, "This is too big a fish for my little hook"; to the other man, "I should like to have a look at it." I was conducted to an inner room and introduced to the business manager, Boele Van Hensbroek, who had come from Holland for a brief visit. He had brought back to New York a letter written from the "Island of the Manhates" on the 8th of August, 1628, only two years after the purchase of the Island from the Indians.

The recent circumstances were these: The letter, carefully preserved by the descendants of the recipient for two hundred and seventy-five years, had been sent with other documents to R. W. P. De Vries at Amsterdam, to be sold at auction. Its great historical importance and high interest were recognized by the firm and it was catalogued accordingly. Frederick Muller & Company bought the letter, and, the morning after, sold it to the firm of Martinus Nijhoff. Only one collector in New York had seen it and he had made an offer only a little under the price at which it was held. Mr. Van Hensbroek had arranged with a reporter of the New York *Herald* to give the letter a "write-up,"

and a hasty translation had been made which also would be put in the newspaper.

The price was only a small fraction of the quick valuation I had made. I succumbed to the allure to the extent that I asked for an option over the week-end. I told Mr. Van Hensbroek that I should be much more likely to buy the letter if the plans for newspaper publication could be cancelled. He immediately withdrew them by telephone.

The next day I called on Wilberforce Eames at the Lenox Library. Mr. Eames' opinion would be conclusive, for there is no higher authority in the field of Americana. He had heard of the letter, but had not seen it. He was keenly interested. Another letter by the same writer, of three days' later date, had long been regarded as one of the treasures of the Library. My request for an estimate of the commercial value of the newly discovered letter met with prompt response. Mr. Eames named a sum just five times the price.

The hasty translation had been made by Dingman Versteeg, Dutch by birth, American by adoption, Curator for the Holland Society of New York. I immediately engaged Mr. Versteeg to make a careful translation.

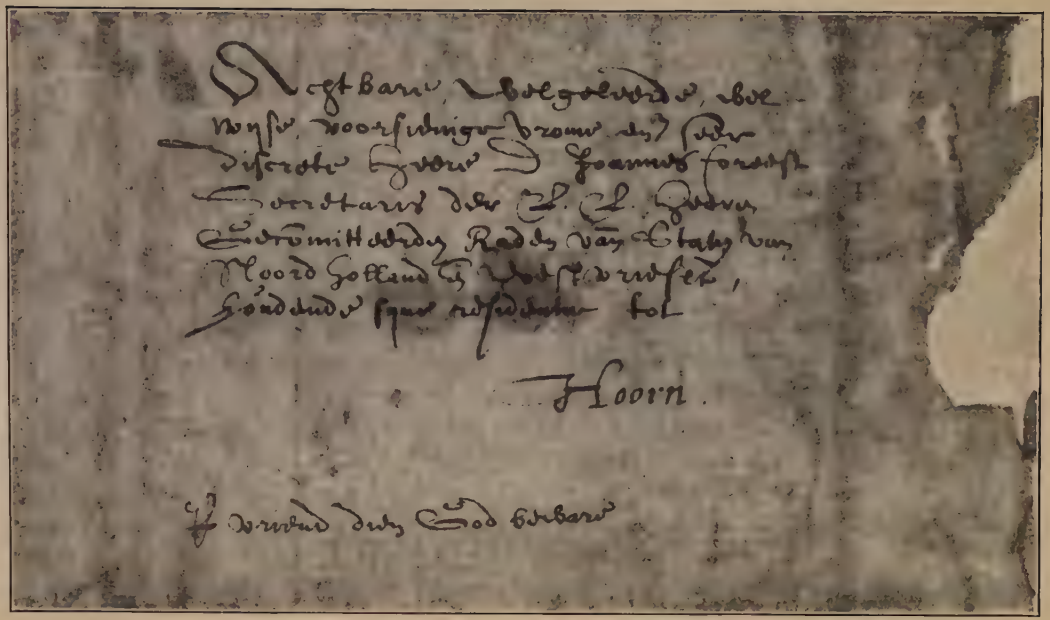
The writer of the letter was Jonas Michaëlius,

the first minister of the (Dutch) Reformed Church in this country. Dominie Michaëlius arrived at the Island of the Manhates on the 7th of April, 1628, accompanied by his wife and three children. The letter briefly describes the voyage from Holland, which lasted seventy-three days. It was a tempestuous passage, rendered additionally uncomfortable by the conduct of the arbitrary skipper and "a very wicked and ungodly cook." The greater part of the letter, which covers three very closely written pages of the folio sheet, describes the conditions of living, the relations of the colonists with the Indians, and the prospects of the little settlement. The fourth page bears the superscription, which translated reads:

"Honorable, well learned, very wise, prudent, valiant, and very discreet Sir, D. Joannes Foreest, Secretary to the Hon. Lords of the Executive Council of the State of North Holland and West Friesland, residing at Hoorn.

"By friend whom God preserve."

The other letter of Dominie Michaëlius, belonging to the Lenox Library, was written to Adrian Smoutius, a brother minister residing at Amsterdam. A translation of this had been more than once printed. It seemed not only worth while to print the translation of the



FACSIMILE OF THE SUPERSCRIPTION ON THE FOURTH PAGE OF THE MICHAËLIUS LETTER.

earlier letter, but to unite with it an historical sketch. This project met with Mr. Versteeg's hearty commendation. His attainments fitted him for the task. Steeped in knowledge of Dutch history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; proud of the country of his origin; he takes particular delight in the details of the discovery, exploration, and colonization of New Netherland.

A year later, a sumptuous quarto of 200 pages, printed by the Marion Press of Frank Hopkins, was published by Dodd, Mead & Company under the title, "Manhattan in 1628." The edition was limited to 175 copies on Holland hand-made paper and fifty copies on Imperial Japan paper. The text includes a review of the letter, the letter in the original Dutch and the translation, and an historical sketch of New Netherland from the year of discovery, 1609, to the date of the letter, 1628.

Several of the eighteen illustrations possess unusual interest. Through Nijhoff I learned that life-size separate portraits of Foreest and his wife (the latter is specially mentioned in the letter) were in the possession of the Foreest family living at Heilo near the town of Alkmaar in North Holland. These portraits were painted in the same year the letter was written. A pho-

tographer made the little journey (all journeys are pleasantly short in Holland); negatives were taken and sent to me, from which collotypes were made.

No portraits exist of Michaëlius; of Peter Minuit, the Director of New Netherland at the time; or of Jan Jansen Brouwer, the worthy skipper who carried the letter to Holland; but negatives of the signatures of Minuit and Brouwer, also of the impression of the seal of the Dutch West India Company—about half the size of a dime—were obtained from documents owned by the State of New York.

I very much desired to reproduce by photographic process the interesting Seal of New Netherland, with the funny little beaver surrounded by a string of wampum. This seal had been many times pictured, but always from drawings, none of which portray the actual appearance of the original. It was then first discovered that two original examples belonging to the State had been lifted from the old documents by a thief. While I was hoping I might learn of another original example, one of those surprises came that seem almost too lucky to be true. A man brought to the rooms of the Holland Society an old Dutch document which he wished to have translated into English.

The paper was nothing less than an original grant of land on Manhattan Island, dated January 18, 1651; signed in grand style by Director General Petrus Stuyvesant and bearing an impression of the Seal of New Netherland. The stranger proposed to return for the translation the following day, but Mr. Versteeg, unwilling to assume the care of so valuable a document, even overnight, set to work at once. An hour later the owner departed, taking the papers with him. The man had given his name and address, so, the following day, after gently chiding the translator for not having sent word to me at the time of the fortuitous occurrence, I wrote asking permission to have a negative taken of the seal. This request was not granted. A few months later my old friend, good Dame Fortune, came to the rescue. The owner placed the document with Dodd, Mead & Company, to be sold for his account, and through them, after prolonged negotiation, I secured it. I need scarcely say that I had peculiar satisfaction in paying a very low price for this rarity.

These delaying little difficulties being over, a fine collotype reproduction of the seal on the document was made and is one of the notable illustrations of "Manhattan in 1628."

A picture of this very seal, as it appears on

the identical document I own, is given in a book entitled "The Civic Ancestry of New York City and State," by Edward Seymour Wilde; a handsome volume published by the author in 1913. I first heard of and saw this book in the autumn of 1920. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I read this statement on page 33, opposite the picture.

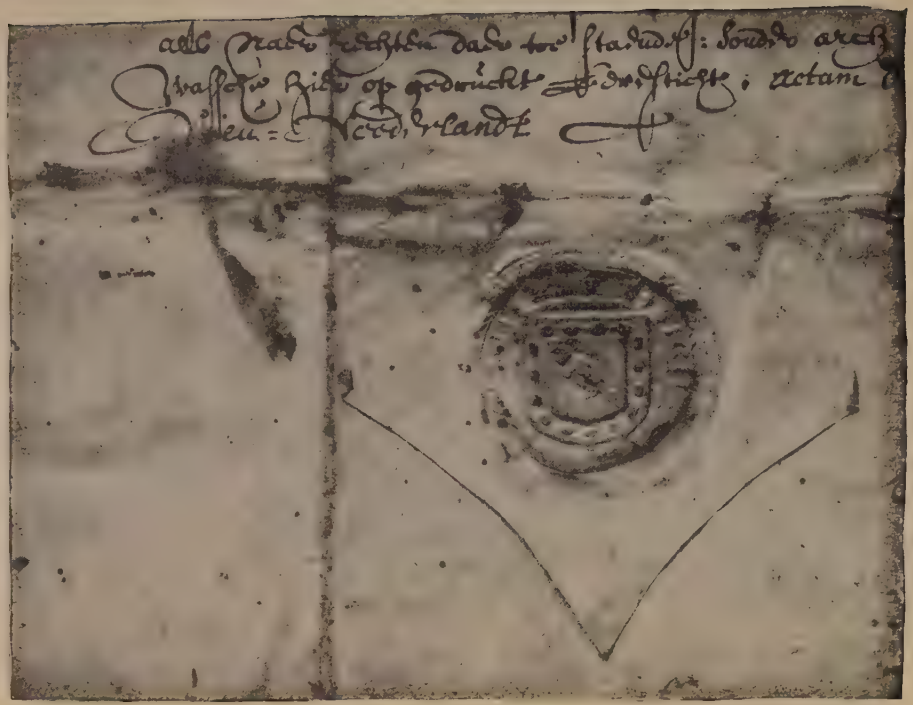
"A photograph of this seal was made in the State Library prior to March 29, 1911, when the original was destroyed in the State House fire of that date, of which the foregoing is a reproduction."

We must suppose that the author, now deceased, was misinformed, for the fact is that the original document never belonged to the State of New York and has been in my possession ever since I luckily acquired it in 1903. Apparently the picture of the seal in "The Civic Ancestry of New York" was made by photographing the collotype in "Manhattan in 1628."

On the title-page of Mr. Wilde's book is printed the old proverb:

"Time brings the truth to light"

The most important illustration in "Manhattan in 1628" is a full-size collotype reproduction of the big letter itself. At the top of the first page is this greeting:



SEAL OF NEW NETHERLAND.

As it appears on an original grant of land on Manhattan Island to Manuel, a free negro. The document, signed by Stuyvesant, is dated January 18, 1651.

THE PEACE OF CHRIST

Honorable, very wise, very prudent Sir, kind friend.

Having a good opportunity to write to others, I was not inclined to neglect doing the same to your Honor. I had promised to write to your Honor, and old as well as new obligations rendered me your Honor's debtor in this regard.

The letter is too long to be read here, but a few quotations will afford glimpses of conditions on the Island and the personality of the writer.

"True this island is the key and principal stronghold of the country."

"Food is scanty and poor. Fresh butter and milk are difficult to obtain, owing to the large number of people and the small number of cattle and farmers."

"Some Directors and Heads, by bad management, have rather kept back than helped the people and the country, and many among the common people would have liked to make a living, and even to get rich, by idleness rather than by hard work, saying they had not come to work; that so far as working is concerned they might as well have had staid at home, and that it was all one whether they did much or little, if only in the service of the Company. Such expressions

were the burden of the song one heard all day long."

"And may it please your Honor (whose recommendations in behalf of deserving people carry great weight) to favor and gratify this person [Jan Jansen Brouwer] whenever possible and proper. And behold in this a rare reward for your Honor's kindness toward myself (of which I have been assured by numerous proofs extending over many years) that I do not hesitate to trouble you for favors to somebody else."

"It is too soon for me to know much about rare or beautiful objects here. . . . However I cannot neglect sending your Honor some of the few I have. . . . For this is the peculiar privilege of people of small means, that they are permitted to show through pleasant words or small trifles their gratitude for greater favors."

In his review of the letter Mr. Versteeg has this to say of the surname of the diplomatic Dominie:

"In accordance with the custom of the age, he Latinized his name from the Dutch form of Michiels or Michielsen. Our early Dutch ministers as a rule (the exceptions being Blom, Selyns, and Schaats) adhered to this custom. The name of Michaëlius' successor, Bogardus, was Latinized from Bogert or Bogaerdt, origi-

nally Van den Bogaert or Uyt den Bogaerd. Polheem or Polheym became Polhemus; Backer was dignified into Backerus; Wel or Weel became Welius; and Dries or Driesen turned to Drisius. The most striking change involved the calling in of the Greek language to construct the imposing name of Megapolensis out of an original Van Mecklenburg."

Michaëlius mentions three other letters written by him; one to his brother and two to Dominies Goedhals and Christiani in Holland. So far as we know, none of these, or others that he doubtless wrote from the Island during his pastorate, has been preserved. The one to Foreest, in my possession, and the one to Smoutius, now in the New York Public Library, are believed to be the only original letters, now extant, that were written by any one from the Island of the Manhates during the early years of the Settlement. Moreover, these two letters are not only the earliest letters—they are, as well, the earliest existing documents of any sort that were written in the Province of New Netherland.

On a lucky morning in the autumn of 1902, while making the little journey from my home town, Nutley, to New York, I read in the newspaper the following letter of Frank B.

Sanborn, the friend of Emerson, Alcott, Thoreau, and others of the Concord group of which he was then the last living representative:

To the Editor of the New York Times:

About 10 years ago in Genoa, searching among the bookstalls of that picturesque old city, then full of people at a Columbian exposition, opened just 400 years after the discovery of America, I found an interesting memorial of Galileo,—his little book of 1607, entitled "Defense of Galileo Galelei; Gentleman of Florence, Lecturer on Mathematics in the University of Padua, against the Calumnies and Imposture of Baldasser Capra, a Milanese,"—with his autograph at the foot of the title-page, in this form:

"All' Illtre Cipriano Saracinelli l'Autore"

that is:

"To the Illustrious Signor Cipriano Saracinelli, the Author."

On the same title-page stood an inscription more than 200 years later,—"Now the property of Vincenzo Torrielli. Bought in Florence the year 1813. Reigning then in Tuscany Her Royal Highness Madame Elisa, Sorella (sister) of Napoleon the Great. Prefect of the Depart-

DIFESA
DI GALILEO GALILEI
NOBILE FIORENTINO,

Lettore delle Matematiche nello Studio di Padoua,

Contro alle Calunnie & impoſture

DI BALDESSAR CAPRA
MILANESE,

Vſategli ſi nella Conſiderazione Aſtronomica ſopra la nuoua Stella del M. DC. IIII. come (& aſſai più) nel publicare nuouamente come ſua inuenzione la fabrica, & gli vſi del Compaſſo Geometrico, & Militare, ſotto il titolo di

Vſus & fabrica Circini cuiuſdam proportionis, &c.

CVM PRIVILEGIO.

IN VENETIA, M DC VII.

Preſſo Tomaſo Baglioni.

ment of the Arno, M. Fauchet, and Bartelomei, Mayor of Florence."

Accepting these inscriptions for what they professed to be, I did not look up the matter of who the recipient of the book might have been until last week. Then I found an interesting story therewith connected. Cipriano Saracinelli was an aged Florentine, attached to the court of the Grand Duke Ferdinand dei Medici, and had a nephew, Fernando, who seems to have been a pupil of Galileo at Padua or elsewhere. The letters addressed to Galileo, printed by the Italian government a few years ago, include three from the uncle and two from the nephew,—the last, written in 1608, being from Fernando in reply to a letter of condolence from Galileo on the recent death of Signor Cipriano. The last letter of the uncle's there printed is an acknowledgment of this very book which I have,—thus fixing beyond doubt that it was a presentation copy. The important part of the letter, which is dated at Florence, September 11, 1607, is:—"The letter of Your Excellency of the 24th ult., came to me by the hand of Landucci, your kinsman, together with another of yours for the Serene Prince.

"The aforesaid two letters came to me along with two little books which contain the Defense

of Your Excellency against that real plagiarist of your instrument or Geometer's Compass. The copy for me I have read through,—and hence it seems to me that if that audacious Goat * knew how to jump backwards, he would do so with all his might, I verily believe. Enough that your Excellency has castigated him as he deserved, having with your pen lashed him and, as we say in Florence, 'mounted him on the donkey.'

"To the Prince your letter was acceptable; the book pleased him, and I think he will presently read it. Your Excellency knows that his Highness loves and esteems you much."

Galileo was at this time about 43 years old and had made several of his noted discoveries,—among them the satellites of Jupiter, which he named for the Medici family. He had long before invented a "Geometrical and Military Compass," and described in print its properties, and now this Milanese rogue comes forward to claim it as his own invention! Consequently Galileo was forced to write the little book in question to prove his claim to the invention. Otherwise it has no great merit, and, as the edition was small, it must be now a very rare volume. Perhaps my copy may be the only one

* "ardite Capra"; punning on the name of the impostor.

in the country; and probably it is the only presentation copy. It is too pecuniarily valuable for me to keep longer and I am ready to dispose of it to the highest bidder.

I have also a copy of the first (1605) edition, of Sir Edwin Sandys's "Relation of the State of Religion, in these Western Parts of the World," a valuable and well printed book, which has about 200 pages, and afterwards came out in several editions. This I will part with at the price of the last public sale.

F. B. Sanborn

Concord, October 28, 1902.

On arrival at New York I telegraphed that I would take both books. Of course, I followed the telegram with a letter. Mr. Sanborn's reply indicated deliberation, with willingness to give me first consideration in the disposal of the two rarities. Several letters were exchanged, but it was mid-winter before the matter came to a head, and then I arranged to go to Concord.

On arrival, I made my way through deep snow to the Sanborn homestead, where a cordial welcome awaited me. Mr. Sanborn soon left the room and, in a moment, returned bearing a very shabby volume. With a beaming smile he exclaimed, "Here is the book you want"

and put the "Relation of the State of Religion" in my hands.

As the reader may suspect, I was not particularly interested in the "Relation"; in fact, I had no interest in it whatever, except that by offering to take both books I might be more likely to obtain the Galileo. I now made this quite clear to Mr. Sanborn, but stood by my original proposal: I would take the two books but I should be quite content with only the Galileo. The "Defense" was then brought, and Mr. Sanborn, taking the "State of Religion" from me, declared, "There is a lady here in Concord who would like the Galileo—I'll let her have this instead." As a result of inquiries Mr. Sanborn had formed a definite view of the commercial value of the "Difesa," which I willingly accepted.

Notwithstanding the convincing circumstantial evidence afforded by the letter of the Illustrious Signor, I sent the volume to London for authoritative verification of the author's inscription. I quote the letter of Doctor Richard Garnett:

"I have compared the autograph of Galileo Galilei in the copy of 'Difesa dei Galileo Galilei' sent to you by Mr. W. H. Arnold, with specimens of Galileo's handwriting in the British Museum

and am satisfied of its genuineness. The officers of the Manuscript Department are of the same opinion."

In arranging for the visit I had been asked for lunch. At Mr. Sanborn's suggestion a bottle of choice wine was brought; it had been in seclusion for twenty years awaiting the suitable occasion.

V

SOME EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BOOKS AND LETTERS

I

Samuel Johnson, "the great Cham of Literature," as Smollett proclaimed him, was regarded by his contemporaries as the leading English man of letters of his time, and the verdict of to-day confirms this opinion.

The monumental Dictionary, which established the compiler's repute as a scholar of the first rank, has, of course, long been relegated to the etymological limbo. It is not so easy to understand the present-day neglect of the greater portion of his prose and verse. Surely there is much to delight the receptive mind in "The Lives of the Poets," "The Rambler," and "Rasselas." Those who love to travel in unfrequented regions may have the best of company in "A Journey to the Western Islands," while the restless inquirer may reach philosophic calm in perusing the stately lines of "The Vanity of Human Wishes."

Yet, notwithstanding the disregard of his literary product, as an outcome of the years, we have acquired a fuller appreciation of Johnson's noble character, his commanding genius, and the wisdom of his comments, his criticisms, and his dicta, as delineated with unexampled clarity by the most faithful of disciples, and further disclosed by the many other biographies several of which antedate Boswell's greater work. Other testimonies are the abundant reminiscences of distinguished friends, and scores of Johnson's own letters which from time to time have been rescued from obscurity.

In recent years we have had the illuminating contributions of Doctor A. Edward Newton. This ardent Johnsonian has brought a delighted public to a fresh consideration of the exceptional qualities of the great man.

It is often said that but for the skilful pen of James Boswell we should have placed Johnson on a much lower plane. But this is to lose sight of the fact that the philosopher's high fame was secure before the gifted young Scot even sought his acquaintance.

It goes without saying that, but for Boswell, we should not have known anything like as much of Johnson; on the other hand, had there been no Boswell, we still should have known more about

Copyright by the National Portrait Gallery.

JAMES BOSWELL.

Drawn in 1793 by George Dance.

Johnson than we know of any individual who lived in his day and generation.

This is not said in the least degree as disparagement of the best of biographers, but merely to assist in dissipating the erroneous notion that Johnson's renown is beyond his deserts and arose from a cause other than the innate greatness of the man himself.

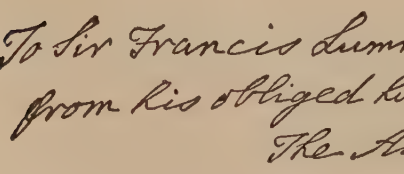
As viewed by his contemporaries, Johnson was not only the leading man of letters, exercising a sway even greater than that of his predecessors, Pope and Swift and Addison, in their day; in him was also seen the most important and most interesting person of the time.

Johnson's extraordinary mind and the wide scope of his learning afforded Boswell a rare opportunity for the exercise of his genius. With almost slavish devotion the biographer performed his self-imposed task. The result is the unrivalled record we know so well; a record of which the merit, above all else, is the portrayal of the hero, with unsparing hand, just as the author actually knew him.

Every admirer of Doctor Johnson will own a copy of the "Life." Whether the first edition will be preferred to one of the best modern editions depends on individual taste and susceptibility; collectors and students require both.

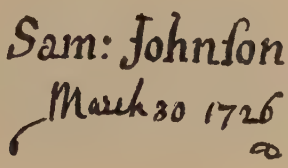
I felicitate myself in the possession of two copies of the first edition, each of which has its separate claim for attention. One has the distinction of being an uncut copy, in the original light-blue paper boards, as issued in 1791 in two rather bulky quarto volumes; the other is a presentation copy to Sir Francis Lumm.

When Johnson had acquired a wide recognition for his talents, the King expressed a desire to meet him. This resulted in a private conversation which Johnson delighted to recount with fullest detail. While Boswell was preparing his admirable account of this memorable interview, Sir Francis "was pleased to take a great deal of trouble" in submitting to the King a "minute" of the incident. It was doubtless for this kindness that Boswell thus inscribed the fly-leaf of volume one of this presentation copy of the "Life."



To Sir Francis Lumm Baronet
from his obliged humble servant
The Authour.

A volume of letters of the younger Pliny is a tangible suggestion of Johnson's early repute as a Latin scholar. It is evident that he acquired the book before he was seventeen, for the inside of the front cover bears his name and date as shown here in facsimile.



Sam: Johnson
March 30 1726

At the top of the title-page is his signature again, and on the inside of the back cover he has written Sam: Johnson His Book.

At the instigation of several London booksellers, associated for the purpose of bringing out a new edition of the English poets, Johnson, then in his sixty-ninth year, agreed to write brief biographical prefaces; but the plan, as it proceeded, was so expanded that, immediately after the first issue in connection with the poetical writings, a separate large-type edition was brought out in four sizable volumes under the

title, "The Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets with Critical Observations on their Works." There are fifty-two lives in all; the space devoted to each varies from a few pages for the lesser poets to half a volume for those masters of verse, Pope and Dryden. The "Lives" unquestionably added much to Johnson's long-established fame.

Some twelve or fifteen years ago, in the catalogue of an unimportant book auction, held in New York City, I was surprised to find a copy of the separate edition that may be considered the most desirable of all copies of this, the most interesting production of Johnson's pen. On the fly-leaf of the first volume is written the name of the original owner, H. L. Thrale: Johnson's Mrs. Thrale.

No one needs to be told the importance of the Thrales in Johnson's life. That at Streatham, their suburban home, Johnson spent many of his happiest days, and that there much of the "Lives of the Poets" was written, certainly gives additional association interest to these well-worn old volumes. But this is not all! On the broad margins of page after page of each of the four volumes, in the always legible handwriting of the vivacious owner, are hundreds of notes; sometimes mere exclamations, sometimes

long comments, all, of course, relating to the printed text.

These manuscript bits were written during a period of more than fifteen years; many have the year date and some are signed with initials. A few are here reproduced with the appropriate text.

"JOHNSON

"He [Milton] took both the usual degrees [at Cambridge]; that of Batchelor in 1628, and that of Master in 1632; but he left the university with no kindness for its institution, alienated either by the injudicious severity of his governers, or his own capricious perverseness."

"MRS. THRALE

"The *first* of these I fear it was. They have never whipt a Lad since, for fear of driving away a second Milton. There was no danger."

"JOHNSON

"Of him that knows much, it is natural to suppose that he has read with diligence; yet I rather believe that the knowledge of Dryden was gleaned from accidental intelligence and various conversation, by a quick apprehension, a judicious selection, and a happy memory, a keen appetite of knowledge; and a powerful digestion;

by vigilance that permitted nothing to pass without notice, and a habit of reflection that suffered nothing useful to be lost. A mind like Dryden's, always curious, always active, to which every understanding was proud to be associated, and to which everyone solicited the regard, by an ambitious display of himself; had a more pleasant, perhaps a nearer way to knowledge than by the silent progress of solitary reading. I do not suppose that he despised books, or intentionally neglected them; but that he was carried out by the impetuosity of his genius, to more vivid and speedy instructors; and that his studies were rather desultory and fortuitous than constant and systematical."

"MRS. THRALE

"This is a portrait of Doctor Johnson's own Mind & Manners; I told him so, and he was not ill pleased."

"JOHNSON

"Of his [Dryden's] petty habits or slight amusements, tradition has retained little. Of the only two men whom I have found to whom he was personally known, one told me that at the house which he frequented, called Will's Coffeehouse, the appeal of any literary dispute was made to him; and the other related, that

his armed chair, which in the winter had a settled and prescriptive place by the fire was in the summer placed in the balcony, and that he called the two places his winter and his summer seat. This is all the intelligence which his two survivors afforded me."

"MRS. THRALE

"Like Old Goosey Evanson, who show'd me Two Seats in his little Garden and said with much serious Pomp—This I call my Allegro, & *This* my Penseroso, a great Thing indeed; but he was imitating Dryden.

"Dryden seems to have lived more in the Town than in the Country—his poems are very rarely filled with Rural Imagery."

"JOHNSON

"If the excellence of Dryden's works was lessened by his indigence, their number was increased; and I know not how it will be proved that if he had written less he would have written better; or that indeed he would have undergone the toil of an author, if he had not been solicited by something more pressing than the love of praise. But as is said by his Sebastian

"What had been is unknown; what is, appears"

"MRS. THRALE

For what men say, I plainly hear; and what Men do I see,
But that which in their hearts they hold—oh! that is hid from *me.*

"JOHNSON

"Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

"MRS THRALE

"This very Expression I heard Johnson use to Mr. Woodhouse the Poetical Shoemaker; when they met at Mr. Thrale's House in Southwark A: D: 1763 or 1764. I beg'd it might be inserted in the Lives & he *did* insert it."

"JOHNSON

"But he [Congreve] treated the Muses with ingratitude; for, having long conversed familiarly with the great, he wished to be considered rather as a man of fashion than of wit; and, when he received a visit from Voltaire, disgusted him by the despicable foppery of desiring to be considered not as an author but a gentleman; to which the Frenchman replied, 'That, if he had been only a gentleman he should not come to visit him.'"

"MRS THRALE

"It was not Affectation tho'; he *did* treat the Muses with Ingratitude. He lived with Duchesses more willingly than with Wits; he was I

leſs idiomatical, it might have loſt ſomewhat of its genuine Angliciſm. What he attempted, he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wiſh to be energetick; he is never rapid, and he never ſtagnates. His ſentences have neither ſtudied amplitude, nor affected brevity: his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and caſy. Whoever wiſhes to attain an Engliſh ſtyle, familiar but not coarſe, and elegant but not oſtentatious, muſt give his days and nights to the volumes of Addiſon. ... This very Expression I heard Johnson use to Mr Woodhouse the Poetical Shoemaker; when they met at Mr Thrale's House in Southwark A.D: 1763. or 1764. I beg'd it might be inserted in the Lives, & he did insert it. HUGHES. H.L.P. 1808.

FACSIMILE OF ONE OF MRS. THRALE'S MARGINAL COMMENTS IN HER COPY OF JOHNSON'S "LIVES OF THE POETS."

believe a truly *proud Salopian*, thinking much more of Birth than of Talents."

"JOHNSON

"In the Poetical Works of Dr. Swift there is

not much upon which the critick can exercise his powers. They are often humorous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, easiness and gaiety. They are, for the most part what their author intended. The diction is correct, the numbers are smooth, and the rhymes exact. There seldom occurs a hard laboured expression, or a redundant epithet; all his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style, they consist of *proper words in proper places.*"

"MRS THRALE

"The Verses on his own Death are unequalled, his South Sea Ballad comprizes more Wit and more Aquatic Allusions than one could think it possible for man to find & his comical Acct. of the Dream concerning Sandys' Ovid is irresistibly humourous & facetious. If he would not laugh himself he would not suffer me to be serious."

The three Johnson letters in my collection were written in his last years. One of these is to his schoolmate and lifelong friend the Reverend Doctor Taylor; a pathetic epistle, for Johnson's always precarious health was fast declining. The letter is here first published.

Dear Sir:

I went in October to Brighthelmston in a very feeble state, but I grew better, and though not well, have much less to complain of.

I now am willing to resume the offices of life, and particularly to do what I can for my Cousin Colliers. You sent me a will and recommended to me to carry it to Counsel which I am willing to do, but do not, till you have instructed me anew what is expected from the will, not what questions I am to ask. You will therefore, dear sir, recollect the affair, and give me what instruction you can, for I am very much in dark, not being used to business, and not having much investigated the case now before me.

Do not let your letter come, however, without some account of your health. As you might have suspected of me, I suspect of you, that silence is no good sign, and am afraid that you are not well. Take care of yourself. We have outlived many friends let us keep close to one another. I am,

dear sir,

Your most affectionate

London, Sam: Johnson

Dec. 7, 1782

To the Reverend Dr Taylor
in Ashbourne, Derbyshire

Six months later, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, the sick but brave old man, with a frankness characteristic of the period, writes of the means adopted to correct his physical disorders. This letter, which has been printed before, seems to me interesting enough to warrant publication here; there is one short paragraph, however, which it is not feasible to print.

Dear Madam:

I thought your letter long in coming. I suppose it is true that I looked but languid at the exhibition, but I have been worse since. Last Wednesday the Wednesday of last week I came home ill from Mr. Jodrels and after a tedious oppressive impatient night, sent an excuse to General Paoli, and took on Thursday, two brisk catharticks, and a dose of calomel. Little things do me no good. At night I was much better. Next day cathartick again, and the third day opium for my cough. I lived without flesh all the three days. The recovery was more than I expected. I went to church on Sunday quite at ease.

The exhibition prospers so much that Sir Joshua says it will maintain the academy, he

estimates the probable amount at three thousand pounds. Stevens is of opinion that Croft's books will sell for near three times as much as they cost, which however is not more than might be expected.

Favor me with a direction to Musgrave of Ireland. I have a charitable office to propose to him. Is he Knight or Baronet?

My present circle of employment is as narrow for me as the circus for Mrs. Montague. When I first settled in this neighbourhood I had Richardson, and Lawrence, and Mrs. Allen at hand, I had Mrs. Williams then no bad companion, and Levet for a long time always to be had. If I now go out I must go far for company, and at last come back to two sick and discontented women, who can hardly talk, if they had any thing to say, and whose hatred of each other makes one great exercise of their faculties.

But, with all these evils positive and privitive, my health in its present humour promises to mend, and I, in my present humour, promise to take care of it, and, if we both keep our words, we may yet have a brush at the cobwebs in the sky.

Let my dear Loves write to me, and do you write often yourself to,

Dear Madam,
Your most obliged
and
Most humble Servant
Sam: Johnson
May 8, 1783
London

To Mrs. Thrale
at Bath

The short paragraph I spoke of has been crossed by pen strokes and then carefully covered by a strip of paper. Not a word can be made out. What are we to think of this little mystery?

The "dear Loves" of the last paragraph are, of course, Mrs. Thrale's three daughters.

The third letter I have was written to Francis Barber, a negro who, in his relation to Johnson, was much more than servant and little less than friend.

Dear Francis Heale, Sept. 16, 1783

I rather wonder that you have never written, but that is now not necessary, for I purpose to be with [you] on Thursday before dinner.

As Thursday is my birthday, I would have a little dinner got, and would have you invite

Mrs Desmoulins, Mrs Davis that was about Mrs Williams, and Mr Allen and Mrs Gardiner.

I am

Yours &c

Sam: Johnson

While Johnson was planning his will, he inquired of his physician what would be a suitable annuity for a faithful servant. Being told that, in the case of a nobleman, fifty pounds would be considered adequate, "Then [said Johnson] shall I be *nobilissimus*, for I mean to leave Frank seventy pounds a year, and I desire you to tell him so." Actually he did more, for, in addition to the annuity, he made Barber residuary legatee, by which he received fifteen hundred pounds.

Johnson, with his broad outlook, included, among his many friends, the founder of Methodism. A little bit of comment repeated by Boswell gives us a personal glimpse of Wesley in the very words of Johnson:

"John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do."

No wonder that a man who usually began the

day by preaching at five o'clock in the morning, and delivered no less than eight hundred sermons in a single year, found it necessary to set exact limits to his social visits!

I happen to have a brief but typical letter from Wesley to one of his religious helpers.

near Manchester
April 3, 1782

Dear Tommy

Be of good courage! You have had a token for Good at Lynn, where it was supposed the case was desperate. And I do not doubt but you will see good days in & about Fakenham, tho the people as yet do not know much of Discipline. And no wonder, if they have never yet had ye Rules of our Societies: First, explain them at large, and afterwards inforce them very mildly & very steadily. Molly Franklin and Sister Proudfoot are good Women. Deal very gently with them. And lovingly labour to convince those whom it concerns; of the evil of buying or selling on the Lords Day. I am,

Dear Tommy
Your Affectionate Friend & Brother
J. Wesley

There is a little book in my collection which has on the fly-leaf an inscription in Boswell's hand expressive of Johnson's deeply religious

THE

Christian Institutes,

OR,

The Sincere Word of God.

BEING

A plain and impartial Account of the Whole FAITH and DUTY of a

CHRISTIAN

Collected out of the

WRITINGS

OF THE

Old and New Testament:

Digested under Proper HEADS,

AND

Delivered in the Words of SCRIPTURE.

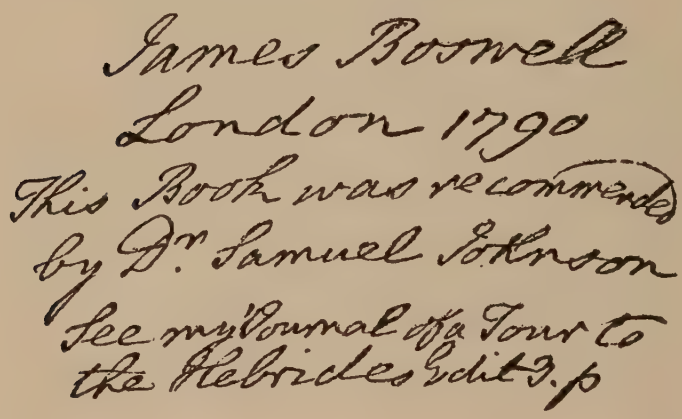
By FRANCIS GASTRELL, D. D. Canon of *Christ-Church*, and Preacher to the Honourable Society of *Lincolns-Inn.*

LONDON

Printed by *E. Powell*, for *Eliz. Bennet*, at the *Half-moon* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1707.

nature and his concern for his most intimate young friend. The serious purpose of the volume is well indicated by the title-page, here reproduced in facsimile.

This is the inscription:


James Boswell.
London 1790
This Book was recommended
by Dr. Samuel Johnson
See my "Journal of a Tour to
the Hebrides" Edit 3. p.

Johnson's frequently expressed opinions of Scotland and its people almost always implied a feeling of contempt, but were so often accom-

panied by touches of humor as to leave open to question whether such remarks were not more playful than severe. I am acquainted with many natives of the Land of Cakes, and no one of them has other than an amused tolerance for these animadversions.

Boswell, a Scot, perpetuated the fame of Johnson for all time; another Scot, Robert Borthwick Adam, of Buffalo, brought together in this, the country of his adoption, a collection of Johnsonian books and proof-sheets, of letters and manuscripts, far exceeding any other in extent and importance. In later years, his namesake, with sentimental zeal, has added one interesting rarity after another, and now the third of the name, at the age of four made a member of the Johnson Society of Lichfield, gives promise of continuing the honorable succession. No student of Johnson could be content until he has made his pilgrimage to the big city on the shore of Lake Erie.

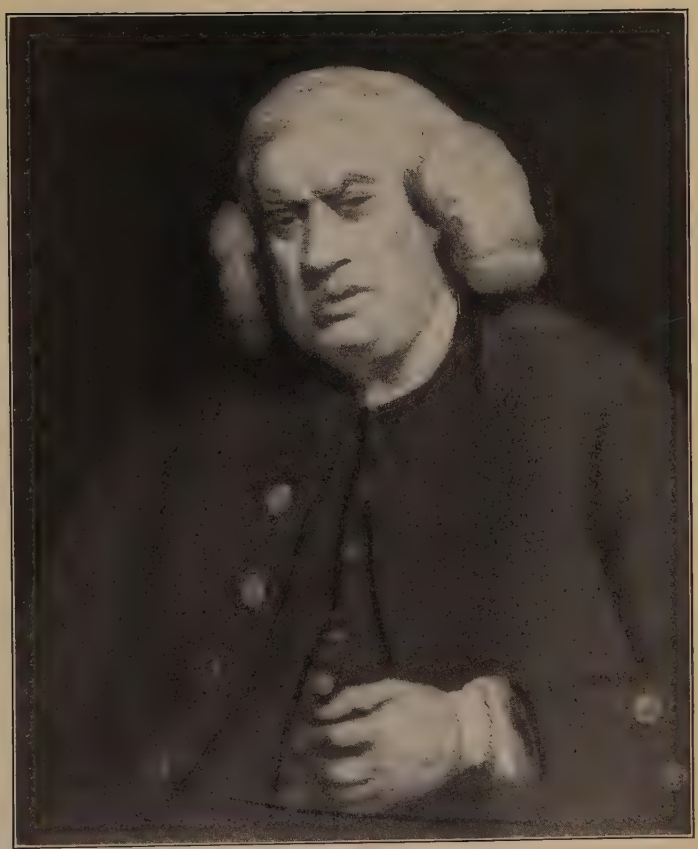
Joshua Reynolds, shortly after his first visit to Italy, casually picked up a copy of Johnson's "Life of Richard Savage," and, as Boswell relates, "began to read it while standing with his arm leaning against a chimney-piece. It seized his attention so strongly, that, not being able to lay down the book till he had finished it,

when he attempted to move, he found his arm totally benumbed."

It was not long after this occurrence that Johnson and Reynolds first met in London at the house of certain common friends. Reynolds was delighted with his new acquaintance and Johnson was outspoken in his appreciation of the young artist. The friendship thus begun continued without interruption to the last day of Johnson's life. It was in recognition of this affectionate relation that Boswell dedicated to Reynolds the immortal biography, the frontispiece to which is an engraving of the well-known portrait of Johnson, painted by Reynolds four years after their acquaintance began.

Reynolds was chosen in 1768 as the first president of the Royal Academy. In my collection is a presentation copy of his opening address. In view of art vagaries of our time may it not be salutary here to recall two brief paragraphs of that discourse of a century and a half ago?

"I would chiefly recommend, that an implicit obedience to the *Rules of Art*, as established by the great *Masters*, should be exacted from the young Students. That those models, which have passed through the approbation of ages, should be considered by them as perfect and



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DR. JOHNSON.

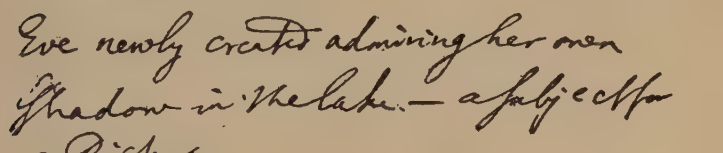
Engraved by Doughty from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

infallible Guides, as subjects for their imitation, not their criticism."

"How much liberty may be taken to break through those rules, and, as the Poet expresses it,

'To snatch a Grace beyond the reach of Art,'

may be an after consideration, when the pupils become masters themselves. It is then, when their Genius has received its utmost improvement, that rules may be dispensed with; but let us not destroy the scaffold until we have raised the building."



FACSIMILE OF A MEMORANDUM BY REYNOLDS.

Reynolds was president of the Academy for twenty-two years. Of his annual "Discourses," delivered to the students, I have the original issues of no less than ten, all presentation copies; two of these are merely inscribed "From the Author"; each of the other eight name the honored recipient. These well-printed, big-type quartos are quite gay in their marbled-paper covers.

I am fortunate, too, in the possession of a

copy of "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," with J. Reynolds modestly written at the top of the title-page of each of the four volumes. Sir Joshua's original ownership is further authenticated by a note on the fly-leaf of volume one which reads:

Frederic T. Colby. 1890
from the Library of my uncle C. E. Palmer,
great-nephew of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

On the inside of the front cover of each volume is the book-plate of Mr. Colby.

Among my autographs I have a note in the artist's hand which reads:

Mr. Reynolds presents his Compliments to Mr. Percy and will do himself the honour of waiting on him today at two o'clock. Dr. Goldsmith will likewise attend him.

Leicester Fields April 2d [1768]

Here we have three of the original members of the celebrated Literary Club getting together for an "afternoon off." It would surely be interesting could we learn what was their happy purpose on that early April day.

A later note by Reynolds, now a knight, is

written on the first page of a folded sheet. This time we have the intention definitely stated.

April 8th

Sir Joshua Reynolds presents his Compliments to Mr. West. He has received an Invitation from Mr. Hankey to come and see his Drawings on Wednesday next. This morning he has received the enclosed Letter from Mr. Hankey. If Mr. West accepts of the invitation Sir Joshua will send his coach to Mr. West's house at half an hour after one o'clock and accompany him thither.

We turn the leaf. Behold! There on the wide double page is a powerful sketch by Benjamin West: a big man, as burly as Doctor Johnson himself, holding a horse by the bit, is looking away from the animal at some object of terror not made visible to us.

Just how West happened to make this casual use of Sir Joshua's note we may leave to idle conjecture; the real matter is that we have on this sizable old sheet a worthy souvenir of two eminent artists of the eighteenth century.

The sketch reduced to one-quarter the size of the original is shown on page 141.

It is perhaps a little curious that I have

another note written to West on a large sheet, with the blank spaces this time utilized for several small sketches, which, however, are too incomplete to interest us. The note, dated 1796, while of no importance in itself, was written by Lady Isabella Strange, the heroine of a romantic incident of the troublous days of '45. I confess that I chose to add the missive to my collection not so much because of Benjamin West's sketches as for the gallant anecdote of the girlhood days of the quick-witted lady.

Robert Strange, the distinguished Scotch engraver, at the age of twenty-four joined the Jacobite army under Charles Edward Stuart. One of the artist's services to the Young Pretender was to engrave his portrait; he also etched plates for a bank-note designed for payment of the troops.

After the defeat of the Highlanders at Culloden, Strange found shelter not far from the field of battle, at the home of his fiancée, Miss Lumisden. He was sought there by some of the victors. As the soldiers were seen approaching, the intrepid girl lifted her hoop-skirt, and the fugitive took refuge under it. While the futile search went on, the fair one calmly carolled Jacobite songs over her needlework.

In the year following, the lovers were married.

A SKETCH BY BENJAMIN WEST.

As is well known, Strange had a very successful career. The high merit of his engraving of one of West's paintings brought him the honor of knighthood.

Another little bit of writing of a hundred and fifty years ago may help us in some degree to picture once more the congenial relation of certain members of The Literary Club. It is addressed to The Reverend Doctor Percy, well remembered as the scholarly compiler of the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry":

Dear Sir:

Goldsmith insists that our meeting shall be tomorrow evening at his chambers. Pray come

Yours sincerely

James Boswell

Tuesday 6 May.

Letters of Oliver Goldsmith are among the scarcest desiderata of the autograph collector. Doctor James Grainger, one of Doctor Percy's frequent correspondents, was the first to introduce him to Goldsmith. Grainger wrote to Percy in 1764: "When I taxed little Goldsmith for not writing as he promised me, his answer was that he never wrote a letter in his life, and faith I believe him, except to a bookseller for money."

After fifteen years of watchful waiting, I was one day called on the telephone by the old-time dealer in autographs Patrick Madigan, who told me he had just secured a most interesting Goldsmith letter that had been treasured as an heirloom by a Nova Scotia family for over a hundred years; he was offering it first to me. Mr. Madigan called it a great bargain, and so it was, but I shall ever maintain a close-mouthed reticence as to the price, for I have no wish to establish with my friends an undeserved reputation for lavish expenditure.

This letter was written to a son and namesake of Goldsmith's most loved brother; to him "The Traveller" was addressed and dedicated. The reader, I am sure, will welcome repetition here of the oft-quoted opening lines:

> "Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:
> Still to my Brother turns, with ceaseless pain
> And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

Here is the letter:

My dear Henry London, June 7th 1768

Your dear Father's death has afflicted me deeply—The news of this dreadful event only reached me yesterday and although I have already sent my love and condolences in a letter

which you will see I pen this further line to my dear Nephew to express the hope that you and your Brother, young as you both are, will bear yourselves as the sons of such a man should—As to your own future I shall not rest until I hit upon some means of serving you; and it may be that through the influence of some of my friends here you may procure a situation suited to your talents.

Meanwhile attend diligently to your studies, neglect nothing that can advance your interest when an opening occurs—Are you still inclined towards a military career? That would necessitate, besides a certain temper and constitution, a considerable sum of ready money—Something, however might be managed abroad—in the Indies or in America.

Let me hear from you, my dear Henry and with much love to you both Believe me,

Your affectionate Uncle
Oliver Goldsmith.

Mr Henry Goldsmith
In care of Mrs Hodson
Athlone
Ireland

The young Henry thus addressed was a lad of fifteen. He eventually entered the military

service and became an assistant commissary general, stationed at Cape Breton and afterward at St. John, New Brunswick. Two of his three sons settled in Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia. The letter, carefully preserved by the family for over a century and a half, has now fallen into no less appreciative hands.

Johnson's eulogy of his lovable friend Goldsmith should be widely known. No critic's discernment is needed to recognize it as a masterpiece of succinct characterization:

". . . Goldsmith, a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing, a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness."

Of course the Richardson whose loss as a neighbor was lamented by Doctor Johnson in his letter to Mrs. Thrale was the master-printer Samuel Richardson, who, as the author of "Pamela," took the town by surprise.

Before this most successful novel appeared, there had been any number of heroic romances of plot and many fictional character studies; but Richardson, at the age of fifty, in this his first

book, devised a love story of English domestic life which possessed both plot-interest and character-interest. This had never been done before.

The circumstances are well known. Having shown considerable ability in writing prefaces and dedications for books brought to him to be printed, Richardson was asked by two London booksellers to write for them "a little volume of Letters in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers, who were unable to indite for themselves." This he undertook, and, as the author himself tells us, "in the progress of it, writing two or three letters to instruct handsome girls who were obliged to go out to service, as we phrase it, how to avoid the snares that might be laid against their virtue," he recalled a story of real life which had been told him years before about just such a girl. Whereupon he put his task aside to write a novel based on the circumstances of the story. This was "Pamela," in four volumes, two of which were published in 1741 and two in 1742.

Notwithstanding the great success of "Pamela," Richardson did not bring out his second novel for several years. "Clarissa Harlowe" was published by instalments in seven volumes

in 1747–48. The third novel, "Sir Charles Grandison," was published in two editions, one

PAMELA:

OR,

VIRTUE Rewarded.

In a SERIES of

FAMILIAR LETTERS

FROM A

Beautiful Young DAMSEL,
To her PARENTS.

Now first Published

In order to cultivate the Principles of VIRTUE and RELIGION in the Minds of the YOUTH of BOTH SEXES.

A Narrative which has its Foundation in TRUTH and NATURE; and at the same time that it agreeably entertains, by a Variety of *curious* and *affecting* INCIDENTS, is intirely divested of all those Images, which, in too many Pieces calculated for Amusement only, tend to *inflame* the Minds they should *instruct*.

In Two VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
Printed for C. RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; and J. OSBORN, in *Paternoster Row*.
MDCCXLI.

in seven volumes and another of larger print in six volumes, issued simultaneously in 1753–54. Both "Clarissa" and "Grandison" as well as "Pamela" are written in epistolary form.

Richardson's personal letters are much in the style of those of his fictional characters. I doubt

CLARISSA.

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF A

YOUNG LADY:

Comprehending

The most Important Concerns *of* Private LIFE.

And particularly shewing,

The DISTRESSES that may attend the Misconduct
Both of PARENTS and CHILDREN,

In Relation to MARRIAGE.

Published by the EDITOR *of* PAMELA.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for S. Richardson:

And Sold by A. MILLAR, over-against *Catharine-ſtreet* in the *Strand*:
J. and JA. RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's Church-yard*:
JOHN OSBORN, in *Pater-noſter Row*:
And by J. LEAKE, at *Bath*.

M.DCC.XLVIII.

that any truer example of this resemblance exists than a very long letter, entirely devoted to "Clarissa," that is now in my collection; it was written in reply to one of the numerous com-

munications the author received from admiring women. As "Clarissa" is unquestionably Rich-

THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

IN A

SERIES of LETTERS

Publiſhed from the ORIGINALS,

By the Editor of PAMELA and CLARISSA.

In SEVEN VOLUMES:

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for S. Richardſon;

And Sold by C. HITCH and L. HAWES, in *Paternoſter Row*;
By J. and J. RIVINGTON, in *St Paul's Church-Yard*;
By ANDREW MILLAR, in the *Strand*;
By R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*;
And by J. LEAKE, at *Bath*;

M.DCC.LIV.

ardson's best work, it seems to me that the letter, notwithstanding its length, should be given in full. So far as I know, it is here printed for the first time.

Dear Madam, Dec. 20. 1748.

When you are pleased to decline singling out in Clarissa any particular Virtue, or Excellence, you disappoint me a little, tho' you give so polite a Reason for it, because I should have seen, by your distinguishing some one, Which, among the many that adorn your own Mind, was what you yourself thought most preferable.

Express yourself! At your own Expence! What words are these! Do you think, that there is not a Justice due one's self, as well as to the rest of the World?—And can you, who are so quicksighted to the Merits of others, be allowed to be blind to your own?

How judiciously do you observe, that there is not *one in ten* of our Sex, that have Sense enough to captivate any Woman of common Understanding!—Let me tell you, that did not a *Ductility* of Mind in the Fair Sex, and great Condesension, and great Charity, and great Good-nature, assist, there would not be *one in twenty*, in an Age of *Flashes and Foibles*, that would make an Impression.

Oh that your Sex would not, so often as they do, permit their Hearts to be under the Dominion of their Eyes and Ears!—How many more happy Marriages would there be than there are if the Fair Sex (indeed if both Sexes) would

choose for intellectual rather than personal Qualities!

Were you, you say, Madam, addressed by a Hickman and a Lovelace, you would choose the former in Preference to the latter, if it were only to show me how strong an Impression my Advise against such as the latter has made upon you. This is extremely obliging. But let me tell you, my dear Miss Grainger, that while you can express such an Indifference as you express to a Character like that of Mr. Hickman, you will be in some Danger, should a Lovelace make his Addresses to you at the same time.

To say nothing of your generous, tho' hazardous Hope of Reforming a Lovelace by your Example, you must consider, that you would be apt to think better of him than he would deserve, unless you had an Opportunity, which the Readers of the History of Clarissa have, tho' she had not, of judging of his Heart and Head by his private Communications of the Tendency of *both* to a Belford; that is to say, to a trusty Friend of his own cast.

General Characters ought to have great Weight in a Lady's Choice. A light, frothy, libertine Air and Conversation, a Disavowal of good Principles, a Liberty taken of ridiculing Religion and serious Things, and of worthy Men

and worthy Women, will be all you'll have to judge by. And indeed this would, and ought to be enough, to a discreet Lady. *For Men gather not Grapes of Thorns, or Figs of Thistles.* But the Fashion of the present Age will a good deal lessen the Terror that such Symptoms ought to inspire, if they are attended with an Effronter that shews the Man cannot doubt. If Mr. Hickman's respectful love, if his worthy Character, if his beneficient Disposition, if his Perseverance, will not give him a Preference for the sake of *those good Qualities*—What shall I say?—

Don't you consider, Madam, that he appears in no Hands an insignificant or weak Character, but in those of Lovelace, who would have made even Miss Howe look silly, and of Miss Howe, who would have made any Man but Lovelace look like a Fool?—Hickman, Madam, is a generous-minded Man. He would not, he could not, if used tolerably by a Wife, make her sensible of what an undue controul was. Lovelace was a Triumpher for Triumph-sake. Read Col. Morden's Letter again, if you please, at the latter End of Vol. III and that Passage in Lovelace's (Vol. IV. p. 192, 193) where he tells you how submissive his Wife must be; how she must sigh over him when present (if he be in the Humour to receive her Sighs), look after him as far

as she can see him, on his going from her; and go out of her Wits for Joy on his Return.

You say, You would not wish to have the Government entirely in your own Hands. This is generously said. And yet do you think, Madam, you should not like to be complimented with Power?

Miss Howe is a very saucy Girl. She spares not her Mother. This cannot be the Case of the Lady I have the Honour to write to. Perhaps Miss Howe was not so saucy to her first love, Sir George Colman but was she not ungenerous, think you, to play upon a worthy Man, whom she intended to have, because she saw, from his great Love for her, she might? And are you sure, that those Ladies who form their Judgment of the worthy Man's Intellects, by what his Love made him bear with the Vixen, would not have treated him, in the like Circumstances, nearly alike?—Ah! my dear Miss Grainger! Take care that those saucy Intelligences of the Soul, called Eyes, as you prettily express yourself, are not the only Indicatives—But I will not say more—

It was easy for me to have drawn in Mr. Hickman all the Graces that even a Miss Howe might have been charmed with. But I was willing to give some room for a saucy Girl to

exercise her sprightly Talents for the sake of the Correction I had a mind to give by her from her amiable Friend, to all such saucy Girls. And at the same time to shew the Sex, that one Man could not be every-thing; And that the Man to be happy with, was rather a Hickman than a Lovelace. And for this Reason I have made Miss Howe happy with him, tho' she deserved to be a little punished—Do you think she did not?

Have you read the Whole quite thro', Madam? —If you have not, you'll find by the Conclusion of the Work, that there was no room to imagine, that Mr. Hickman assumed any Command.

Thank you, dear Madam, for the Objections you hint at. But it was so delicate a Point to make a Clarissa guiltless in going away with a Man, or rather in giving him an Opportunity to trick her away, or in corresponding with him clandestinely, that I thought I could not be too particular in recounting the Provocations she had from her Family.

Mr. Lovelace, in his first Visit to Smith's, I know must displease you. But when the uncontrolable Wretch found himself disappointed, he says, you know, that he must have been merry or mad; and that Clarissa would have despised him, had she heard, that he had been

sighing for her in the Back-Shop. But the Whole of that Scene is to display the Impenetrableness, and Obduracy, and Levity of such Rakes, and what unconcerned Airs they could give themselves, while the poor Innocents were hiding themselves in Corners, their Hearts bursting with Grief, and perhaps with undeserved Disgrace.

I have written a long Letter: But had I not been very much engaged, you would have had a Chance for a much longer—Yet I should have been loth to have repeated any-thing written in the Work—Once more I thank you for the Favour of Yours, and beg you to forgive the Hurry which occasions me to be less perfect, and less particular; than otherwise would have been, Dear Madam,

Your faithful and most obedient
Humble Servant,
S. Richardson.

Though frequently urged to write more novels, the author added none to the highly successful trio. He did, however, complete the letter-writer but did not put his name to it. The volume bore this title: "Letters written To and For Particular Friends, On the most Important Occasions. Directing not only the

Requisite Style and Forms to be Observed in Writing Familiar Letters; But How to Think and Act Justly and Prudently, in the Common Concerns of Human Life."

While the one hundred and seventy-three letters which comprise the book are intended as models for a wide variety of experience, love-affairs have precedence; the little manual had a successful sale for more than twenty years, and is reputed to have found particular favor with amorous country wenches.

Another long unpublished letter of Richardson is in my collection, but I hear my reader say "Enough is as good as a feast." As I turn to the next eighteenth-century writer, I find myself anticipating the smiles with which he will be greeted.

VI

SOME EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BOOKS AND LETTERS

II

THE whimsical genius Laurence Sterne maintains in the minds of men to this day the position he suddenly captured over a century and a half ago; it seems likely that he will hold it for all time. That position has been well defined by competent critics; it is not in my province to do more than touch upon the few articles in my collection of books and letters that are associated with this unique personality.

Again and again by his audacious wit, his extravagance of sentimental feeling, his erratic performance, Sterne almost simultaneously attracts and repels. Yet our abiding thought, in spite of the most outrageous improprieties, is of the man's unfailing expression of tenderness for the weak, the distressed, the unfortunate.

The first two volumes of "The Life and Adventures of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman," were published early in January, 1760. When Sterne came to London two months later, he was so eager to learn how the book was taking

that, on the morning after his arrival, he went before breakfast to the booksellers, the Dodsleys, to make inquiries. He was told of the sensation the book had produced in the reading world; the town was in a furor about it, and not a copy could be bought in all London.

The author had sent the two little volumes with a letter to David Garrick, who read and recommended them. The distinguished actor now introduced Sterne to his big circle of fashionable acquaintances. Nothing could have been more advantageous for Sterne's interests. While Doctor Johnson had become the dictator of the English intellectual world, Garrick, his former pupil, had, by general assent, become the regulator of public taste. His sponsorship not only opened the door to social success, it immediately hushed the rising voice of disapproval which menaced the astounding book.

The literary lion of the day wrote to Miss Fourmantelle at York: "From morning to night my lodgings which, by the way, are the genteelest in town are full of the greatest Company. I dined these two days with two ladies of the Bedchamber; then with Lord Rockingham, Lord Edgecomb, Lord Winchelsea, Lord Littleton, a Bishop, etc. etc. I assure you, my Kitty, that Tristram is the fashion."

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LAURENCE STERNE.

Only three weeks after Sterne's unexpected advent, he was asked to sit for his portrait to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who would accept no fee.

The triumphant author made his way back to Yorkshire in May. By the end of the year he had the manuscripts of volumes three and four ready for the printer, and with joyful anticipations he went up to London to see them through the press. A round of gaieties greeted him, and it was not until June, 1761, that he returned to Shandy Hall.

Sterne's next visit to London was in the November following, to make arrangements for the issue of the fifth and sixth little volumes of "Tristram." For reasons now unknown the relations between the author and his publishers, the Dodsleys, had been terminated. The new sponsors were T. Becket and T. A. De Hondt, who, however, agreed merely to distribute the books on commission, Sterne paying the entire cost of the edition of four thousand copies. It was while the two volumes were going through the press that a meeting occurred—the only meeting—of Doctor Johnson and Sterne. In his most interesting and informing biography of the great humorist, Dean Cross quotes Johnson's own account of the incident:

"In a company where I lately was, Tristram Shandy introduced himself; and Tristram Shandy had scarcely sat down, when he informed us that he had been writing a Dedication to Lord Spencer; and *sponte suâ* he pulled it out of his pocket, and *sponte suâ*, for nobody desired him, he began to read it; and before he had read half a dozen lines, *sponte meâ* sir, I told him it was not English, sir."

Apparently Sterne did not heed Johnson's interruptory remark, for, as Dean Cross says, the dedication as presented is loose and ungrammatical from the Johnsonian point of view, and yet clear and beautiful to one who reads for the meaning and not to parse the sentences.

Here it is:

To the Right Honourable
JOHN
Lord Viscount Spencer,

My Lord,

I Humbly beg leave to offer you these two volumes; they are the best that my talents, with such bad health as I have, could produce:—had Providence granted me a larger stock of either, they had been a much more proper present to your Lordship.

I beg your Lordship will forgive me, if, at the

same time I dedicate this work to you, I join Lady SPENCER, in the liberty I take of inscribing the story of Le Fever in the sixth volume to her name; for which I have no other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the story is a humane one.

I am
My Lord
Your Lordship's
Most devoted
And most humble Servant
Laur. Sterne.

As piratical editions of "Tristram," also several books purporting to have been written by Sterne, had been foisted on the market, the author took the arduous precaution of writing his name in every copy of the fifth volume, at the top of the first page of the text. Later, the same means of authentication were adopted for volumes seven and nine.

Sterne, though never afraid of death, well knew that his hold on life at best was always precarious. Just as volumes five and six of "Tristram" were published he had a hemorrhage of the lungs, and by advice of his doctor immediately decided to go to the south of France. In the midst of preparations for departure, he wrote

THE L. Sterne

LIFE and OPINIONS

OF

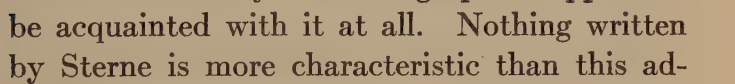
TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

IF it had not been for thoſe two mettleſome tits, and that madcap of a poſtilion, who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered my head. He flew like lightning——there was a ſlope of three miles and a half——we ſcarce touched the ground——the motion was moſt rapid —moſt impetuous—'twas communicat-

an informal document of considerable length, a sort of supplement to his will, which had already been duly executed. This document was addressed to his wife, but was only to be delivered to her in the event of his death.

I do not find that this paper, which has recently come into my possession, has ever been printed in full. Sidhel, in his "Sterne a Study," published in 1910, quotes some passages, but none of the many other biographers appear to be acquainted with it at all. Nothing written by Sterne is more characteristic than this advisory testament; much of it is highly creditable to his better nature.



Dec: 28. 1761 Memorandums left with Mrs. Montague, In Case I should die abroad.

L. Sterne.

My Sermons in a Trunk at my friend Mr Halls St John Street.—2 Vols, to be picked out of them—NB. There are enough for 3 Vols.—

My Letters, in my Bureau at Coxwould & a Bundle in the Trunk with my Sermons—Note. The large piles of Letters in the Garrets at York,

to be sifted over, in search for some either of Wit, or Humor—or what is better than both—of Humanity & good nature—these will make a couple of Vol[s] more—and as not one of em was ever wrote, like Popes or Voitures to be printed, they are more likely to be read—if there wants aught to serve the Completion of a 3d Volume,—the Political Romance I wrote w[ch] was never published—may be added to the fag end of the Vol[e].: Tho I have 2 Reasons why I wish it may not be wanted—first, an undeserved Compliment to One, whom I have since, found to be a very corrupt man—I knew him weak & ignorant—but thought him honest. The other reason is I have hung up D[r]. Topham in the romance—in a ridiculous light—w[ch], upon my Soul I now doubt, whether he deserves it—so let the Romance go to sleep, not by itself—for twil have Company.

My *Conscio ad Clerum*, in Latin, w[ch] I made for Fountayne, to preach before the University, to enable him to take his Doctor's Degree—you will find, 2 copies of it, with my sermons—

—He got Honour by it—what Got I?—nothing in my Life time, then Let me not (I charge you M[rs]. Sterne) be robb'd of it after my death. That long pathetic Letter to him of the hard measure I have re[d]—I charge you, to let it be

printed—Tis equitable You should derive that good from My Sufferings at least.

I have made my Will—but I leave all I have to You & my Lydia—You will not Quarrel ab^{t} it—but I advise You to sell my Estate, wch will bring 1800 p^{ds} (or more after the war)—& what you can raise from my Works—& the Sale of the last Copy-right of ye 5 & 6 Vol^{s} of Tristram—& the produce of this last work, all wch I have left (except 50 p^{ds}) in my Bookseller Beckets hands, & wch M^{r}. Garrick will receive and lay out in Stocks for me—all these together, I w^{d} advise You to collect together—w^{h} the Sale of my Library &c &c—& lay it out in Government Securitys—If my Lydia sh^{d} Marry—I charge you, —I charge you over again, (that you may remember it more and ballance it more)—That upon no Delusive prospect, or promise from any one, You leave Y^{r}self DEPENDENT; reserve enough for y^{r} comfort—or let her wait y^{r} Death.

I leave this in the hand of Our Cosin M^{rs}. Montague—not because she is our Cosin—but because, I am sure she has a good heart.

we shall meet again.

Mem^{dun} whenever I die—tis most probable, I shall have ab^{t} 200 ll due to me from my Livings—If Lydia sh^{d} dye before you: Leave my Sister something worthy of y^{r} self—in Case you do not

think it meet to purchase an annuity for your greater comfort: if you chuse that—do it in God's name—

The Pictures of the Mountebank & his Macaroni—is in a Lady's hands, who upon seeing 'em—most cavallierly declared she would never part with them—And from an excess of Civility—or rather Weakness I could not summon up severity, to demand them:—If I dye, her Name &c is inclose in a billet sealed up & given with this—& then you must demand them—If refused—You have nothing to do, but send a 2^{d} Message importing—tis not for her Interest to keep them.

LAURENCE STERNE

Memorandums
left by
M^{r}. Sterne in
M^{rs}. Montagu's hands
before he left England

The "Cosin," Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson Montagu, to whom these memorandums were intrusted, was the celebrated leader of the "Blue Stockings."

During several years prior to the publication of "Tristram," Sterne found pleasurable distraction in drawing and painting. A companion

in this pursuit was Thomas Bridges, of York. "The Pictures of the Mountebank and his Macaroni," so mysteriously referred to in the memorandums for Mrs. Sterne, comprised only one canvas in oils, on which the two friends collaborated, Sterne painting Bridges as the Mountebank, and Bridges painting Sterne as the Macaroni. The background is a street scene in York.

Dibdin, who had this picture engraved for his "Bibliographical Tour," published in 1821, has this to say about it: "Caricatured as Sterne's countenance is, there is yet far from a remote resemblance in it to the matchless portrait of him by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add, that Sterne was a prebendary of York Cathedral; and I learned, as handed down from the time, that, so slovenly was his dress, and strange his gait, the little boys used to flock round him, and walk by his side."

The whereabouts of the original painting, if it exists at all, are unknown.

Garrick's appreciation of Sterne's genius, as attested by the reception he accorded the author on his first visit to London, led to close personal relations between the actor and the parson; and, as Garrick was a man of recognized

executive ability, it was only natural that Sterne, in his precarious state of health, should advise his wife, in case of need, to rely on the judgment of this most intimate friend.

Now, on the very eve of departure, Sterne himself calls on Garrick for financial assistance. The historic missive, in which he confidently asks for help, is here reproduced from the original in my collection.

Dear Garrick,

Upon reviewing my finances this morning, wth some unforseen expences—I find I should set out with 20 p^{ds} less—than a prudent man ought—will you lend me twenty pounds.

Yrs *L Sterne*

Undoubtedly Sterne was enabled to leave England with a full purse. Some writers have made it an open question whether the loan was ever repaid; but, notwithstanding the traveller's easy borrowing propensities, it seems fairer, in the absence of evidence or testimony, to assume that this emergency obligation was eventually met.

Sterne remained in France for more than two years. Owing to improved health and spirits, he had willingly given way to the allure of Paris,

Dear Garrick.

upon reviewing my finances this morning, wth some unforseen expences — I find I should set out with 20 p^ds less — than a prudent man ought — will You lend me twenty pounds

Yrs L. Sterne

and it was not until March that he went to the south of France in company with his wife and daughter Lydia, who had just then crossed the Channel. In the summer of 1764 he went back to England. Mrs. Sterne and Lydia remained in France.

During Sterne's prolonged absence, he had continued the story of "Tristram," and a few months after his return his pen was again busy. By November the manuscripts of volumes seven and eight were completed, as he tells his friends and banker, Foley, in a well-known letter now in my collection. The books were published in January, 1765.

York—Nov—11—1764

My dear friend

I sent ten days ago a bank bill of thirty pounds to M^r. Becket and have this day sent him a Bill payable upon sight for fifty two pounds ten shillings;—When I get to London wch will be in 5 weeks, you will rec^ve what shall always keep you in bank for M^rs. Sterne—In the mean time, I have desired Becket to remit you this 82 p^ds—& if Mrs Sterne, before I get to London, sh^d have Occasion for 50 Louis—be so kind as to honour her draught upon You; but I believe I shall have paid the money I purpose into Beckets hands, by the time She

will want—but if otherwise a week or fortnight, I know, will break no squares with a good & worthy friend.

I will contrive to send you these 2 new Vol[s] of Tristram, as soon as ever I get them from the press—You will read as odd a Tour thro' france, as ever was projected or executed by traveller or travell writer, since the world began.

—tis a laughing good temperd Satyr against Traveling (as puppies travel)—Panchaud will enjoy it—I am quite civil to the parisiens—et *per Cosa*—You know—tis likely I may see 'em again—& possibly this Spring.—is it possible for you to get me over a Copy of my picture anyhow? If so—I would write to Mlle Navarre to make as good a Copy from it as she possibly could—with a view to do her Service here—and I w[d] remit her 5 Louis—I really believe, twil be the parent of a dozen portraits to her—if she executes it with the spirit of the Original in y[r] hands—for it will be seen by half London—and as my Phyz is as remarkable as myself—if she preserves the character of both, twil do her honour and service too—

Write me a Line ab[t] this—& tel me you are well, & happy &c—

will you present my most gratef[ul] resp[ts] to

the worthy Baron D' Holbach—I want to send him one of the best Impressions of my Picture from Reynolds, and another to Mon[s] Peletuere—

my kind respects to Mr. Selwin—tell Panchaude, I greet him kindly

& for y[r]self, believe me dear Foley
Most faithfully & warmly
y[rs] L— Sterne

A Mons[r]
Mons[r] Foley Banquier
rue S[t] Saveur
a Paris

In the October following, Sterne again crossed the Channel. This was the tour that provided most of the incidents of "The Sentimental Journey," although some of the experiences of the earlier continental visit also are utilized for that entrancing book.

The traveller's goal was Naples, where he remained about two months. We have little testimony, from any source, of this sojourn in what was then the gay capital of a kingdom; but, from my collection, I am able to draw an unpublished letter, written from Rome just after the first stage of the long homeward journey, in which we find a truly Shandian account of a happening by the way.

The letter is inscribed to Sir William Hamilton, who then was at the beginning of his long service as the British Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Court of Naples.

Dear Sir. Rome March 17 1766

I could not be at ease in my Conscience, If I did not do by Letter what I was not able to do in words the Eve of my departure; & that was to thank you and Mrs. Hamilton for the many civilities and attentions paid me by you both, during my stay at Naples; which upon looking back upon at this distance, I estimate higher, and feel the pleasure I partook of more sensibly, than I did w^{n} I was actually enjoying them—This is contrary to Nature's Etiquette—I feel it true however this bout, and with all the Sensibility of a temper not ungrateful I return You both all I am able; & that is my best thanks. My friend & self had a voyage of it by Mount Cussino, full of cross accidents; but all was remedied along the road by sporting and laughter—We dined and supped at Cuy at the Monastary of Cussino where we were rec^{d} and treated like Sovereign Princes—and on Saturday by eleven o clock in the morning got here without bodily hurt except that a Dromedary of a beast fell upon me in full Gallop, and by rolling

over me crushed me as flat as a Pankake—but I am growing round again. Core and Hyat leave me nothing to tell you ab^{t} the news of Rome, They will be arrived at Naples before this. However there is an acc^{t} here that the great Rock of Giberaltor is overthrown by an earthquake—tant pis pour nous: we could only defend the place agst men

Mr. Errington presents his respects to You and Mrs Hamilton in the best manner—I beg to add mine.

When you see Miss Tuting pray present my most friendly good wishes for her—as well as respects to her—I have the Honour Dear Sir to be with all warmth and Truth

Y^{r} most faithful & most obliged

L. Sterne

P.S.

My service to all friends—not omitting the Countesses de Rouget & Mahong.

The traveller reached England early in June, 1766. He soon resumed his pen, and by January of the following year the ninth and last volume of "Tristram" came from the press.

The "Sentimental Journey" was begun about the 1st of June, 1767, and was completed by

the end of the year. Late in February the two small volumes were delivered to a long list of distinguished subscribers.

Sterne planned a continuation of the story of his travels, but that was not to be. On March 18, 1768, he was overtaken by the Angel of Death, his close follower for many a year.

In his "Lives of the Poets" Johnson says of Pope: "He was near-sighted, and therefore not formed by nature for a painter; he tried however, how far he could advance and sometimes persuaded his friends to sit." Mrs. Thrale's marginal manuscript comment on this is: "He had fine eyes—as all Crooked People have. In Richardson's portrait of him they do not look like near-sighted eyes—I scarce believe the fact."

The artist thus referred to was Pope's friend Jonathan Richardson. He painted and drew Pope several times; so we cannot identify the particular portrait to which the critical lady alludes. As portrayed by various artists, there is no question as to the beauty of Pope's eyes; but Mrs. Thrale's doubt of the statement that they were near-sighted is not well founded. No one could be sure from the outward aspect of the natural eye, much less from the artist's counterfeit presentment, whether it is near-

sighted, or far-sighted, or normal. That is a question for the oculist.

Pope and Richardson were so very intimate that it seemed to me desirable to reproduce one of the artist's many portraits of his distinguished friend as an illustration for this chapter. So, while in London recently, I betook myself to the National Portrait Gallery, where there is a portrait in oils of Pope, which, for many years, has been accredited to Richardson. On referring to the latest edition of the catalogue of the collection, I was surprised to find an interrogation point after Richardson's name. I had no acquaintance with the director of the Gallery, but I immediately requested the favor of an interview. Mr. Milner at once interested himself in my small affair. The portrait in question he was now inclined to attribute to Kneller.

Here was a troublesome little situation, quickly relieved, however, by Mr. Milner's resourceful memory, which now brought up an incident of twenty years ago. Some one had called to offer for sale six small portrait drawings by Richardson, and one of these was of Pope. The Gallery already had several portraits of him, and would not be warranted in buying more. As to the present owners of the

drawings, Mr. Milner had no knowledge. They were probably offered elsewhere after he had declined them; there was a possibility that the Print Room of the British Museum might have acquired them.

As soon as I could I went to the museum, stated the circumstances, and, in less time than it has taken me to relate this anecdote, Richardson's delicately drawn portrait of Pope was on a table before me.

On the back of the picture is this explanatory inscription by Richardson's son:

The Verses were my Father's, Mr. Pope made the little alteration, perhaps they were better before.
J. R. jun.

Permission was readily and courteously granted to photograph the portrait, which is reproduced facing page 178.

The cordiality of the relation between the poet and the artist is further shown in these two letters from my collection; they also afford us pleasant glimpses of the environment of the leading man of letters of the time. Both communications were written from the villa at Twickenham.

Dr Sir

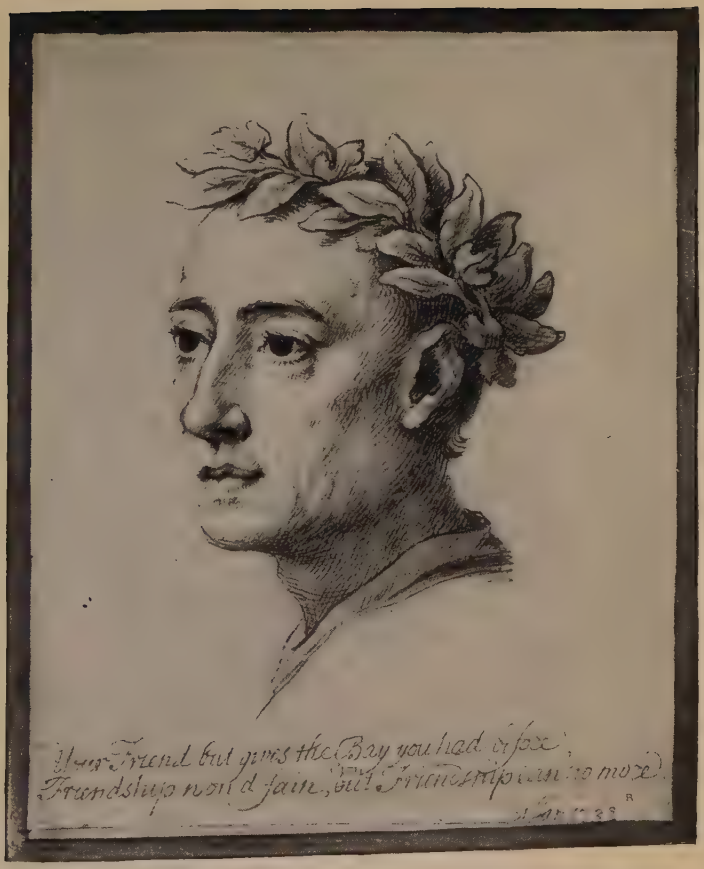
If your Self & yr Son can mount this day, & enjoy my Groves all to ourselves all this day & as much of ye night as the fine moon now allows, I am wholly yours for this day & till noon to morrow. This being ye first Vacancy I've been able to obtain, I offer it you, before Courts, & Crowds, & Confusion come upon me. Good morrow!

Wensday Five oclock
in ye morning. I am truly
29 June 1737. Yours.
A. Pope

To Mr Richardson in
Queens Square
Bloomsbury

Dear Sir

The fear I have to miss of you, join'd to the Knowledge of yr great Readiness to take any hint I can give you, makes me send this to tell you 2 things: first, y^{t} my D B, is recovering, I hope, apace, and will probably be with you ye begining of y^{e} week; and secondly, that I am obliged to go for four hours from hence this morning; the Waterman ingages to deliver you this soon after Sun-rise, for that is an Hour to find you & the Lark awake & singing. That



The Verses were my Father's, M.r Pope made the little alteration, perhaps they were better before.

J. R. jun.r

PORTRAIT OF POPE BY JONATHAN RICHARDSON.

With facsimile of the inscription on the back of the portrait by Richardson's son. From the original portrait in the British Museum.

you may long preserve that Spring in y^r^ Autumn of Life! is ye true wish of

Dr Sir your

Mr. Richardson A. Pope

The D. B. mentioned in the above letter was doubtless Richardson's son, his dear boy, convalescent at Pope's home. The waterman is said to have been so frequently employed by Pope that he might almost be considered a member of the household.

As we know, Pope was deformed from birth; an inheritance from his father. Some of those who were subjected to the sting of his frequent satire would occasionally retaliate by allusion to the little man's physical defects. There was a story current in my boyhood days which illustrates this; I heard my mother tell it more than once. Some one in Pope's presence declared that in a certain paragraph of his writing an interrogation-point should have been inserted. "Pray," said Pope, "just what is an interrogation-point?" The cruel retort came quick: "*A crooked little thing that asks questions.*"

One of Pope's earliest admirers was George Granville, himself a poet. He pronounced the boy of seventeen a second Virgil. Seven years later, as Lord Lansdowne, he presented his

young friend with a copy of his "Poems upon Several Occasions." This identical copy of the book is now in my collection. On the fly-leaf the recipient has written in his clear hand:

"Ex libris A. Pope, Donum Authoris."

Granville's exaggeration of the lad's poetical attainment was quite in accord with the fulsome praise of his sovereign, the second James:

> "Mars had the Courage, Jove the Thunder bore;
> But all perfections meet in James alone
> And Britain's King is all the Gods in one."

Doctor Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," devotes fifteen pages to Lansdowne. After relating the principal incidents of the nobleman's career, he passes judgment on the poetical product. His praise and censure are applied with an impartial hand. When he ends, there is mighty little left of Lansdowne the poet.

There is, in my collection, a book that may be valued, not only for its association with Pope, but because of its own merit. This is the old romance "Argenis," written in Latin by John Barclay, the Scotch poet, a contemporary of Shakspere. On a fly-leaf some one

has written this quotation from one of Cowper's letters:

"I lately finished the perusal of a Book, which in former years I have more than once attacked, but never till now conquered; some other book always interfered, before I could finish it. The work I mean is BARCLAY'S '*Argenis*,' and if ever you allow yourself to read for mere amusement, I can recommend it to you (provided you have not already perused it) as the most amusing Romance that ever was written. It is the only one indeed of an old date that I ever had the patience to go thro' with. It is interesting in a high degree; richer in incident than can be imagined, full of surprizes, which the Reader never forestalls, and yet free from all entanglement and confusion. The stile too appears to me to be such as would not dishonour Tacitus himself."

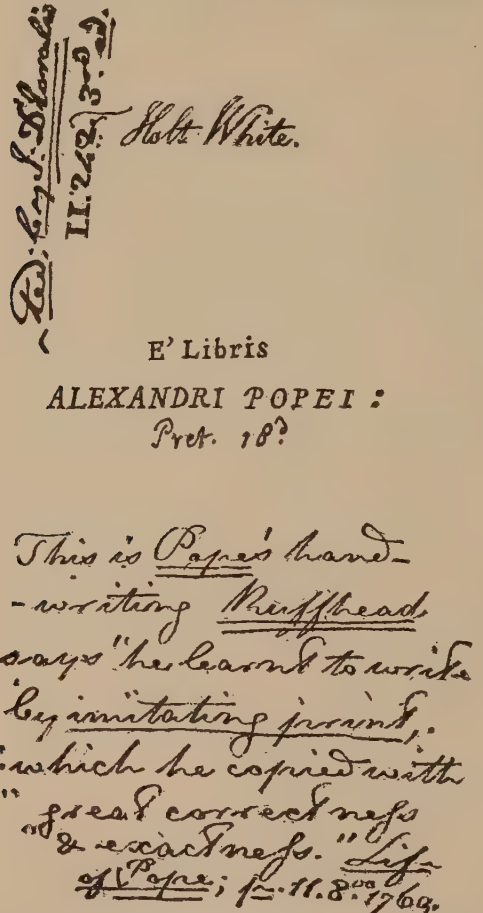
On another fly-leaf the poet has inscribed:

E'libris
Alexandri Popei:
Pret. 18^{d}

Ruffland, an early biographer, says: "He learnt to write by imitating print which he copied with great correctness and exactness."

Pope's translation of the "Iliad" of Homer

was published in six big volumes during the years 1715–20. The work brought such fame



FACSIMILE OF FLY-LEAF FROM BARCLAY'S "ARGENIS" INSCRIBED BY POPE.

to Pope that it was inevitable he should undertake the "Odyssey." With the help of two

scholarly assistants, who did half the work, three of the five volumes were ready for delivery in January, 1724. Copy for the advertisement was sent by Pope to the printer on the 20th of the month, with this amusing letter which now adorns my collection:

Sir Twiknam, Jan. 20th.

I shall take it as a favour of you to insert ye inclosed advertisemt both in ye Gazette & Daily Courant, three times. What I particularly recommend to yr care is to cause it to be distinguishd with proper dignity, & ye title in Capitals, as here drawn. Also to stand at ye head of ye more vulgar advertisemts at least rankd before Eloped wives, if not before Lost Spaniels & Strayd Geldings. Do not, I beseech you, grudge to bestow One Line at large in honour of my name, who wd bestow many to celebrate yours, who am sincerely Mr Buckleys

Affectionate & hearty
Servant
A. Pope

Pray give Mr Stanyar my Sincere Services. I will shortly endeavor to see you together; for, (contrary to other Poets), I will not shun yu when I am in your Debt.

That the reader may see just how the advertisement read, I reproduce it here from the issue of the London *Gazette* in which it appeared on January 23, 1724:

South-Sea-Houſe, Jan. 21, 1724.

The Court of Directors of the South-Sea Company give Notice, That a General Court of the ſaid Company will be held at Merchant-Taylor's-Hall in Threadneedle ſtreet, London, on Thurſday the 28th Inſtant, at Eleven in Forenoon, on ſpecial Affairs.

PROPOSALS by Mr. POPE,
For a Tranſlation of HOMER's ODYSSEY.

This Work conſiſts of the ſame Number of Books as the Iliad, (*viz.* twenty four,) *and of as large a Body of Notes and Extracts. It is printed in the ſame Manner, Size, Paper, and Ornaments. It is propoſed to the Subſcribers at a Guinea leſs, namely at* five Guineas. *The firſt three Volumes* (*viz. fourteen Books*) *are already printed; in conſideration of which,* three *Guineas are to be now paid, and the remaining* two *upon Delivery of them. The greateſt Number of the Impreſſion being already ſubſcribed for, thoſe who would have the Book are deſired to ſend their Names and Payments to Mr.* Lintot, *at the* Croſs-Keys *between the* Temple-Gates *in* Fleet ſtreet; *who will deliver* Receipts *for the ſame till the laſt Day of* February *next, when the Subſcription will be cloſed.*

Advertiſements.

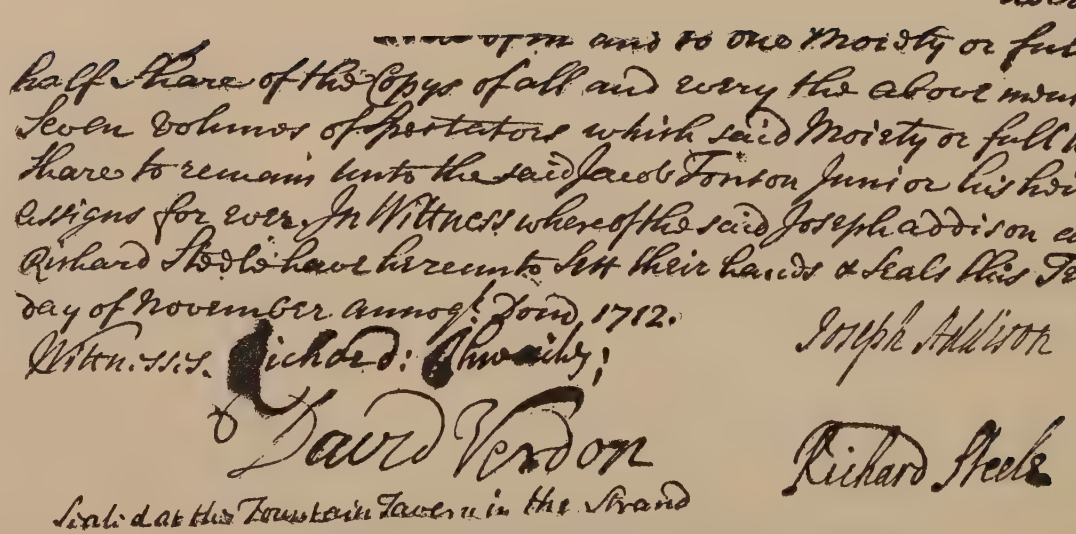
The success of the "Iliad" was repeated with the "Odyssey." After paying his assistants, Pope had over £3,500 for himself. His receipts from the "Iliad" had been over £5,000.

Important as these large sums doubtless were to the young man, his literary success was of

much more consequence. Pope was now recognized as the leading poet of the day.

Like most people, I occasionally allow myself to play with little superstitions. On my last visit to London, I stayed at a small hotel in Curzon Street, Mayfair. Leading from the bottom of the street is a narrow way between brick walls, higher than a man's head. This provides a short cut to the old-book houses of Quaritch and Maggs, the auction rooms of Sotheby, and other haunts of the book-collector. As I went through the passage one fine morning, a very black cat sprang from coping to coping directly in front of me. A little later, just as I entered a book-shop, another cat, as black as black can be, leapt from behind to the top of a counter as though to bid me welcome. I said to myself, I shall surely have "black-cat luck" to-day.

One of my errands that morning took me to the manuscript department of the British Museum. As I passed among the exhibited examples, I casually stopped to glance at the literary autographs. One that particularly interested me was an agreement to sell to Samuel Buckley, a printer, a half-share in the volumes of *The Spectator*, signed by Joseph Addison and Richard Steele. I suppose the document held my



FACSIMILE OF AGREEMENT BETWEEN ADDISON AND STEELE.

attention not only for its importance but because, after collecting for over a quarter of a century, I still lacked representative autographs of these great figures in English literary history. But one must not envy the British Museum. We should rather thank a generous nation for making its unrivalled treasures freely available to the world.

An hour later I called at Quaritch's, where I saw and secured a trio of first editions of books illustrated by Kate Greenaway, all presentation copies, and a book from the library of Thomas Gray, with his delicately written autograph on the title-page. Then, with that tantalizing *Spectator* document still in mind, I said: "What do you happen to have of Addison and Steele?" And—can you believe it?—there was put before me the original agreement, duly signed by Addison and Steele, for the sale to Jacob Tonson, Jr., of *the other half-share* of the *Spectator* volumes.

Both the British Museum document and the document that is now mine were drawn and signed at the Fountain's Tavern in the Strand, on the same day, November 10, 1712. It was "black-cat luck," if it *did* make a hole in my pocket.

VII

SOME VICTORIAN BOOKS AND LETTERS

About forty years ago, the story goes, a traveller approaching Boston became aware of a persistent murmur, or hum, which seemed to emanate from the cultured city. On inquiry, he was told that what he heard was the aggregation of sound arising from innumerable groups of people who met, almost daily, for the sole purpose of analyzing and discussing the poems of Robert Browning.

This hyperbole emphasizes the fact that, in those days, every one in our broad land who entertained even the slightest literary pretension was sedulously reading Browning, and hopefully struggling with his occasional textual obscurities.

It is related that the insuperable difficulties encountered by one Browning Society, in its endeavors to elucidate the meaning of certain passages, led a participant in the discussions to write directly to the poet for help. His reply expressed sympathetic interest in the inquiry,

but failed to explain the poetical problem—he said that undoubtedly the lines in question had a significance for him at the time they were written, but now, much to his regret, he was unable to determine their meaning.

Popular appreciation of the poetry of Browning was enthusiastic on this side of the Atlantic, long before his own countrymen had fully awakened to his powerful appeal. This early recognition grew rapidly and steadily with the years. Already in a letter written in 1860 Mrs. Browning says: "An English lady of rank, an acquaintance of ours [observe that!], asked, the other day, the American minister, whether 'Robert was not an American.' The minister answered, 'Is it possible that you ask me this? Why, there is not so poor a village in the United States, where they would not tell you that Robert Browning was an Englishman, and that they were sorry he was not an American.' Very pretty of the American minister, was it not?—and literally true, besides."

The phenomenal success of his writings in this country brought the poet meagre pecuniary rewards. Under our copyright laws at the time the foreigner had no standing; any one here could reprint without his consent, and, consequently, he was paid little, and sometimes

nothing at all. For his *magnum opus*, "The Ring and the Book," Browning received only a thousand dollars from his authorized American publisher, who was provided with early proof-sheets, thus gaining a few weeks over his competitors.

Happily, these more or less piratical practices were terminated, in 1891, by the enactment of an international copyright law, which has brought as much benefit to the native author as it has to the alien.

The most important of my Browning books is a proof copy of "Men and Women," in one cloth-bound volume, and printed on thinner paper than the first edition, which was issued in two volumes. Both the proof copy and the published volumes bear the same date, 1855; but comparison discloses extensive variations in the two texts. By actual count there are more than five hundred verbal alterations from the proof copy. It happened many years ago, when I obtained the little book from a London auction, that I showed it to Luther S. Livingston, the well-known bibliographer of happy memory. Mr. Livingston was so taken by the volume that I let him have it for careful examination. In a few weeks he brought it to me, together with a copy of the first edition, in

This portrait was executed at Rome, in 1859
as a companion to that of E. B. B. now in the
National Portrait Gallery, by Field Talfourd, whose
property it remained. I rejoice that it now belongs
to my good friend Gope. Robert Browning,
Apr. 10th 85.

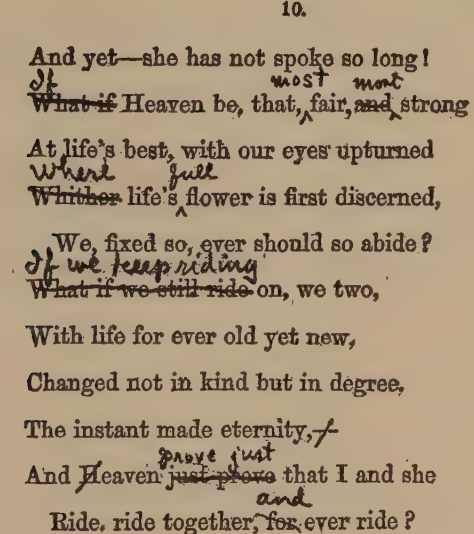
Copyright by the National Portrait Gallery.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The inscription on the original reads: "This portrait was executed at Rome, in 1859, as a companion to that of E. B. B. now in the National Portrait Gallery, by Field Talfourd, whose property it remained. I rejoice that it now belongs to my friend Gope."

ROBERT BROWNING,
Apr. 10, '85.

which he had noted not only all the textual differences but literally thousands of differences of punctuation. Typical examples of the variations are found in the closing lines of "The Last Ride Together," here shown in facsimile.

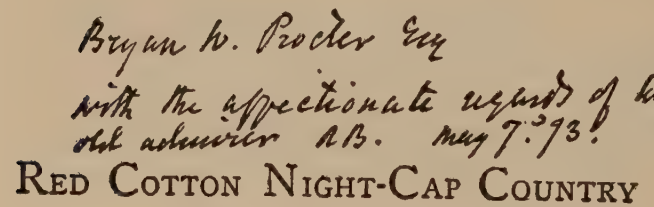


10.

And yet—she has not spoke so long!
~~What if~~ If Heaven be, that, most fair, ~~and~~ most strong
At life's best, with our eyes upturned
~~Whither~~ Where life's full flower is first discerned,
We, fixed so, ever should so abide?
~~What if we still ride~~ If we keep riding on, we two,
With life for ever old yet new,
Changed not in kind but in degree,
The instant made eternity,—
And ~~H~~heaven ~~just prove~~ prove just that I and she
Ride, ride together, ~~for~~ and ever ride?

Browning was only twenty-three when his "Paracelsus" was published. A writer in the authoritative *Athenæum* termed the poem "rubbish," but several literary leaders discovered in it the advent of a poet of high promise. One of these men, whose acquaintance Browning then made, was Bryan Waller Procter, who, under his

pen-name, "Barry Cornwall," had become a popular poet. The friendship, then begun, held until Procter's death, in 1874, at the ripe age of eighty-seven. In the year preceding, Browning sent his old comrade a copy of his new poem, "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country," thus inscribed:

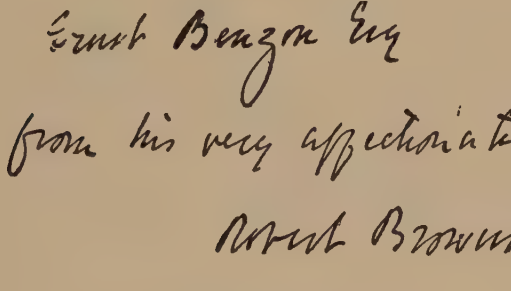

Bryan W. Procter Esq
with the affectionate regards of his
old admirer R.B. May 7. '73.
RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY
OR
Turf and Towers

Bryan W. Procter Esq
with the affectionate regards of his
old admirer R. B. May 7, '73.

Browning made it a practice, during Procter's last years, to visit him every Sunday. These weekly visits were continued to the widow. Further evidences of regard are found in copies of certain volumes of poems as originally issued.

These are "Pacchiarotto and other Poems," "Jocoseria," "Ferishtah's Fancies," and "Parleyings with certain People of Importance in their Day." Each of these is inscribed to Mrs. Procter by the faithful poet.

Besides these mementos of old friendship with the Procters I have a copy of "The Ring and the Book," inscribed to another intimate friend:

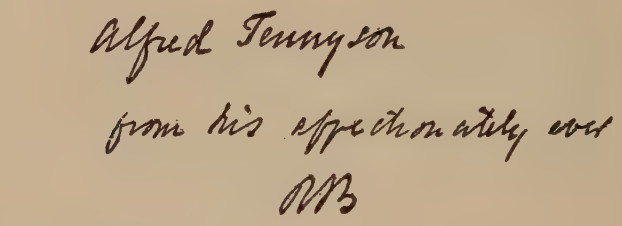


Ernest Benzon Esq
from his very affectionately
Robert Browning

It was at Benzon's home in Scotland that "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" was written in 1871.

The collector considers himself most fortunate when he acquires a volume with which two distinguished names are associated. My copy of

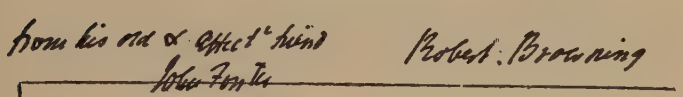
"Dramatic Idylls" is an ideal example. This message is written on the fly-leaf:



Alfred Tennyson
from his affectionately ever
R B
April 26, '79

I have only a single book of the many that doubtless were given to Browning by his numerous literary friends. This came from one who was almost the first to recognize the genius of the new poet. The volume is the much-admired "Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith." On the title-page is written·

"Robert Browning from his old and affect' friend John Forster."



LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A BIOGRAPHY: IN FOUR BOOKS.

From the age of twenty-two a contributor to *The Examiner*, a London weekly journal of political and literary criticism, Forster, for many years, was the chief editor. He numbered among many friends Tennyson, to whom he gave an old folio copy of Chaucer, now one of my treasured possessions; Dickens, whose biographer he became; Landor, to whom he inscribed another copy of his "Life of Goldsmith," now on my book-shelf; Hunt, who in a letter to him, printed later in this chapter, expresses his critical opinion of "Vanity Fair" before its first publication in parts was completed; Procter, who dedicated to him his biography of Charles

Lamb, the proof copy of which, with the dedication in the author's handwriting, is now in my collection. The list of distinguished names might be extended to include nearly all the London *literati* of his day.

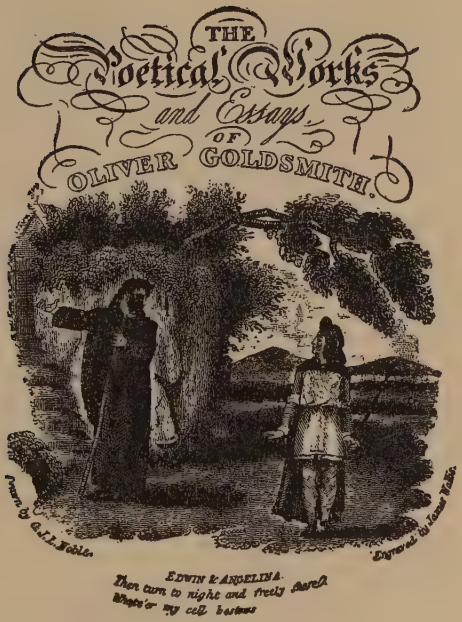
When the owner of any book writes his name in it, a relation is established which has a significance of much more consequence than that of mere possession. At *least*, he has found in the volume something of value to which he may turn from time to time for purposes of refreshment or utility; at *most*, the volume may be an object of deep affection; an ever-ready friend to which he will resort for comfort, for joy, for inspiration.

The collector of books that bear marks which identify them as having belonged to any of the galaxy of talented men and women considers himself a temporary custodian; his is the happy privilege to enjoy these precious relics while he holds them in trust for the pleasure of book-lovers of the future.

In my collection are eight books from Browning's library. These comprise a complete little Virgil with the owner's name, and the date, "July 25, 1836," on the white lining of the front cover; an eighteenth-century edition of Francis Quarles's "Divine Fancies, Digested

into Epigrams, Meditations and Observations," which in addition to "Robert Browning Nov. 19,

Robert Browning.



1837" has his mother's signature, "Sarah Anna Browning" on the fly-leaf; a sixteenth-century

edition of "Sacra Regum Historia" by Gilbertus Filolius contains the names of five owners before Browning. These three books are all in much-worn, old leather bindings. Another classic is an English prose translation of "Æschylus," published at Cambridge in 1871 and inscribed "Robert Browning July 30 '74." A hundred-year-old edition of the "Poetical Works and Essays of Oliver Goldsmith" has a curious engraved title-page, with a scene from "The Hermit," which I venture to reproduce on page 197.

Sidney Colvin's biographies of Shelley and Keats each carry the owner's name and date. Browning's lifelong love for the poetry of Shelley gives particular interest to his copy of "Poems from Shelley," in which the editor, Stopford Brooke, has prefixed Browning's familiar lines beginning:

"Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!"

One of Browning's most interesting friends was John Ruskin, who sent him from the Continent this characteristic letter:

Fribourg: 29th August, 1856.

Dear Mr. Browning.

After all, you are in my debt for a letter you know, so really I am not quite so bad as I appear to myself thinking just now how I have been treating you. I was so ashamed of the way I had mangled that poem of yours that I dared not look you even by letter in the face for some time afterwards, but how the summer has gone by I know not. I came in this evening from among the pinewoods, which were all in their gold & purple of sunset at ½ past six,—dolorously wondering what I had done with the long days. The fact is, I *have* done nothing with them; but people used to tell me, with view to moral effect—that doing nothing made the time seem longer. I found life seemed very short when I was busy, so this year, I tried idleness in hope of obtaining a little ennui—but instead of that, the summer has gone like a dream, and of this dream, I have nothing to tell anybody. I really do not suppose anybody else ever passed so long a time with occurrence of fewer adventures, or ideas. I think fresh air must make one stupid—stupid I certainly am —to a more than common degree; and I shall have, it seems to me, to add this influence of Stupefaction to the other elements of moun-

tain power I have been trying to investigate.

I was a good deal tired when I left London in May; and it was really necessary for me to vegetate—but I did not know to what a very slow vegetation I should arrive. I had quantities of plans in my head when I began the journey —they are all gone—I was much interested in public events—but no event now possesses any particular interest for me, except breakfast.

You will not expect me, in this state of mind, to attempt writing a letter to a poet. I don't see any use in poetry. I recollect you have written something nice about figs, somewhere—but that is all I do recollect.— I am beginning to think that, after all, there may be some sense in the kind of people who make railroads: and I entered with the profoundest sympathy the other day into the feelings of a Calf who *would* lie down with its eyes shut in the middle of the road, and had continually to be pulled up by the tail.

I believe we are coming home again some day soon—and I hope then to find myself better, and to come and see you— You will really get that precious book of mine to-morrow—the day after you get this precious letter— I was doubtful of your address at Paris, & then thought every day you were coming to London, & then

hadn't your address in London—& then wanted to write you something about my reasons for spoiling your poem before I sent you it—I don't remember them now— It seems to me quite natural that I should spoil anything I meddled with.

You needn't trouble to answer this—They say you are writing more poetry. I daresay I shall be very glad of this—someday—but I don't care, just now—I have just enough animation left to hope heartily that you and Mrs. Browning are well—& to be sure that I am always affectionately Yours

J Ruskin

I have several other letters of Ruskin, from which I choose one to an intimate friend with whom he had a long-sustained correspondence. Of his letters to Mrs. Hewitt I have seen and read more than one hundred.

Dear Mrs Hewitt.

I wrote you a hard letter yesterday and had no time to pad it—Hard, I fear you will always find me—in spite of my best efforts. But what a naive piece of consolation you gave me about the mistletoe—I never said that I thought girls liked being kissed—did I?—and mighty comfort it is to me to know that the dear creatures

are good enough to bear it from all kinds of irreverent, tobacco flavoured moustache—When *I* look back to one stolen kiss of the back of a hand laid unconsciously on a sofa edge—twenty years ago—as to sweetest sacrilege—never to be forgotten—nor enough repented of—And verily—I have never been able to understand how woman could love man—You are all made up of beautiful things—whiteness and softness and rose colour—and fair lines—and we are bony things with beards—it seems so odd that you can love us—That great truth of (Rochefaucauld's is it?) il y a de la femme dans tout ce qu'on aime, (which however *I* read—tout ce qu'on aime—c'est dans la femme)—appears to me to account scientifically for our loving you —Roses, & clouds, & blue twilight,—& golden waves—all lovely things in fact meet in you—but in us—nothing but crabbed & common things—Yet Brett, the Pre Raphaelite says this is all prejudice—and that in the human race as in every other—the male is the most beautiful animal. I can't conceive what he means—It's true enough however of parrots and tigers and butterflies.

I'll send you your Keats soon—but I feel that it is no use marking; every one, in any given poet, will like some things better than others—

but in all good writers the work is simply good & well done, throughout—and one finds it is so only by quiet comparison of it with fact through lengths of time.

—Meditate for instance over this truth as descriptive of the advance of sunrise on a hill side

> "Cold springs had run,
> To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass."

You must of course take Keats like everybody else—at his special value—He is the poet of the Senses par excellence—

If you can write any day soon to say you are better again—pray do.

The outlines are excellent, steady and right —the light and shade finely felt, where given. They will be very useful to me. The Mistletoe is grand—the colour & rounding of berry beautifully given—

Always yours affectionately

J R

The art critic was frequently appealed to for advice. Ruskin's helpful responses are well typified in this letter written to Miss Elizabeth Salt, of Birmingham:

My dear Madam.

You are just in the position in which many earnest young people are, and in which it is at present singularly difficult to help them—for there is in reality no wholesome elementary book on drawing. It seems very egotistic, but it is the truth & I cannot help saying it—that I think if you will wait for four months more, my third volume of Modern Painters, which will D. V. be out about Christmas, will tell you better what you want to know than anything else you could get—and soon, I hope to be able to organize some system of school teaching, & print a little account of it which may help you still more—But meantime—this much may so far help you—Drawing is the *easiest* of all accomplishments But it cannot be learned in six weeks—To learn the piano—a girl gives & *must* give four hours a day for *four* years. *One* hour a day for *one* year—well applied—will teach her to draw well—Not less. All good drawing consists merely in dirtying the paper delicately All touch & dexterous trickery is barbarism. In a fine drawing by Leonardo da Vinci, you cannot *see* the first touches—you only *feel* that something is there by the effect—

Nearly the beginning & end of everything is

gradation— All power is expressed by subtlety of this

If for the four months of this autumn you will spend your time merely in trying to get the power of shading delicately—fumbling at it as best you can—& utterly despising all that will be said to you about boldness—dash—effect —&c &c—you will be making progress. If you would like, I will send you a copy or two—done by my workmen-pupils—but I can't write letters nor give advice much, at present being very busy.

Truly Yours.
J Ruskin

One of the outstanding features of the followers of the poetic muse is their generous appreciation of one another's gifts of expression. Of this we have a marked example in a letter written by Browning to Walter Savage Landor. The respective ages of the two men were thirty-four and seventy-one.

New Cross, Hatcham
Surrey—
June 25. 1846—

My dear Landor,

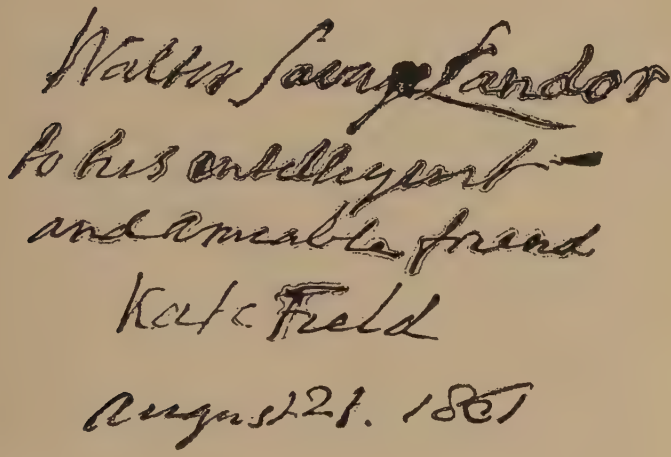
When your great gift of those two admirable books reached me, I thought without affectation, that a fresh study of their contents would

be my best help toward acknowledging such a favor properly— As it is, now that the study has only extended to about half a volume, I seem to find I had much better thanked you at once—so altogether extraordinary is the display of the rarest intellectual powers, I do believe, that were ever brought together in one man. I believe too, that before a very few years, your bare rights will be given you and the age will do justice to its greatest Poet: you doubt this, I remember, and other people may doubt—be it so—I shall be glad and proud to try the question and wait the issue with doubters whosoever—and my regard in case of success will be ample, if they please not to forget that I entertained and expressed this opinion many years ago on much narrower evidence than the matchless work before me.

Ever yours most gratefully,
Robert Browning.

The "two admirable books" include Landor's complete poetical and prose writings except those in Latin. I wish I might say that I possess the actual volumes sent to Browning; as it is, I must be content with those of the same original issue which were presented to our erstwhile sprightly author and lecturer Kate Field,

who wrote a charming sketch of her friendship with the old poet in his last years. In vigorous handwriting was the inscription penned by him at the age of eighty-six:

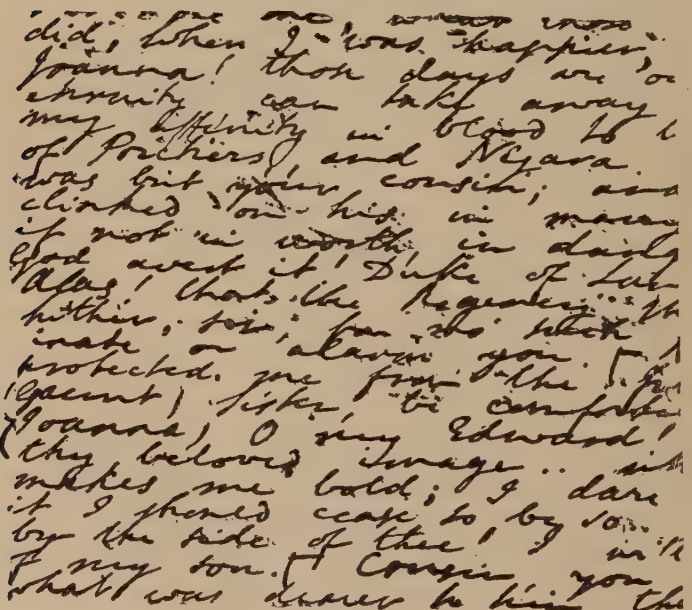


Walter Savage Landor
to his intelligent and amiable friend
Kate Field
August 21, 1861

Landor's most important prose writing is unquestionably his "Imaginary Conversations," of which the first two volumes were published in 1824. My copies of these, bound together in one volume, were presented to his brother

poet Wordsworth; an association of names that would delight any collector. A second series in two volumes was ready in 1829; these also were sent to Wordsworth, and in them we again find Landor's inscription; also Wordsworth's name and address in his own hand.

I happen to have the original manuscript of the "Conversation" of "John of Gaunt and Joanna of Kent," written so small and close that the two sides of a single quarto leaf hold all but a few lines. This "Conversation" fills eight of the printed pages.



The facsimile of a little bit of this sheet shows the handwriting in the exact size of the original. The "Conversation" comprises more than fifteen hundred words. It must have been trying copy for the typesetter.

Although Landor is the author of the maxim "neither to give nor take offense is surely the best thing in life," innumerable episodes show him easily turned to wrath. Another characteristic was an extreme love of flowers. A traditional story, related by Colvin in his entertaining little biography, illustrates these diverse traits.

In a burst of anger he once threw the cook out of a window which overlooked the garden, and immediately afterward thrust out his head with the exclamation: "Good God, I forgot the violets!"

One of Browning's admirers, and none more ardent, found in "Paracelsus" and "Sordello" "passion, observation, aspiration, mediævalism, the dramatic perception of character, act and incident"—this was the estimate of young Dante Gabriel Rossetti. A close friendship began with their first meeting. A letter, without year, but written in 1856, indicates the extremely cordial relation of the older poet with his disciple:

Paris Rue du Colesée 3. March 13.

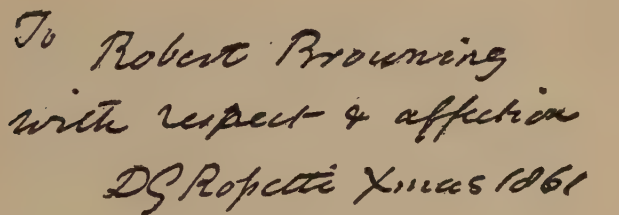
My dear Rossetti;

If I were wise I should write to you every week and so get nearer to the chance of being written to as you wrote a month ago. Only, there would be selfish policy in it, I confess. Your letters are a true delight to me, or rather, to us two here; and you are generous otherwise —"put that & that together." . . . Well, you don't come here tho' you tantalise one with hints such a good thing might be. It snows while I write—but the weather has been well nigh Italian hitherto. Try and be with us in the Spring; do now! My wife is better in consequence, and has transcribed six books of her poem; seven thousand, four hundred and seventy three lines; which I suppose, I have no right to tell you seem strangely original, courageous, deep, and fascinating to me. There are two books more to compose, but no harm can befall the poem now. . . . How is Ruskin, I am anxious to know and will write. With true greeting to your Brother, take my wife's best regard with that of yours faithfully ever,

Robert Browning.

I possess another mark of mutual regard in a presentation copy of Rossetti's translation of

"The Early Italian Poets" which bears this inscription:



To Robert Browning
with respect & affection
D G Rossetti Xmas 1861

Rossetti was thirty-three when this book came from the press, but the work of translation had been in process from the age of fifteen.

I had been on the lookout for a typical letter of the poet-painter for many years before my patience was rewarded. Our rewards, however, cannot often be as rich as was mine in securing this example of the humility and hope of early genius. The letter is addressed to Leigh Hunt.

50 Charlotte St. Portland Place.
[1847]

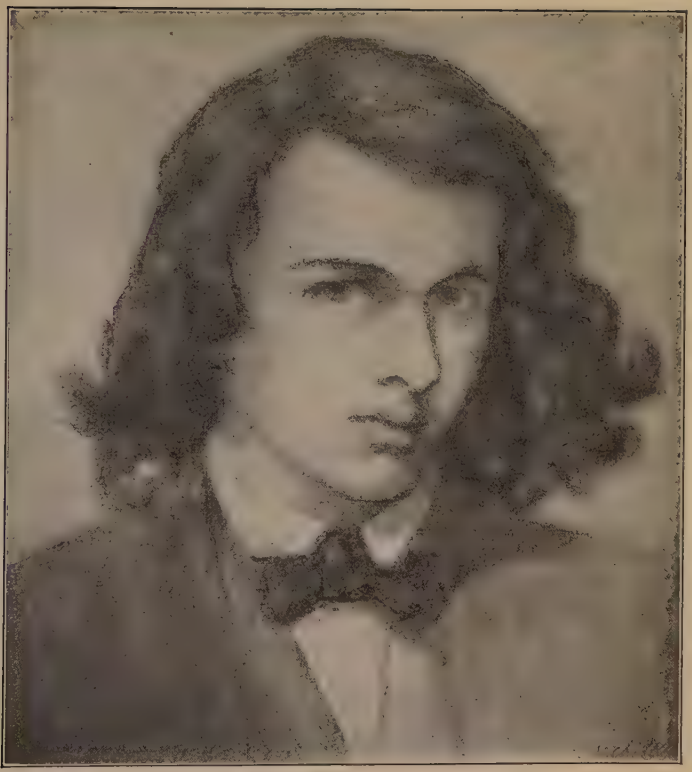
Dear Sir,

It was four years ago, at the age of fifteen, that I became acquainted for the first time with some of your writings. Since then I have read

more and more of them; and having read once, I have read again. I possess all the old editions of your poems and both the more modern ones, together with several of your prose works. You have delighted me,—strengthened me,—instructed me: you do so still. How then could I consider you otherwise than as a personal friend, or address you otherwise?

Wherefor (*sic*), should you regard the step which I have had the confidence to take as an ill-considered intrusion, you will but have added another lesson (and not the least valuable one) to the many I have learned from you. And as for punishment,—I assure you silence will suffice.

The study to which I have devoted myself is that of painting; It has been my choice since childhood. Lately, however, my mind has been directed also toward another object whose attainment, I confess, has sometimes interfered with my steadier purpose; this object is the power of expressing my thoughts in poetry. At the same time I have often desired, while reading some poetical work in a foreign language, to be able, by translation, to communicate to others at least some part of the pleasure I had myself experienced. It was this last feeling which induced me to attempt the series of trans-



Copyright by Emery Walker, London.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Drawn in 1846 by himself. In the National Portrait Gallery.

lations whose commencement I venture, not without much misgiving, to submit to the first of Italian translators—to him who has already carried off the chief prize from the lists wherein my warmest hopes can give me no higher encouragement than that of being permitted to make one among the mélée.

Touching the original (or, at any rate unintentionally imitative) bouts-rimes which accompany those attempts,—I have sent them because I recollect you say somewhere that a translator, to be successful, must have in himself *something* at least of the imaginative faculty. With this I shall leave them to their fate: only hoping that, should you read so far as one of them in which your name is casually mentioned, you will do me the justice to credit that it was written more than a month before I was so bold as to conceive the idea that it could ever meet your eye.

The edition of the Poets before Dante which I have followed is the Florentine of 1816—the only one in fact with which I am acquainted, except two very very ancient, incongruous, and unpunctuated ones, and a Sicilian reprint of this. I have not sent you the book for two reasons: firstly, that I thought you probably possessed it; and secondly, that I was afraid of

the size of the packet becoming too formidable.

I confess that the extreme obscurity of some among these poems would effectually have baffled my attempts, had I not the advantage of being assisted in this interpretation by my father; to whose critical labours on the writings left us from the first epoch of Italian literature, very few persons will, I think, deny at least the merit of much ingenuity and research; whatever may be the opinion entertained by many, of the validity of that system which they set forth and uphold.

I think that these poems are as yet scarcely at all known in England: indeed, I have met with several instances of their being unfamiliar even to well informed Italians. But it seems to me that, once known, though it were but through a tolerable translation, they could not fail of being warmly admired. The tender, noble and passionate feeling of some,—the simple wisdom of others,—and the delicate humour which a few of them display,—these are things of which any translator who perceived their presence would find it difficult to obliterate all traces. Surely no man ever wrote a more deeply touching and pathetic poem than the Canzone of Pugliesi on the death of his lady. When I reflect that Angels might fear to tread

there, it makes me, who have rushed in, to tremble for the deduction.

There are, of course, many among the first-fruits of a new literature, which would reward the trouble neither of reader nor translator; there are, of course, others whose diction is inextricably involved,—principally, I suppose, by the accumulated blunders of successive copyists. But more than a hundred of them being purified from occasional obscurity and inelegance, will be found to be real gold. Upon these, if not utterly discouraged by you, I shall set to work in the intervals of study; and shall add to them as many of the lyrical poems of Dante (of which there has hitherto been no rhymed translation) as will form a complete history of his love for Beatrice.

Having promised so much, I must now abide the consequences of this somewhat obtrusive advance, which I should certainly not have hazarded towards any one saving yourself. But he whose "heart is faint" should at least endeavor to preserve the outward semblance of boldness, or the "fair lady" will be doubly unattainable. And what lady is fairer than the Muse?

Believe that I am, Dear Sir,
Yours in doubt & hope,
Gabriel C. Rossetti

Leigh Hunt Esq[r]

Leigh Hunt, undoubtedly one of the most accomplished men of letters of his time, at the age of twenty-four, with his brother John, who supplied the requisite funds, founded *The Examiner*, and for twelve years was editor of this journal of liberal thought and opinion. In 1813 a bitter and contemptuous editorial attack on the prince regent resulted in the imprisonment, for two years, of both proprietors and a fine of one thousand pounds. Hunt became a popular hero, and was visited in jail by men distinguished in politics and literature.

After Hunt left *The Examiner* he started several short-lived periodicals. His naturally genial and sympathetic qualities rendered him an appreciative reviewer; where he could not praise he seldom condemned. Most unfortunately for his comfort, he was helpless in money matters, which led him frequently to seek aid from his many friends. I have a letter written to Bulwer which brings Hunt before us in one of his many pitiful plights.

5 York Buildings—New Road
June 3d, 1833.

My dear Sir,

In writing this letter to you, I am extremely perplexed between the imperative duty to my family which impels me to the task, and the

dread of trespassing upon any delicacy of which my want of a thorough acquaintance with money matters may leave me unaware. One great pang is saved me however in knowing that I write to a fine understanding, which will distinguish between defects of information & of right feeling, & put the usual kind construction of a wise heart upon the proceedings of a man bewildered by trouble.

I will state the object of my letter at once, and be as brief as I can. It is to know (supposing you can tell me) whether the Literary Fund would think the following position of things with me a right one for their interference; —and whether, having been so kind to the views of my published volume already, it would be indelicate in a friend, or out of all rule, to mention me to them again. I did not think of the application myself. It was Mr. Moxon who suggested it to me:—which I mention, because a proposal which comes gracefully from a third person, might not originate so well on one's own part. I am anxious to show that it was not the conferring of one favour upon me which put it in my head to think of another. Mr. Moxon suggested that a mutual friend should speak to you about it; but the time of that friend is, I know, just now very precious,

& mine is extremely so; & therefore I thought I would summon up all my courage, & speak to you myself.

The case is this. The subscription has done me great good, & relieved me from my dreadful perplexities; but it has not done all, by a good deal, that was looked for: and I am in the singular position of having a quantity of purchased furniture in my possession, & of being unable to move with it out of a furnished house too dear for me into one far cheaper, for want of about a hundred pounds,—partly to pay up rent with, partly to complete a few purchases of goods, & partly to settle a few small debts in the neighborhood. I have been in this position now for *many weeks;* have lost *two* houses by it already; & am in constant terror (for I must not use a less word) of receiving notice from the proprietor of the third house that my repeated delays have lost me *that,*—besides the danger of tiring out the patience of my present landlady, who has put an execution into the house in a former instance (upon my books), & knows that I have now got additional property to make good another.

Sorry as my health is, "to dig" I am luckily not unable, & dig I do, as you know, with my pen: but "to beg I am ashamed," even of the

Literary Fund; and Mr. Moxon supported me in my doubts by suggesting, that perhaps the Fund would feel themselves warranted to advance me the sum required, on condition of receiving it back from the sale of so many copies, —for which, he added, he would undertake to be responsible.—Do you think, dear Sir, that any thing of the sort could be done?

The favour, you see, would not be of a small or a fugitive kind; the good done would be of a very certain & tangible sort,—in fact the crown of all which the subscription has done for me & which would draw the distinctest line that has yet been made between my past troubles & my future hopes. Poverty makes poverty. I was forced, about a year & a half back, from fear of not having a place to lay my head in (& many new heads) to take suddenly a furnished house too dear for me:—I pay £3.5.—a week for it; and frightful has been the drawback upon the hard earnings of a man with so large a family. The house, I can go into, is £33 *a year!* Think of this difference and imagine the anxiety I must be in. I have gone into the cheapest quarter for it (Chelsea); have succeeded in finding it: I have goods with which I can instantly move into it, and here I sit fixed, & in constant dread of losing all my advan-

tages.—This position will at all events excuse my letter in your eyes, however unable you may be to forward its views.

I must again beg another frank for the enclosed, my messenger having been prevented from returning in time for it to Hertford Street. Pardon all troubles, & believe me ever, dear Sir,

Your obliged & faithful Servant,
Leigh Hunt

To E. Lytton Bulwer Esq. M.P.

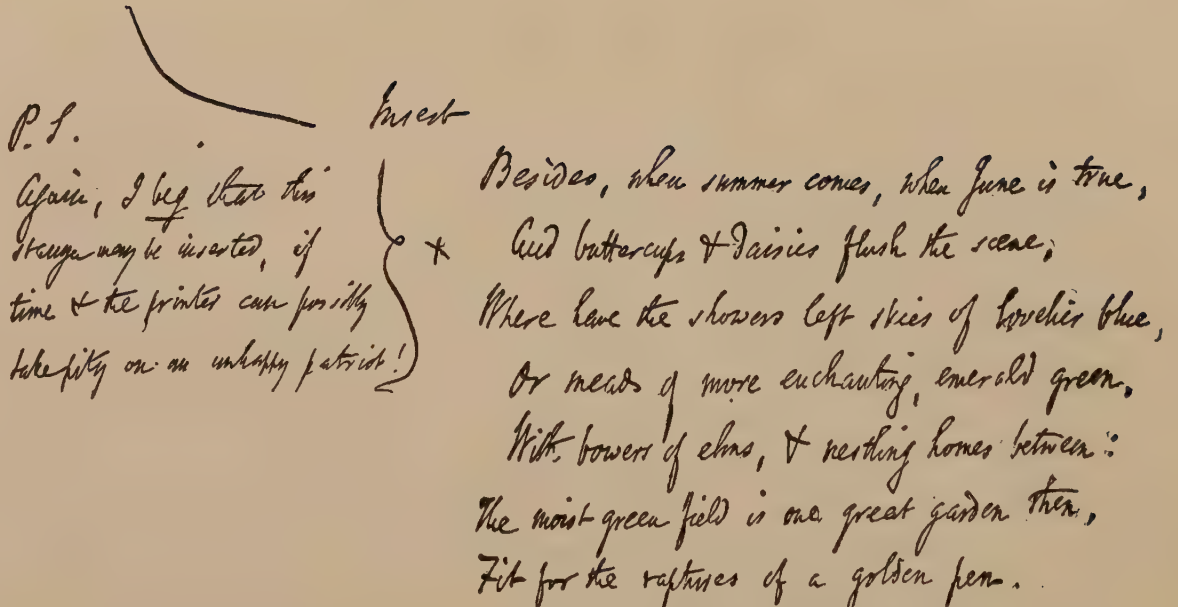
Another letter by Hunt, written to Forster, illustrates the critic's literary acumen:

Kensington—Dec 7th [1847]

My dear Forster,

I grieve to hear that you have been ill; though I am told, on all sides, of so much illness "going about," that one gets a melancholy consolation from thinking that all the world are invalids as well as ourselves.—I should have replied to your letter directly, that is to say, the first thing on Monday morning (for it came to me on Saturday night) but I have been in a new drive (and am) from applications from Smith & Elder for *more* matter (the printer having under-calculated the size of their book). I have no memorandums about Vanity Fair. I should

have read the work over again on purpose to make them; as indeed I mean to do, i. e. read it over again, to my family; & had I had been in this two-fold drive of publication & play, I would do it now, for my own pleasure and offer you the results; but I will tell you, by & by, why I am in a hurry to avail myself of what profit the play may bring me. I will state my impression however of Vanity Fair, after a close perusal of its hitherto published numbers; and I must begin by expressing my conviction that you cannot yet have given it such perusal yourself, otherwise I am convinced that a critic, so accustomed to receive a total impression from things, would never have felt him to make no difference between bad people & good. His subtle and catholic reverse of this, is surely one of his greatest merits, as you will see when you come to be intimate with honest Mrs. Major O'Dowd, good but *merely* womanly Mrs. Osborne, smart & good-tempered & sensible but selfish & unlovable Mrs. Crawley (an original & admirably sustained character) brutal old selfish Sir Pitt (another) and kind, truthful, heroical-hearted Major Dobbin (another) with his gawky beginnings at school, & his merit-imparting love for Mrs. Osborne. Thackeray, in short, strikes me as another Fielding, not


P. S.
Again, I beg that this
Stanza may be inserted, if
time & the printer can possibly
take pity on an unhappy patriot!
Insert
*
Besides, when summer comes, when June is true,
And buttercups & Daisies flush the scene;
Where have the showers left skies of lovelier blue,
Or meads of more enchanting, emerald green,
With bowers of elms, & nestling homes between:
The moist green field is one great garden then,
Fit for the raptures of a golden pen.

REPRODUCTION FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF LEIGH HUNT GIVING A VERSE FROM HIS "ENGLAND PRO AND CON."

with the constant strength nor the masterly construction, but with the subtlety, the wit & more tenderness. He is as sure, I think, to go down to posterity as Dickens; and you know what I think of *him*.—Ever dear Forster's affectionate friend,

Leigh Hunt

Before we leave Hunt we may give a moment to this cheery example of his verse from "England, Pro and Con," reproduced here from the original manuscript:

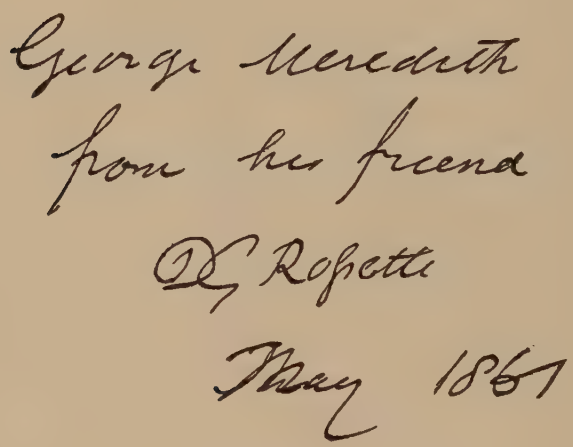
"Besides, when summer comes, when June is true,
And buttercups & daisies flush the scene,
Where have the showers left skies of lovlier blue,
Or meads of more enchanting, emerald green,
With bowers of elms, & nestling homes between?
The moist green field is one great garden then,
Fit for the raptures of a golden pen."

Let us now return to Rossetti. Another copy of "Early Italian Poets" claims our attention. It bears this inscription on the fly-leaf (page 224):

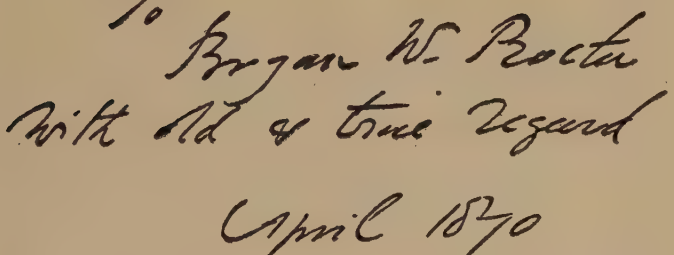
George Meredith
from his friend
D G Rossetti
May 1861

This particular volume has a very considerable bibliographic interest, inasmuch as it was

privately issued in advance of publication. The imprint on the title-page gives the place and date, London, 1861, but is without a publisher's name. I have never seen or heard of another such copy; if there is another, I should like to be told of it.



It was not until nine years later, at the age of forty-two, that Rossetti's own verses were published under the simplest of titles: "Poems." My copy of the first edition was given to the man whose lovable nature brought him many a book with the author's inscription. In this one the poet has written:

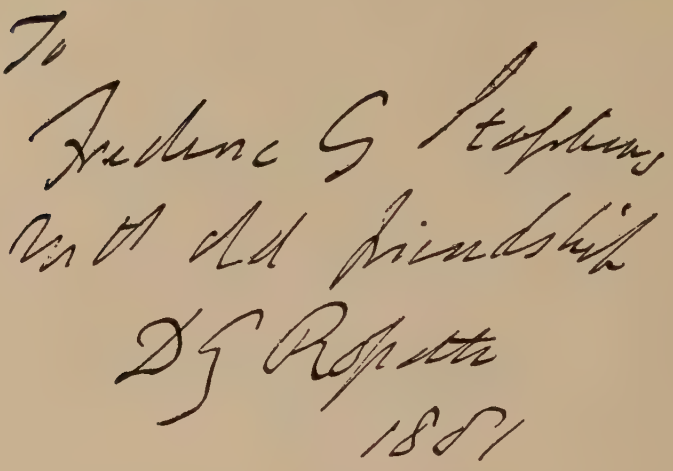


To Bryan W. Procter
with old and true regard
April 1870

Rossetti would have much preferred to have devoted his life to the poetic muse, but his paintings found a readier market. Even as late as 1871, he said in a letter to his old friend Madox Brown: "I wish one could live by writing poetry; I think I'd see painting damned if one could."

"Ballads and Sonnets" was Rossetti's last book. The copy now with me is inscribed for one of his earliest friends, a member of the short-lived but ever-influential Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood:

To Frederick G. Stephens
with old friendship
D. G. Rossetti
1881



Are we not justified in declaring that letters come next to the spoken word in giving illuminating glimpses of personality?

And when to a man's letters we add books from his library, or books he has inscribed for his friends, have we not secured the most expressive and enduring of mementos?

VIII

MY TENNYSONS

EVERYBODY knows that "Poems by Two Brothers" is the earliest book containing verses by Alfred Tennyson. Alfred was eighteen and Charles was twenty when J. & J. Jackson, printers of Louth, the market-town nearest to the Lincolnshire home of the Tennysons, arranged with the brothers to publish a selection of their poems, and actually paid them, in cash and books, the equivalent of twenty pounds for the doubtful privilege. A few poems of the eldest brother, Frederick, were included. What induced the Jacksons to enter into this unbusiness-like engagement does not appear. Moreover, with amazing assurance, these country printers produced the book in two sizes: an ordinary edition priced at five shillings, and a large paper edition at seven shillings. There was no high degree of merit in any of the poems and none of them have been included in the authorized editions of the writings of the poets. In later years Tennyson spoke of his large share in the book as "early rot." Of course there was no sale to

speak of, but for the boys it was a time of rejoicing. Alfred and Charles (Frederick was at Cambridge) celebrated the day of publication

POEMS,

BY TWO BROTHERS.

"HÆC NOS MOVIMUS ESSE NIHIL."—*Martial.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. SIMPKIN AND R. MARSHALL,
STATIONERS'-HALL-COURT;
AND J. AND J. JACKSON, LOUTH.

MDCCCXXVII.

by hiring a carriage with some of the money the Jacksons had paid; they drove to the seashore, fourteen miles away, and "shared their triumph with the winds and waves." To-day

twenty pounds would not buy one single copy of "Poems by Two Brothers" as issued in its simple covers of drab-paper boards, with paper label. The original manuscript is now one of the treasures of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The next year, 1828, both Alfred and Charles matriculated at Trinity, where they soon became leaders of a literary group of aspiring students. A relic of this period, now in my possession, is a classical atlas which belonged to Alfred, and has his name written on the white lining of the front cover. Also in his delicate hand, on the inside of the back cover, is a list of classmates, doubtless the sympathetic intimates of the young poet. Here, among a score of names, we find Merivale, who became dean of Ely and the distinguished historian of Rome; Milnes, later Lord Houghton, the first biographer of Keats; Selwyn, afterward Anglican bishop of New Zealand; Buller, who gained fame as a Liberal statesman; and Hallam, brother poet, the best beloved.

The subject for the English prize poem at the University of Cambridge for the year 1829 was "Timbuctoo." Tennyson was the successful competitor. In accordance with custom, the author would have read the poem in the Senate House, but then, as in later life, he had

an aversion to all publicities and, by request, his friend Merivale relieved him of the distasteful honor.

"Timbuctoo" and Greek and Latin poems by C. R. Kennedy and Charles Merivale were officially printed at the University Press under the title "Prolusiones Academicæ." The pamphlet, though scarce, is not a rarity. When catalogued by booksellers and auctioneers, the Latin title is often ignored and only the contribution of Tennyson mentioned. Of course this distinction is due to the great interest in Tennyson; otherwise the pamphlet is of no importance.

The existence of a separate print of "Timbuctoo," bearing the same date as the "Prolusiones," was unknown to collectors until about twenty years ago, when a single copy came into the market. It was bought by Albert J. Morgan, of New York City. At the subsequent dispersal of Mr. Morgan's collection I secured this treasurable brochure. My Tennyson collection already contained several extreme rarities—the despair of many collectors; now was added the earliest separate print that bears the name of Alfred Tennyson; *presumably a unique copy.*

But, in such a matter, you never can tell.

TIMBUCTOO.

A Poem,

WHICH OBTAINED

THE CHANCELLOR's MEDAL

AT THE

CAMBRIDGE COMMENCEMENT,

M.DCCC.XXIX.

BY

A. TENNYSON,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

CAMBRIDGE

Printed by J. Smith, Printer to the University

1829

Years later, Winston Henry Hagen, of New York City, put in a bid of twenty-five dollars at Anderson's for what he supposed was the "Prolusiones," although the auction catalogue made mention only of "Timbuctoo." It happened that several weeks passed before Mr. Hagen examined his purchase. He was surprised to find it comprised only the Tennyson poem. Mr. Hagen, never having heard of the little-known separate print, naturally inferred that the thin octavo was probably a defective copy of the "Prolusiones." To resolve his doubts he took the pamphlet to Beverly Chew, one of the best informed of book-collectors. Mr. Chew immediately identified it as a twin to my copy. Since this find was made another copy has turned up in England, and is now in the possession of Thomas J. Wise. The Hagen copy (now in the extensive Tennyson collection of John A. Spoor, of Chicago) and mine are without covers and the edges are plain; Mr. Wise's copy is in original dark-crimson stiffened paper covers, with gilt edges.

The separate "Timbuctoo" was printed from the standing types of the "Prolusiones"; probably only a few copies were struck off by request of the young author, for distribution among his friends. The existence of this sepa-

rate issue of "Timbuctoo" is now well known to collectors and dealers, and there has been no lack of effort in the search for other copies; but, so far, only the three here mentioned have been discovered.*

Tennyson was but twenty-one when he had the manuscript of his first volume of poems ready for the printer. Returning home one night from a neighboring town he lost the precious sheets from his overcoat pocket; they were never recovered. Though it seems an almost incredible feat, the young man actually rewrote all the lost poems from memory. Six hundred copies were printed by Effingham Wilson under the title "Poems Chiefly Lyrical." The price was five shillings. The poet received eleven pounds as his share of the proceeds. My

* Unfortunately, the "Prolusiones" is open to juggling manipulation. The "Timbuctoo" portion, which has an individual title-page, may be easily detached. More than once, to my knowledge, the Tennyson poem thus removed from the official pamphlet has been offered for sale as the rare separate issue. However, such examples may be easily identified. The title-page of the poem as printed in the "Prolusiones" reads:

Timbuctoo | A Poem | which obtained | The Chancellor's Medal | at the | Cambridge Commencement, | M. DCCC. XXIX | By | A. Tennyson | of Trinity College.

There is no imprint.

The title-page of the separate issue is the same as the foregoing but has in addition the arms of the university and this imprint: Printed by J. Smith, Printer to the University | 1829. Also, the title-page is preceded by a half-title which has on it only the single word, Timbuctoo. There are also minor differences in the spacings of the text, but enough has been said to enable any one to identify a pseudo separate issue.

copy, in the original drab-paper boards, has this pleasing inscription: "Mary Green from her affectionate friend A. T." Two years later another volume was printed, this time by Edward Moxon, who was destined to publish for Tennyson for many years. The edition was only four hundred and fifty copies, nearly all bound in drab-paper boards; mine happens to be one of a few in cloth of the same shade. Though issued in December, 1832, the date on the title-page is that of the following year, so the usual designation of the volume is "The Poems of 1833."

A letter to Moxon, of considerable bibliographical importance in relation to this very book, is printed, apparently without abridgment, in "Alfred Lord Tennyson, a Memoir by his Son." Actually only half the letter is given. Here it is in full, copied from the original in my collection:

Dear Sir,

After mature consideration I have come to a resolution of not publishing the last poem in my little volume entitled Lover's Tale—it is too full of faults & tho' I think it might conduce towards making me popular, yet to my eye it spoils the completness (*sic*) of the book & is better away—of course whatever expenses

may have been incurred in printing the above, must devolve on me solely.

The Vol. can end with the piece titled to "J. S." Half of this last I have received in *revise:* there are 9 stanzas more which it will not be necessary to send me—if I remember right they only contained one material blunder viz "Bleeding" for "Bleedeth." Should this last revise be already on its way it will be better for me to retain it, & if there be any other mistake, which is scarcely probable I will give you notice by letter. We who live in this corner of the world only get our letters twice or thrice a week: this has caused considerable delay: but on the receipt of this you may begin to dress the Volume for its introduction into the world as soon as you choose

Believe me, dear Sir
Yours very truly
Alfred Tennyson.

P. S. The title-page may be simply

Poems
by Alfred Tennyson

(don't let the printers squire me)
Be so good as to send me five copies.

In this volume first appeared many of the poems which have secured enduring popularity:

"The Lady of Shalott," "Mariana in the South," "The Miller's Daughter," "The Palace of Art," "The Lotos Eaters," "The Dream of Fair Women," and "The May Queen."

Although Tennyson decided not to publish "The Lover's Tale," he had six copies of the poem separately printed. Five of these were given to friends of the young poet. The single copy retained was cut to pieces by Tennyson thirty-six years later, in preparing copy for another trial edition, much revised and enlarged. The poet was not content with this second effort, for the first published edition, again revised, was not issued until 1879.

When, in 1907, Thomas J. Wise, after years of diligent research, printed his exhaustive "Bibliography of Tennyson," he was able to record the existence of only two of the original six copies of "The Lover's Tale"; one of these in his own possession, the other in the collection of John A. Spoor. So much effort had been made by collectors and dealers in the search for this important rarity, it seemed unlikely that any more would be discovered. But a few years later a copy turned up in Southampton and was secured by a firm of London booksellers, who offered it to Ernest Dressel North, the veteran dealer in rare books, then on one of his frequent

book-hunting visits to England. Mr. North had a long-standing request from Charles Templeton Crocker, of San Francisco, to report at once should he ever come upon this particular rarity. Thus Mr. Crocker had the exceptional satisfaction of adding the much-sought-for little book to his notable Tennyson collection.

On a certain bleak night early in the year 1920, my wife and I were ensconced in our after-dinner chairs, one on each side of the open fire —a veritable Darby and Joan. Several book catalogues had come in the mail of the day. I began with an unpretentious one issued by Edward Howell, of Liverpool. The first page did not hold my attention; but the turn of the leaf made my eyes pop, for there, in big type, was described—unmistakably described—one of the missing copies of the original trial edition of "The Lover's Tale." The price absurdly low —twenty pounds!

I immediately telephoned the Western Union and gave a cable order. As I afterward learned, sixteen American collectors cabled to Mr. Howell. We were all too late; the little volume had already been bought by the most alert booksellers in all England, who quickly sold it to an eager collector.

Nevertheless, this identical copy of the book

now fills the long-empty gap in my collection. How it came into my possession, more than a year later, is a secret—I can only say that I am a very lucky book-collector.

THE

LOVER'S TALE.

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON 64, NEW BOND STREET.
MDCCCXXXIII.

In 1842 Tennyson had many more poems ready for publication. These, with selections from the earlier books, many of them revised, were issued in two volumes. The edition of

eight hundred copies was sold in a year; so Moxon brought out a second edition of a thousand copies. In the succeeding ten years, six more editions were required to meet the steadily growing demand.

Tennyson's business relations with his publisher were always highly satisfactory. The two men soon became friends, as this invitation for a week-end visit attests.

Mount Pleasant
Eastbourn
Sussex

My dear Moxon

Could you find time to come & see me next Saturday? There is a coach every other day all the way to Eastbourn* & on those days when this coach does not run if you come to Brighton by a forenoon train you will find a coach hitherward at half past one. Answer me if you can by return of post for maybe if you don't come I shall flit. Beachy Head is worth mounting. I shall write to Laurence by this post to come down with you that you may have a companion. You will arrange it together.

ever yours

A Tennyson

* from the Golden Cross.

The Laurence who was to accompany Moxon was doubtless Samuel Laurence, the artist who

painted a portrait of the poet in these early days. A reproduction of it is the frontispiece of the first volume of Hallam Tennyson's "Memoir" of his father. Edward FitzGerald thus speaks of the painting:

"Very imperfect as Laurence's portrait is, it is nevertheless the *best* painted portrait I have seen; and certainly the *only* one of old days. 'Blubber-lipt' I remember once Alfred called it; so it is; but still the only one of old days, and still the best of all to my thinking."

In my collection is another letter to Moxon which speaks of the next poetical flight. The greater portion of the new poem had been written at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

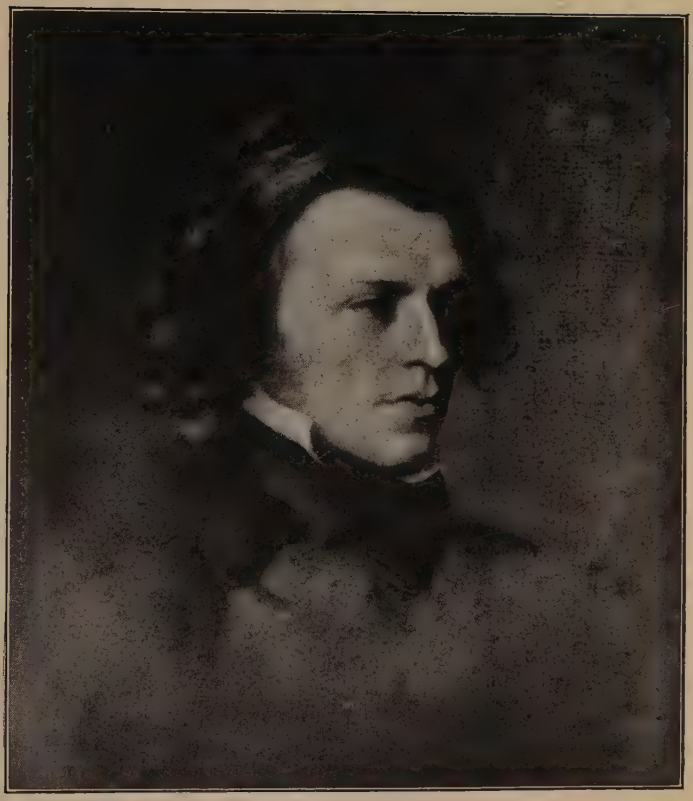
Mablethorpe
Alford
Lincolnshire

My dear Moxon

I find that I shall not be able to get away for a fortnight. I am putting the last touches to the Princess. I trust there will still be time when I come up to get the book out by Xmas. I shall be at this place for about ten days—if any letters arrive send them on here

ever yours A Tennyson

Tennyson's desire was gratified: "The Princess; a Medley," came out in November, 1847.



PORTRAIT OF TENNYSON BY SAMUEL LAURENCE.

This portrait is used as frontispiece in Hallam Tennyson's "Memoir."

The first edition was two thousand copies; another issue was required in 1848. Two years later, much of the poem was revised for the third edition, in which first appeared the six intercalary songs that so greatly added to the fame of Tennyson. I have an original manuscript of five of these lyrics written by the poet before publication on a single folded sheet of notepaper. Each song differs more or less from the published text. At the bottom of the last page is this remark, signed "A T." "These are not written regularly but just as they turned up."

The five lyrics of the manuscript are "The splendour falls on castle walls," "As thro' the land at eve we went," "Home they brought her warrior dead," "Ask me no more," and "Thy voice is heard through rolling drums."

There is a marked difference between the manuscript and the published text in the first two lines of the last-mentioned lyric. Instead of the printed form—

> "Thy voice is heard through rolling drums
> That beat to battle where he stands."

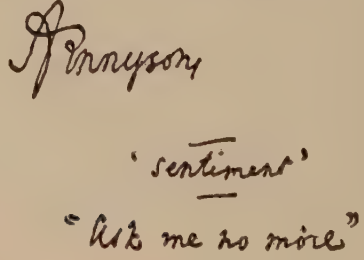
we have in the manuscript—

> "When all among the thundering drums
> Thy soldier in the battle stands."

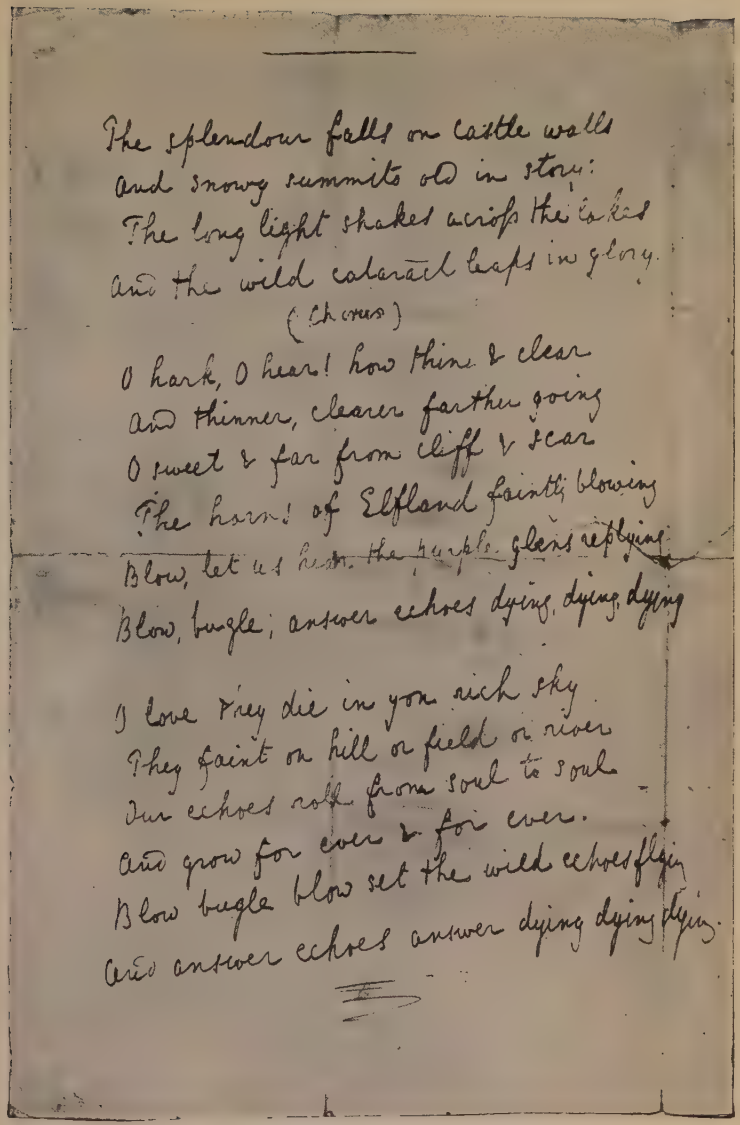
At the end of the manuscript verse is a trum-

pet blare—"Tara ta tantara." This was omitted on publication. The lacking song is "Sweet and Low"—probably it had not yet been written.

Whenever I show this precious sheet, I tell a little story, relating to one of these familiar lyrics, which expresses the poet's dry humor. An aspiring citizen of our great country wrote to Tennyson requesting an autograph signature and sentiment. He received no reply. The man again wrote, repeating his request. Still there was no reply. The persistent one made a third effort. This time came a response, here reproduced from the original:



Tennyson first met Emily Sellwood when he was twenty-one; she was seventeen, a lovely girl of much charm. Emily was walking at the time with Arthur Hallam in the "Fairy Wood" of Somersby. To Alfred she appeared "like a light across those woodland ways." He said to her: "Are you a Dryad or an Oread wandering


The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
(Chorus)
O hark, O hear! how thin & clear
And thinner, clearer farther going
O sweet & far from cliff & scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying
Blow, bugle; answer echoes dying, dying, dying

O love they die in yon rich sky
They faint on hill or field or river
Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow for ever & for ever.
Blow bugle blow set the wild echoes flying
And answer echoes answer dying dying dying.

FACSIMILE OF THE "BUGLE SONG."
From the manuscript of the song from "The Princess."

here?" After this first meeting, they saw little of one another for six years. Then the young poet escorted the fair one, a bridesmaid, at the wedding of her sister Louisa to Alfred's brother Charles. From that day, friendship quickly ripened to deep affection; but, after three years, as there seemed to be no prospect of marriage —Alfred's income being too small for the greatest of all ventures—communication between the lovers was forbidden. There were ten long years of separation before the engagement was revived. This was in the spring of 1850; in June, the patient pair were happily made one.

This mid-century year was a great year for Tennyson. During the very month of nuptial festivities, "In Memoriam" was published and greeted with general acclaim. Edward Moxon, his publisher, agreed to pay a small annual royalty. The office of poet laureate, made vacant by the death of Wordsworth, had been tendered to Samuel Rogers, who declined it on account of his advanced years. The post was then offered to Tennyson. Following time-honored custom, the new poet laureate planned to attend one of the queen's levees. Learning that Tennyson was searching among his friends to find the required form of dress for the occasion, Rogers came to the rescue. I have a letter

in my collection written shortly after the function in which Tennyson says:

"You will have seen that I kissed the Queen's hand on the sixth. Rogers lent me his court dress, the very same that poor Wordsworth had worn. I hate all publicities & so was a little bit nervous but got thro' very creditably."

Tennyson and his bride began housekeeping in the little village of Warninglid, Sussex. But one night a storm blew down part of the wall of their bedroom, and through the gap "the wind raved and the water rushed." Moreover, they now learned that the dining-room and their bedroom had been a Roman Catholic chapel and that a baby was buried somewhere on the premises and, later, that a notorious thief and murderer had once made the house his home. The nearest doctor and butcher were seven miles away. Altogether these traditions and conditions were too much for the newly wed; so they soon moved to Twickenham, where they found comfort and convenience.

After two years, the Tennysons again decided to seek a new domicile. In a letter I have that was written to his friend Flowers, it appears the task was not an easy one, for the poet says:

"I am so engaged in flying about the country in this wretched househunting business now in

Sussex, now in Gloucestershire or Yorkshire that I never can be sure of my whereabouts a day before hand."

At last a permanent home was found in Farringford, situated near the village of Freshwater on the Isle of Wight. A few miles away lived Sir John Simeon, highly esteemed by the poet as friend and critic.

About this time "Maud" was begun. The poem was first printed in what Mr. Wise calls a "pre-natal" edition, of which no copy can now be traced. Fortunately, one, which had been sent by Tennyson to Coventry Patmore, in order that the latter might have an opportunity to prepare an early and well-considered review, was seen by Mr. Wise before Patmore destroyed it in accordance with Tennyson's injunction to "Burn or Return." A subsequent proof of the poem was seen by Richard Herne Shepherd, who compared it with the text of the first published edition. Shepherd removed the cloth covers from copies of the published book and inserted blank leaves between the printed pages. On these blank leaves he transcribed the many lines of the proof that differed from the published text. The books thus treated found ready sale to collectors and students, as they afforded the only available text of the early "Maud."

In the summer of 1904, a few books from the library of Sir John Simeon, then deceased, were sold at auction at Sotheby's. Two of the items were thus described:

"Maud and other Poems, Original proof-sheets of pages 1 to 128, first edition, unbound, 1855.

"Maud, Etc. another collection of odd-proof-sheets. 1855."

On the possibility that these sheets might have an extraordinary interest, I made venturesome bids which happily secured them. When they arrived, my attention was so taken by a certain item of recognized importance which came to me from the same source, and to which I shall refer later in this chapter, that I gave little consideration to these fragments of "Maud" and, owing to other distractions, more than a year elapsed before I examined them carefully. I was, indeed, delighted when I found that, while these proof-sheets do not form a consecutive copy, they do comprise overlapping proofs which embrace a complete text of "Maud" in which are not only all the lines that the errant Shepherd surreptitiously copied but also several lines and many verbal variants hitherto unknown. Thus my risky bids brought to me a series of sheets (the only examples known) which include the earliest existing text of "Maud."

In a letter in my collection written by Tennyson to his brother-in-law, Charles Weld, there is this allusion to the new poem:

"I received the other day a most flattering letter from Ruskin, touching poor little Maud. I am glad that you too find something in her. It is a poem written in an *entirely* new form, as far as I know. I think that properly to appreciate it you ought to hear the author read it—and this I say not in vanity but that to give effect to the long sweeps of metre, you must have a reader who not only reads somewhat dramatically, but likewise has a full voice and ample lungs."

The published volume bears the title "Maud, and Other Poems." Of these other poems the most important are "The Brook," "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

The famous battle-ballad was written in a few minutes. Tennyson's emotions at this time are revealed to us not only in the poem itself but also in a letter I now have which was written shortly after the fatal "Charge."

". . . my heart almost bursts with indignation at the accursed mismanagement of our noble little army, that flower of men."

No other poem of Tennyson has been sub-

jected to as many revisions. It was first published in *The Examiner.* The original galley-proof, now in my possession, bears noteworthy alterations in the poet's hand. As a matter of interest to all admirers of the poetry of Tennyson, I wish it were feasible to give these changes in detail, but to do so, and to show other changes written by the poet on a subsequent page-proof, also in my possession, could only be satisfactorily done by reproducing these early proofs entire. The limits of space forbid this indulgence, so we must be content with a few manuscript lines on a separate sheet which differ materially from the galley-proof, agree word for word with the page-proof, and again differ from the poem as it appeared on publication in *The Examiner.* This bit of manuscript is now in my collection.

"Plunged in the battery smoke
Fiercely the line they broke
Cossack & Russian
Reel'd from the sabre stroke
Shatter'd & sunder'd.

Then they rode back as
Before they rode onward
Half a league back but not
Not the six hundred"

After publication the poem underwent more

changes; altogether the revisions and reversions of themselves would afford ample material for a separate chapter restricted to the story of this immortal ballad.

Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke
Cossack & Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd & sunder'd.

Then they rode back but not
Before they rode onward
Half a league back but not
Not the six hundred

Another letter from my collection, though written many years later, must have place here; it already has been printed, but, unfortunately, with errors of transcription.

Oct 20/75

Dear Sir,

I cannot attend your banquet—but I enclose five pounds to defray some of it's expences, or

to be distributed, as you may think fit, among the most indigent of the survivors of that glorious charge. A blunder it may have been, but one for which England should be grateful, having learned thereby that her soldiers are the bravest & most obedient under the sun.

I will drink a cup on the 25th to the health & long life of all your fine fellows, & thanking yourself & your comrades heartily for the cordial invitation sent me I pray you all to believe me, now & ever,

Your admiring fellow countryman

A. Tennyson

The project for a poetical rendition of the Arthurian legends was entertained by the poet for many years. It found its first expression in "The Lady of Shalott," which appeared in the poems of 1833, and was followed in 1837 by "St. Agnes," and in 1842 by three more lyrics: "Sir Galahad," "Sir Launcelot," and "Queen Guinevere." The 1842 volumes also contain "Morte d'Arthur," which later became part of "The Passing of Arthur." The Arthurian scheme was broadened in scope when fifteen years later Tennyson had his printers produce trial copies in folded sheets of two epics under the title "Enid and Nimuë, or The True and the

False." These were sent to critical friends with injunction to return to the author. Only three of these trial copies are now known to have survived. One was presented to the British Museum by Francis Turner Palgrave; one was bequeathed with other books to South Kensington Museum by John Forster; and one, discovered among the books of Sir John Simeon many years after his decease, was sent by Lady Simeon in 1904, with a few other volumes from Sir John's library, to be sold at auction. This was the certain item of recognized importance which came to me from Sotheby's in the same package with the fragments of "Maud" already described. This trial copy of "Enid and Nimuë" is still in the state in which it came from the printer; that is, unbound and the folded sheets of each poem "stabbed" and separately tied by cord. The title-page is lacking; doubtless it had not yet been printed when the proofs were sent to Sir John. There are a few minor alterations of the text in Tennyson's hand.

Two years later, 1859, two more Arthurian poems, "Elaine" and "Guinevere," were ready for the printer. A few trial copies which also included "Enid and Nimuë" were struck off under the title "The True and the False. Four Idylls of the King." Of these trial books only

two copies remain. One of them is in South Kensington Museum. How I obtained the other, the earlier of the two, has been elsewhere told; it will now suffice to say that this Tennyson *rarissima*, obscurely catalogued by an English dealer in second-hand books, became mine for a few shillings.

The title of the second idyll, "Nimuë," was changed before publication to the more euphonious "Vivien." The published volume, containing the four poems, bears the ever-familiar title "Idylls of the King." Ten thousand copies were sold in the first week.

In the spring of 1920, a few manuscripts and books, which had been withheld when many years ago the "Rowfant Library" was sold, were sent to Sotheby's to be auctioned. The most important of these was a manuscript in Tennyson's hand of "Nimuë." The closely written sheets of note size are bound in paper boards; on the first leaf is this inscription: "F. Locker from Tennyson." I was the successful bidder for this and three of Tennyson's books which bear similar presentation inscriptions. Each of these three volumes has important manuscript additions in the poet's hand.

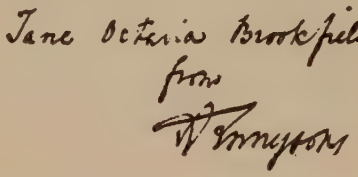
Locker, for his own purposes, had printed a sumptuous catalogue of his "Rowfant Library."

My sensations of early collecting days while reading his descriptions of these very same presentation volumes are still vivid. Even the possibility that they might one day become mine did not then enter my head. But undreamed-of treasures are the reward of the patient collector. The little row of first editions has grown and grown, until it is now the most important Tennyson collection on this side of the Atlantic.

The continued popularity of the "Idylls of the King" had an effect in the first choice of title for the next issued volume of Tennyson's poems. This was "Idylls of the Hearth." Why the charming designation was discarded does not appear. It was a "stop-press" change. Not only had proof after proof been passed back and forth between author and printer to the extent of apparently nine revises in folded sheets, but also a few completed cloth-bound copies had been distributed, all bearing the felicitous title.

Of the nine revises, the one in my collection is the fourth, as is indicated by the Roman numeral IV written at the top of the title-page. There are many corrections in Tennyson's hand, especially to the "Northern Farmer—old style"; the Yorkshire dialect would be a stumbling-block to any printer.

The new name, so hurriedly adopted, was the colorless "Enoch Arden, Etc." My copy of the first published edition was presented to the wife of the Reverend William Henry Brookfield, fondly called "Old Brook" by his intimates. As is well known, Mrs. Brookfield was a brilliant woman of rare charm who drew into their circle of friends nearly all of the London literary group of the mid-Victorian period. The volume bears this inscription:



We hear little in these days of the notion of the climacteric which maintains there are critical periods or turning-points in human life which occur when certain multiples of seven years are attained. Thus, the ages of 21, 35, and 49 are endowed with unusual importance, and at 63 years one reaches the grand climacteric. Be that as it may, Tennyson might be cited in testimony of the validity of the supposition. Though he had never before written a drama, other than some boyish attempts, in the decade following his grand climacteric he wrote no less than seven—six poetical: "Queen Mary,"

"Harold," "Becket," "The Falcon," "The Foresters," "The Cup"; and one in part prose: "The Promise of May," last of the series. Of five of these dramas, the exceptions being "Queen Mary" and "Harold," small special editions were printed in advance of publication for the use of the author. I have fine copies of four of these early issues. Of "The Foresters" only one trial copy has survived; this lone example is owned by Mr. Wise, whose Tennyson collection excels all others in interest and extent.

It is no part of my purpose to refer in these notes to each and every first edition of Tennyson, and I leave unmentioned several of the very scarce privately printed issues. There is, however, one more rarity as yet lacking in my collection that I wish to speak of.

The poem "Early Spring" was published in *The Youth's Companion* of December 13, 1883. As Mr. Wise tells us in his bibliography, the poem was also printed in London in pamphlet form simply in order to assure the English copyright, and six copies only were produced. Although not published until 1883, "Early Spring" had been composed at least as far back as 1834, for a manuscript written in that year is still in existence. The poem in its original

form consisted of nine stanzas, of which four only are identical, and these not verbally so, with the eight stanzas printed in 1883.

Some years ago I spent a very merry Christmas in Boston. In one of the few intervals of relaxation from hilarity I found myself at the little stone steps that almost drop one into the alluring basement bookshop of Goodspeed in Park Street. I had had happy business relations with Mr. Goodspeed for many years. Often he had written to tell me of a recently acquired book or letter of the sort I was interested in. This time I said to him: "When you have something important, especially if it be a Tennyson item, do not write to me about it but send the book or autograph itself. If I don't want it I'll send it back without delay."

About a fortnight after this visit I received a rather large thin parcel with the Goodspeed label. It contained the manuscript of "Early Spring" written on a folio sheet as sent to *The Youth's Companion* in 1883. Following the poem, which is signed by the poet, is this message:

March 12/83

Gentlemen,

My father begs to send you this new poem of his for your *Youth's Companion*. He has

copied it out for you: & hopes that you will like it.

I am
Yours faithfully
Hallam Tennyson

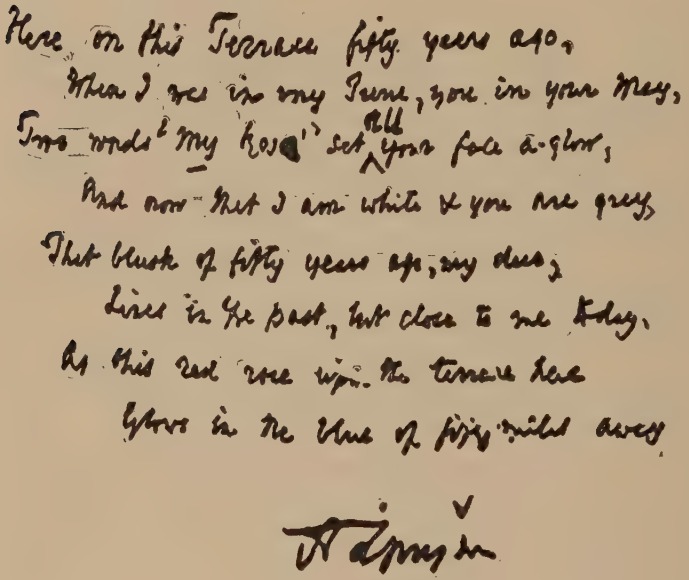
Of course Hallam Tennyson was not aware of the fact that the poem was not wholly "new" but was a radical revision of the unpublished verses of half a century earlier.

While I am still on the lookout for the little pamphlet, I can most truly say that I am not the least bit envious of those fortunate collectors who have acquired the very rare separate print of this charming poem.

One more manuscript is to be mentioned.

In 1868 Tennyson built a summer home, on Blackdown, Surrey, and named it Aldworth. Here in his eightieth year he wrote the little poem "The Roses on the Terrace." An early draft of these lovely lines is pasted in a scrap-book of autographs which evidently was once a possession of a member of the Tennyson family. The manuscript has slight variations from the printed form. Apparently Tennyson transcribed the poem, making two or three verbal changes, and then tore the original sheet into the three pieces for whose preservation we are indebted to the owner of the scrap-book. Below the

poem has been attached a signature, probably cut from a letter.


Here on this Terrace fifty years ago,
When I was in my June, you in your May,
Two words 'My Rose' set all your face a-glow,
And now that I am white & you are grey,
That blush of fifty years ago, my dear,
Lives in the past, but close to me today,
As this red rose upon the terrace here
Glows in the blue of fifty miles away

A Tennyson

"Here on this Terrace fifty years ago,
When I was in my June, you in your May,
Two words '*My* Rose' set all your face a-glow,
And now that I am white & you are grey,
That blush of fifty years ago, my dear,
Lives in the past, but close to me today,
As this red rose upon the terrace here
Glows in the blue of fifty miles away

A Tennyson"

IX

MY STEVENSONS

In Edinburgh, a few years before the Great War, while chatting with a Scot with whom I had a bookish acquaintance, I made an allusion to Robert Louis Stevenson. "Would you like to meet Cummy?" said my companion. I eagerly assented.

A few hours later, bearing a letter of introduction, my wife and I rang Alison Cunningham's door-bell. The old nurse gave us a glad greeting; she said she liked Americans. Conversation was difficult—Cummy was stone-deaf, so what we wished to say had to be written. Soon, in response to our messages, she became delightfully voluble.

One of the reminiscences of her "dear boy" was that, at a time when he had been very, very naughty, Mrs. Stevenson gave directions to have him stand in a corner of the room. After half an hour Cummy successfully interceded for pardon. On telling Louis to come to her, he said: "Sh-sh—don't talk to me; I'm telling myself a story."

Another tale was of the delicate child waking

in the night after frightful dreams. He would cry, "Gie me the Bible! Gie me the Bible!" but, with the coming of dawn, his call was "Gie me the novel! Gie me the novel!"

Time and again, the rigors of the Edinburgh winter impelled the boy's mother to take him to milder climes. In his fifteenth year, while at Torquay, he wrote a letter in rhyme to Cummy which, notwithstanding crudities, reveals incipient descriptive powers. I have never seen this letter in print, although several transcriptions have been made. My copy is the original that was sent to the beloved nurse. It seems quite worth while to give it here in full.

"This rhyming letter's writ to the (*sic*)
From Glen Villa at Torquay
It is raining plashing pouring
And without the wind is roaring
Among the cliffs that bound the sea
And through the boughs of every tree
With an untuneful melody
Not peculiar to Torquay
Oft I've heard it midst the shades
Of Drey Norns* lovely wooded glades
And now again we've got it here
Quite as bad as there I fear
Imagine to yourself a hill
And then another and one more still
Then mix together houses white

*A wood near Colinton.

And cliffs of a stupendous height
And just as red as red can be
And then a landlocked bit of sea
Mix these together with each hill
And place three capes beyond that still
And then you'll have the fair Torquay
That is as near as near can be
But I've forgot the Port to add
Which really is a deal too bad
Our ill luck never seems to leave us
The weather here is quite as grievous
As it was in Edinburry
Which we left in such a hurry
For to try if we could find
A place more suited to Ma's mind
But now the lunch has been brought in
With bread and cheese and Burtons beer
So I must leave this preely letter
And occupation for a better
I being feasted take again
The Ink, the paper and the pen
So now you see I've writ to thee
A letter very long Ma'am
And as this rhyme took up much time
It needed patience strong Ma'am
Its I am ill and stay my fill
In Glen Villa Meadfoot Road
Which as you see will need to be
Till I get round again Ma'am.

Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson
Glen Villa
Torquay March /65"

The superscription is "Mrs. Cunningham, Torryburn, from Lewis."

One of the most highly prized volumes in my collection is the little blue-cloth book "A Child's Garden of Verses" which, it will be remembered, was dedicated by Stevenson to the woman who did so much to make his young life happy. Mine is the "Dedication Copy," for on the title-page is inscribed:

"To Alison Cunningham from R. L. S."

I have an unpublished letter, written by Stevenson to his mother when the book was in preparation, which contains a paragraph that marks most emphatically his sense of gratitude and loyalty.

"I stick to what I said about Cummy: which was that she was the person entitled to the dedication; if I said she was the *only* person who would understand, it was a fashion of speaking; but to Cummy the dedication is due because she has had the most trouble and the least thanks. Ecco! As for auntie, she is my aunt, and she is a lady, and I am often decently civil to her, and I don't think I ever insulted her: four advantages that could not be alleged for Cummy. That was why, out of the three of you, I chose Cummy; and that is why I think I chose right."

After several years of training in engineering,

Stevenson, in his twenty-first year, told his father of his disinclination for the pursuit and his desire to enter the profession of literature. This request was reluctantly granted with the proviso that he should at once begin the study of law so that he might have another profession to turn to in the event of failure in the realm of letters. His biographer, Graham Balfour, has this to say of a short diary kept on a folio sheet of paper at the time the young man first entered the law office where he was to learn conveyancing.

"I have printed nearly the whole of it for the sake of the contrasts; the high spirits and the sentiment, the humour and the immaturity, make a remarkable conjunction. Already it would be difficult for any one to read it without recognizing the author, or else prognosticating for him a future which, at any rate, should be neither commonplace nor obscure."

This folio sheet, now in my possession, is so significant and is such a charming disclosure of the mind of the author *in esse* that I venture to print it here in full; the omissions and verbal changes of Mr. Balfour are disregarded and the text of the manuscript meticulously adhered to.

"*Thursday May 9th.* Went to office for first time. Had to pass an old sailor and an idiot boy, who tried both to join company with me,

lest I should be late for office. A fine sunny breezy morning, walking in. A small boy (about ten) calling out 'Flory' to a dog was very pretty. There was a quaint, little *tremolo* in his voice that gave it a *longing*, that was both laughable and touching. All the rest of the way in, this voice rang in my memory and made me very happy.

"*Friday May 10th.* Office work — copying, at least—is the easiest of labour. There is just enough mind-work necessary to keep you from thinking of anything else, so that one simply ceases to be a reasoning being and feels *stodged* and stupid about the head, a consummation devoutly to be wished for. Miss Fairfoul—girl at Wilson's the tobacconist's—married to Montieth, a nephew of Lord Mar's, the day before yesterday. Miss F. was a good friend of mine and I do not think she will disgrace her new whats-his-name.

"*Sunday May 21st.* My father and I walked over to Glencaise to church. A fat ruddy farm wench showed us the way; for the church, although on the top of a hill, is so buried amg tree tops that one does not see it till one trips against the plate. It is a quaint old building and the minister, Mr. Torrance (his father and grandfather were here before him) is still more

quaint and striking. He is about eighty; and he lamed himself last summer dancing a reel at a wedding. He wears black, thread gloves; and the whole manner of the man in the pulpit breathes of last century. After church, my father and I were taken to Woodhouselee to lunch by Professor Tytler. It is a very interesting old place, and the family is *charmante.*

"*Monday May 12th.* In all day at the office. In the evening dined with Bob. Met Catton, who was quite drunk and spent nigh an hour in describing his wife's last hours—an infliction which he lured us to support with sherry ad lib. Splendid moonlight night. Bob walked out to Fairmilehead with me. We were both rather better than good, and in a state of mind that only comes to (*sic*) seldom in a lifetime. We danced and sang the whole way up the long hill, without sensible fatigue. I think there was no actual conversation—at least none has remained in my memory: I recollect nothing but 'profuse bursts of unpremeditated song.' Such a night was worth gold untold. *Ave! pia testa!* After we parted company at the toll, I walked on counting my money and I noticed that the moon shone upon each individual shilling as I dropped it from one hand to the other; which made me think of that splendid

passage in Keats, winding up with the joke about the 'poor, patient oyster.'

"*Wednesday 22nd.* At work all day at Court —work being periphrasis for sitting on my behind, taking three luncheons and running two errands. In the evening, started in the rain alone and seeing a fellow in front I whistled him to wait till I came up. He proved to be a pit-worker from Mid Calder, and—faute de mieux—I bribed him by the promise of ale to keep me company as far as New Pentland Inn. I heard from him that the *Internationale* was already on foot at Mid-Calder, but was not making much progress. I acquitted myself as became a child of the *Propietariat* and warned him, quite apostolically against all connextion (*sic*) with this Abomination of Desolation. He seemed much impressed, and more wearied. He told me some curious stories of body-snatching from the lonely little burying ground at old Pentland, and spoke with the exaggerated horror, that I have always observed in common people, of this very excusable misdemeanour. I was very tired of my friend before we got back again; and so I think he was of me. But I paid for the beer; so he had the best of it.

"*Friday July 5.* A very hot, sunny day. The Princess Street Gardens were full of girls

and idle men, steeping themselves in the sunshine. A boy lay on the grass under a clump of gigantic hemlocks in flower, that looked quite tropical and gave the whole Garden a southern smack that was intensely charming in my eyes. He was more ragged than one could conceive possible. It occurred to me that I might here play le dieu des pauvres gens and repeat for him that pleasure that I so often try to acquire artificially for myself by hiding money in odd corners and hopelessly trying to forget where I have laid it; so I slipped a halfpenny into his ragged waistcoat pocket. One might write whole essays about his delight at finding it."

Books formerly owned by Stevenson are not easily obtained, and those that become available are quickly snatched up by collectors. In the catalogue of a New York dealer, sent to me about a year ago, I found one of these rarities thus described:

STEVENSON'S COPY WITH AUTOGRAPH

250. ANTONINUS. The Emperor Marcus Antoninus. His Conversation with Himself. Together with the preliminary Discourse of the learned Gataker. Translated by Jeremy Collier. *Portrait by Van der Gucht.* 8vo, old calf in a full green levant-morocco slip-case.
London, 1708 $37.50

Inscribed on inside front cover: "R. L. Stevenson, Sept. 1869." A large number of passages are marked in pencil and there are a few notes. From Stevenson's Library, with book label signed Isobel Strong.

Not less than a thousand collectors had received the catalogue as soon as I, so there was only a little chance that my order would be the first, especially as the price, in my estimation, was only a fraction of the value of this book of unusual association. I read the catalogue of an evening and telephoned early the next morning; the volume was in my hands before night. A day later I received a letter from the dealer asking whether I was satisfied to keep the book—he had "received another order" —doubtless many more.

In the essay "Books Which Have Influenced Me," first published in his thirty-seventh year, Stevenson has this to say of the "Meditations." He had then owned his copy for eighteen years.

"The dispassionate gravity, the noble forgetfulness of self, the tenderness of others, that are there expressed and were practiced on so great a scale in the life of its writer, make this book a book quite by itself. No one can read it and not be moved. Yet it scarcely or rarely appeals to the feelings—those very mobile, those not very trusty parts of man. Its address lies further back: its lesson comes more deeply home; when you have read, you carry away with you a memory of the man himself; it is as though

Copyright by the National Portrait Gallery.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From a painting by Sir William Blake Richmond

you had touched a loyal hand, looked into brave eyes, and made a noble friend; there is another bond on you thenceforward, binding you to life and to the love of virtue."

He carried the old tome with him to the South Seas; it bears the Vailima ticket inserted after his death in each volume of his library. The old calf binding still shines with the coat of varnish applied to the covers of all of the books Stevenson had with him in his tropic home to preserve them from the ravages of insects.

Stevenson and George Meredith first met in the spring of 1878. Notwithstanding the wide difference of ages the two men immediately established a sympathetic relation. I have in my collection a letter written by the older friend which in a few words discloses the thoughtful regard in which he held the aspiring young writer.

The year date should be 1879—the common January mistake.

Box Hill, Dorking
January 14th 1878

My dear Stevenson,

I wish you all good things, and best of all, good heart for work, through the year. We were sorry to have missed seeing you, and supposed that Christmas would whirl you off to Edinborotown.

The Egoist is not yet out of my hands, and when it is I doubt that those who care for my work will take to it. How much better it is always to work in the grooves. From not doing so, I find myself shunning the date of publication: the old dream of pleasure in it has long gone by.— I sent Kegan Paul a poem for the first number of his N. Quarterly M.— He tells me he is not sure when your story will be ready and binds me to produce him one. We can work in the same field, and I am well satisfied to think that we work together. A host of rubbishy applicants assails him already.

Is the play finished? I should imagine Mr. Henley to be an excellent collaborateur; shall be glad to have the title, and more to sit on the banks and thrill with your great invention. Also I am very curious about the tour. My wife would fain hear what prisons you were taken to, and the general bearing of officials toward you.

By the way, if now you are at work on everything human, know that this is not to be done without record of an oath to take the Summer for idleness. I could do things had I yearly six months of inertness. What lights would not be seen in my vacancy! and you, bear in

mind that you forfeit your richness by labouring it overmuch. At your age do nothing for ambition, nothing for money, so will your production be good and choice, while you now go on amassing treasure for the time when a man may reasonably write for ambition and will be too reasonable to do it. We claim you here to stay with us in the Spring. Present my compliments to your father & mother. My wife & the boy & girl are well. They often speak of you. As to my work, you shall hear of it when you come. Yours ever faithfully

George Meredith.

The "story" by Stevenson which was not yet ready was probably "The Story of a Lie," which appeared in the October number of the new magazine. The "play" was "Deacon Brodie," rewritten from many early experiments but not printed until 1880. The "tour" was "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes": the incidents of that unusual journey were doubtless related to amused listeners when Stevenson visited the Merediths in the following May. The book was not published until June.

No wonder Meredith was curious about the tour. In the previous autumn Stevenson had

gone alone to the little mountain town of Monastier in central France. Here he spent nearly a month getting acquainted with the inhabitants, making preparations for the proposed journey, and writing articles with a view to publication. The deliberate object of the journey itself was the production of a book. The first chapter, as originally planned, was to be a description of Monastier and its people. Two separate manuscript drafts of this sketch each headed with the title adopted for the book are in my possession but neither of these trial efforts were included in the published volume. On second thought, the young writer doubtless realized that as Monastier was not a part of the actual journey, it was scarcely pertinent to devote much space to what was merely the point of departure. The longer of these early drafts formed the major portion of an article entitled "A Mountain Town in France," first published in 1896 in the winter number of *The Studio*, accompanied by illustrations from drawings made by Stevenson himself during his sojourn.

I am fortunate in having three cheery little letters written from Monastier to the mother of the adventurous visitor. All three are hitherto unpublished.

Sept. 1878.
Chez Marel
Monastier
Haute Loire

My dear mother,

I suppose you are now at Buxton, but as you have not sent me your address, I cannot address except to Swanston. I am much better, and in good spirits. The country is beautiful, rather too like the Highlands, but not so grand. The valley of the Gazeille below the village is my favorite spot; a winding dell of cliffs and firwoods with here and there green meadows. The Mézenc, highest point of central France is only a few miles from here. My company consists of one fellow of the Ponts et chaussées, two excise officers, and a precepteur de contributions directes. There are sometimes horrid scenes at table. The Engineer is the best.

There is news!

Ever your afft son
Robert Louis Stevenson.

Chez Marel
au Monastier, Haute Loire

My dear Mother,

I heard that my father meant to give me coins for this little banishment. I am in a wager with the world to carry on my affairs at my own expense if I can. But if I am still to have my allowance of £25 a quarter, and you would not

mind giving me the arrears of two quarters due, £50, I own I should take that gladly, and should not feel as I had lost my wager.

I am ill to-day, having both over-worked and over-walked yesterday. The people for miles round know me and my gaiters and my cane, by now. "Vous Rentrez au Monastier?" they cry as I go past. The engineer is a very nice fellow, so my meals go well, and I take a walk with him in the evening before bed. The pension is 3½ francs, say three shillings, a day; and the food capital, really good and plenteous, and the wine much stronger and pleasanter than most ordinaires. Besides which, there is some Saint Joseph, of which I sometimes treat myself to a bottle, which is gaudy fine stuff. I like the country better almost every day, and get on with my sketching better than I could have expected.

Ever your afft son

R. L. S.

Monastier
Sunday, Sept. 8, 1878.

My dear mother,

Rec'd Scots Worthies, *without notes*. However it is a rotten book, and not worth a rush at best. I sketch, I shoot with a revolver, I work, I take long walks; generally, I have a good time; above all I am happy to meet none but strangers;

this pleases me greatly. In a little while, I shall buy a donkey and set forth upon my travels to the south; another book ought to come of it. In the meantime, I have scarce enough energy, and still too much work on hand. I must have a clean bill before I start. Tell me about Buxton, and who my father finds to flirt with. I cannot exactly say I wish I were with you, for indeed I am better here by myself; but I wish I wished so

ever your afft son
R. L. S.

What Stevenson put before us in "Travels with a Donkey" is really a quixotic and sentimental journey of the nineteenth century—a modest successor to the classic prototypes of Cervantes and Sterne.

We are told that the traveller wrote the account of his little tour during the ensuing winter, but the fact is that the book was virtually written in the twelve days of the journey itself. There is now in my happy possession the journal in which Stevenson, with a fulness of detail almost marvellous when we consider the circumstances, tells the story of his adventures. This journal, revised and somewhat amplified, became the text of the book as published.

In view of the unusual character of the journal it seems to me quite worth while to put before the reader a few representative extracts, and to place next to them the same matters as they are related in the book.

The first of these takes us to the inn at which the traveller puts up the first night:

From the Manuscript Journal

"The sleeping-room was double bedded; I had one; and I will own I was somewhat abashed to find a young man and his wife and child in the act of ensconcing themselves in the other. Honi soit, qui mal y pense; but I was sufficiently sophisticated to feel abashed. I kept my eyes to myself as much as I could; and I know nothing of the woman except that she had beautiful arms, full, white and shapely; whether she slept naked or in her slip, I declare I know not; only her arms were bare. To be thus admitted into the conjugal alcove struck me as so unaffectedly indiscreet that I sought to make peace with the husband, who told me, over a cup of my brandy, that he was a cooper of Valais travelling to St Etienne in search of work, and that in his spare moments he followed the fatal calling of a maker of matches. We were

From the Book as Published

"The sleeping-room was furnished with two beds. I had one; and I will own I was a little abashed to find a young man and his wife and child in the act of mounting into the other. This was my first experience of the sort; and if I am always to feel equally silly and extraneous, I pray God it be my last as well. I kept my eyes to myself, and know nothing of the woman except that she had beautiful arms, and seemed no whit abashed by my appearance. As a matter of fact, the situation was more trying to me than to the pair. A pair keep each other in countenance; it is the single gentleman who has to blush. But I could not help attributing my sentiments to the husband, and sought to conciliate his tolerance with a cup of brandy from my flask. He told me that he was a cooper of Alais travelling to St.

all tired however and soon slept the sleep of the traveller without fuss or after thought."

Etienne in search of work, and that in his spare moments he followed the fatal calling of a maker of matches. Me he readily enough divined to be a brandy merchant."

Next we have the succinct description of the village of Florac:

From the Manuscript Journal

"Florac itself, seated among its hills, is as perfect a little town as one could desire to see, with its old castle, its fountain welling from the cleft basin of the hills, its alley of planes, its rugged street corners and infinity of bridges."

From the Book as Published

"On a branch of the Tarn stands Florac, the seat of a subprefecture, with an old castle, an alley of planes, many quaint street-corners, and a live fountain welling from the hill. It is notable, besides, for handsome women, and as one of the two capitals, Alais being the other, of the country of the Camisards."

The contrasted accounts of a camp at night are particularly typical examples of the similarities and differences of the two texts:

From the Manuscript Journal

"A little hollow underneath the oak was my bed. Before I had fed Modestine and arranged my sack, three stars were already brightly shining and the others were dimly beginning to appear. I slipped down to the river, which looked very black among its rocks, to fill my can; and then dined with a good appetite in the dark, for I scrupled to light my lantern

From the Book as Published

"A hollow underneath the oak was my bed. Before I had fed Modestine and arranged my sack, three stars were already brightly shining, and the others were beginning dimly to appear. I slipped down to the river, which looked very black among its rocks, to fill my can; and dined with a good appetite in the dark, for I scrupled to light a lantern while so near a

in the near neighborhood (*sic*) of a house, and thereafter lay and smoked a cigarette. The moon which I had seen a pallid crescent all afternoon, faintly illuminated the summits of the hills, but not a ray fell where I lay. The oak rose before me like a pillar of blackness; and overhead the heartsome stars were set in the face of the night. Peace fell from them upon my spirit like a dew. No one knows what a spell they exercise who has not slept afield; slept, as the French happily put it, *à la belle étoile.* There is no reason why a man's eyes should love to behold these far away worlds, sprinkled like tapers or shaken together like a silver mist upon the sky, or no more at least than why he should love his children or be ready to give his life for a woman. It is one of the brute facts of human nature; a coolness of the spirit, a content, a quiet gladness, comes from their contemplation; and all ill humours vanish from the soul."

house. The moon, which I had seen, a pallid crescent, all afternoon, faintly illuminated the summit of the hills, but not a ray fell into the bottom of the glen where I was lying. The oak rose before me like a pillar of darkness; and overhead the heartsome stars were set in the face of the night. No one knows the stars who has not slept, as the French happily put it, *à la belle étoile.* He may know all their names and distances and magnitudes, and yet be ignorant of what alone concerns mankind, their serene and gladsome influence on the mind. The greater part of poetry is about the stars; and very justly, for they are themselves the most classical of poets. These same far-away worlds, sprinkled like tapers or shaken together like a diamond dust upon the sky, had looked not otherwise to Roland or Cavalier, when, in the words of the latter, they had 'no other tent but the sky, and no other bed than my mother earth.'"

While, in the published book, we find the author has added several paragraphs relating to the history of the region traversed and various reflections, there are in the journal many lines that are not included in the printed text. Among the most notable of these omissions are

three little prayers which appear in connection with the incidental visit to "Our Lady of the Snows," and were doubtless the expression of thoughts inspired by the atmosphere of the monastery and intercourse with the devout brethren. The trio is given here with a few prefatory lines from the journal, also hitherto unpublished.

"Apart from all other considerations, the thought of this perpetual succession of prayers made the time seem pleasant to me in the Monastery of our L. of the S. I have, like other people, my own thoughts about prayer; I find some prayers among the noblest reading in the world; Often when I am alone, I find a pleasure in making them for myself, as one would make a sonnet. I share, but cannot approve, the superstition that a man may change, by his supplications the course of the seasons or the linked events of life. I have prayed in my day, like others, for wicked, foolish, or senseless alterations in the scheme of things. But these grasping complaints are not prayer; it is in prayer that a man resumes his attitude towards God and the world; the thought of his heart comes out of him clean and simple; he takes, in Shakespeare's language, a new acquaintance of himself and makes of that a new point of departure

in belief and conduct. . . . As I walked beside my donkey on this voyage, I made a prayer or two myself, which I here offer to the reader, as I offer him any other thought that springs up in me by the way. A voyage is a piece of autobiography at best."

A Prayer

"O God who givest us day by day the support of thy kindly countenance and hopeful spirit among the manifold temptations and adventures of this life, having brought us thus far, do not, O God, desert us, but with thy continued favours follow us in our path. Keep us upright and humble, and O thou who equally guidest all mankind through sun and rain, give us thy spirit of great mercy."

A Prayer for Mind and Body

"Give us peace of mind in our day, O Lord, and a sufficiency of bodily comfort, that we be not tortured with changing friendships or opinions nor cru[c]ified by disease, but ever in strength, constancy and pleasantness, walk in a fair way before thy face and in the sight of men; and if it please thee, O Lord, take us soon in health of mind and honour of body into thy eternal rest."

A Prayer for Mind and Body.

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FACSIMILE OF A PRAYER IN STEVENSON'S MANUSCRIPT "JOURNAL OF TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY," WHICH WAS OMITTED FROM THE PRINTED BOOK.

A Prayer for Friends

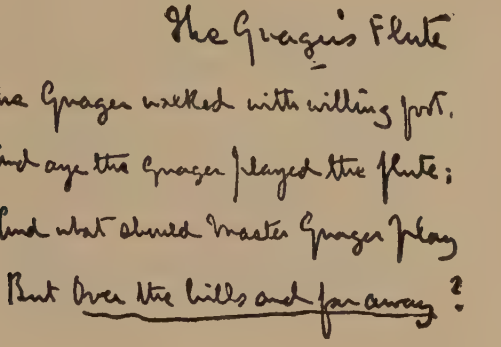
"God, who hast given us the love of women and the friendship of men, keep alive in our hearts the sense of old fellowship and tenderness; make offences to be forgotten and services remembered; protect those whom we love in all things and follow them with kindnesses, so that they may lead simple and unsuffering lives, and in the end die easily with quiet minds."

On two of the front leaves of the book which was used by Stevenson for the daily record of his "Travels" is a closely written sketch in very small handwriting bearing the title "To the Pentland Hills." This is an early draft of a chapter of "Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes." The anecdote of the Gauger which concludes the manuscript is undoubtedly the genesis of one of the three poems written on several back pages of this same book. In the manuscript the title is "The Guager's* Flute"; this, on publication, was changed to "A Song of the Road." The first stanza will recall to many the lilting lines of the poem.

"The Guager walked with willing foot,
And aye the Guager played the flute;
And what should Master Guager play
But *Over the hills and far away?*"

* Stevenson was not an accurate speller; the word Gauger is always Guager in the manuscript of both anecdote and poem.

The inciting anecdote is here printed from the manuscript; the text was revised when published.


The Guagers Flute

The Guager walked with willing foot,
And aye the Guager played the flute;
And what should Master Guager play
But Over the hills and far away?

"Down below upon a stream the road passes Bow Bridge, now a dairy farm, but once a distillery of whiskey. It chanced in the last century, that the distiller was on terms of good fellowship with the visiting officer of excise. This latter was a man of an easy, friendly disposition, and a master of convivial accomplishments. Every now and again, he walked out of Edinburgh to measure his friend's stock; it was a double-faced predicament, agreeable enough when one's business led one in a friend's direction, but painful to be the cause of loss to a host. Accordingly when he got to the level of Fairmilehead the guager would take his flute, without which he never travelled, from his pocket, fit it together, and as if inspired by the

beauty of the neighborhood, proceed to play a certain air as hard as ever he could. At the first note, the distiller pricked his ears. A flute at Fairmilehead? and playing 'Over the hills and far away?' It was his friend the Guager. Instantly, a horse was put to: and sundry barrels were got upon a cart and driven furiously round by Hill-End, and concealed in the mossy glen behind Kirk Yetton. At the same time, you may be sure, a fat fowl was put to the fire, and the best napery brought out. A little after, the Guager having had his fill of music for the moment walked down with the most innocent air, and found the good people at Bow Bridge taken entirely unaware by his arrival, but none the less glad to see him. In the evening, the guager's flute and the distiller's liquors would combine to pass the rosy hours; and I daresay, when both were a little mellow, the proceedings would terminate with 'Over the hills and far away', to an accompaniment of knowing glances."

Another of the poems which follow the manuscript of the "Travels" has, for title, the name of the young peasant who, without military training but with a genius for war, was chosen brigadier of the Camisards at seventeen. The romantic career of John Cavalier readily ap-

pealed to Stevenson, who himself would have loved the life of a guerilla.

In fact, his interest was so aroused that he contemplated writing a story based on the marvellous life of the young hero. The reader of "Travels with a Donkey" will recall the allusions to the bloody battles of the rebellious mountaineers with the soldiers of the king, but here, for the first time, he may read the poem written by Stevenson while in the very country of the intrepid Camisards, who fought the fight of faith in those intricate hills more than two centuries ago.

John Cavalier

"These are your hills, John Cavalier.
Your father's kids you tended here,
And grew, among these mountains wild,
A humble and religious child.—
Fate turned the wheel; you grew and grew;
Bold Marshalls doffed the hat to you;
God whispered counsels in your ear
To guide your sallies, Cavalier.

You shook the earth with martial tread;
The ensigns fluttered by your head;
In Spain or France, Velay or Kent,
The music sounded as you went.—
Much would I give if I might spy
Your brave battalions marching by;
Or, on the wind, if I might hear
Your drums and bugles, Cavalier.

In vain. O'er all the windy hill,
The ways are void, the air is still,
Alone, below the echoing rock,
The shepherd calls upon his flock.—
The wars of Spain and of Cevennes,
The bugles and the marching men,
The horse you rode for many a year—
Where are they now, John Cavalier?

All armies march the selfsame way
Far from the cheerful eye of day;
And you and yours marched down below
About two hundred years ago.
Over the hills, into the shade,
Journeys each mortal cavalcade;
Out of the sound, out of the sun,
They go when their day's work is done;
And all shall doff the bandoleer
To sleep with dead John Cavalier."

The third poem from the same source—as characteristic of the author as any from his pen—has also remained unpublished until now.

Praise and Prayer.

"I have been well, I have been ill,
I have been rich and poor;
I have set my back against the wall
And fought it by the hour;

I have been false, I have been true;
And thro' grief and mirth,
I have done all that man can do
To be a man of worth;

And now, when from an unknown shore,
I dare an unknown wave,
God, who has helped me heretofore,
O help me wi' the lave!"

Monastier.

Praise and Prayer.

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I have been rich and poor;
I have set my back against the wall
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I have been false, I have been true;
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And now, when from an unknown shore,
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God, who has helped me heretofore,
O help me wi' the lave!

Monastier.

In the course of a few years, several editions of the "Travels with a Donkey" were called for by a public gradually awaking to the charm of the new writer. We must now take leave of Modestine with this note of the author to his publishers:

Skerryvore
Bournemouth
June 5th 1886

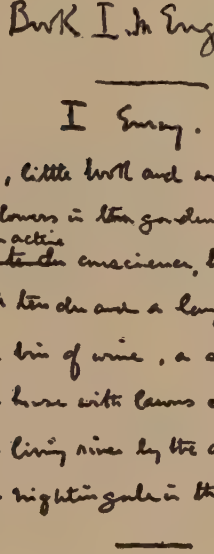
Messrs. R. & R. Clark
Dear Sirs

What has become of me and my donkey? She was never a fast traveller, but she has taken longer to come through Hanover Street than to cross Gévaudan. There must be carrots in your office. Please see to it, and let me hear

Yours truly
Robert Louis Stevenson.

I have been more than fortunate in obtaining original manuscripts of Stevenson's poems; no less than ten of those contained in the first edition of "Underwoods" are in my collection. There is no material difference between the text of these manuscripts and that of the poems as published except in the "Envoy" and "Requiem." The "Envoy" was written at Bournemouth, and Stevenson in the little verse was describing in the "wish to all" his own home

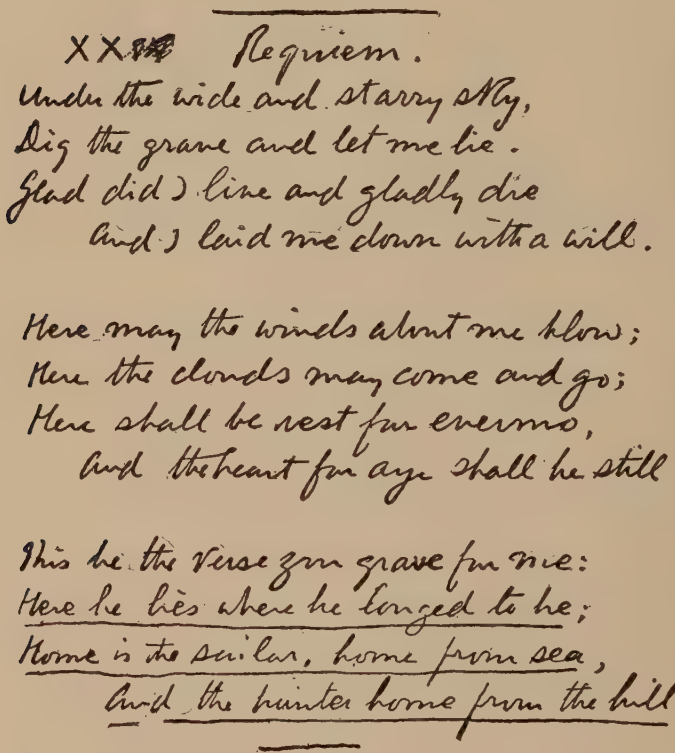
there, called Skerryvore, which Thomas Stevenson had bought as a gift for his daughter-in-law. In this, its original form, the poem has two extra lines, the third and fourth.



I Envoy.

"Go, little book and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall
An active conscience, honored life,
A tender and a laughing wife,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore!"

The "Requiem," by general verdict Stevenson's poetical masterpiece, has in the manuscript an extra stanza, placed between the two ever-familiar verses.



XX Requiem.
Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will.

Here may the winds about me blow;
Here the clouds may come and go;
Here shall be rest for evermo,
And the heart for aye shall be still

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill

XX Requiem

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die
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I have, as well, manuscripts of eight more poems, most of them written in the South Seas; and I am also fortunate in the possession of a folio book, used by Stevenson for experiments in poetry. Here are scores of poems in the making, together with several quite complete. Altogether a manuscript volume to be treasured for all time.

Several years after the death of Stevenson his wife sent to Dodd and Livingston, of New York City, to be sold for her account, the title-page and first ten chapters of the original manuscript of "Kidnapped," comprising sixty-two folio leaves. I bought them. A few years later

I obtained from the same source the manuscript of chapters eleven to twenty-six inclusive, and all but the last leaf of chapter twenty-seven, comprising one hundred and one folio leaves. Later still, a thorough search was made for the missing leaf and the last three chapters. Only the single leaf was found. This I have. No trace of the missing chapters has been discovered, but my collecting luck has been so remarkably good that I still have hopes of some day receiving an almost magic letter telling me how these lacking sheets were mislaid (perhaps by the printer) and offering them to me. It is needless to say that I stand ready to show my most generous appreciation if, in this or in any other way, I am put in a position to complete the manuscript.

Stevenson himself says of "Kidnapped": "In one of my books, and in one only, the characters took the bit in their teeth; all at once, they became detached from the flat paper, they turned their back on me and walked off bodily; and from that time my task was stenographic—it was they who spoke, it was they who wrote the remainder of the story."

There is a letter in my collection, written when the story was all but completed, which has already been printed in part. It is surely

worth while to give it here in full (omitting only inconsequential postscripts) so as to further emphasize the author's own opinion of the tale. The letter is without place, but was undoubtedly written at Bournemouth.

My dear father, Jan. 25th, 1886.

Many thanks for a letter quite like yourself. I quite agree with you and had already planned a scene of religion in D. Balfour, the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge furnishes me with a catechist whom I shall try to make the man. I have another catechist, the blind, pistol-carrying highway robber, whom I have transferred from the Long Island to Mull. I find it a most picturesque period, and wonder Scott let it escape. The Covenant is lost on one of the Torrans, and David is cast on Earraid, where (being from inland) he is nearly starved before he finds out the island is tidal. Then he crosses Mull to Torosay, meeting the blind catechist by the way; then crosses Morven from Kinlochaline to Kingairloch, where he stays the night with the good catechist; that is where I am; next day he is to be put ashore in Appin, and be present at Colin Campbell's death.

Today I rest, being a little run down. Strange how liable we are to brain fag in this scooty

family! But as far as I have got, all but the last chapter, I think David is on his feet, and (to my mind) a far better story and far sounder at heart than Treasure Island.

I have no earthly news, living entirely in my story and only coming out of it to play patience. The Shelleys are gone; the Taylors kinder than can be imagined. The other day Lady Taylor drove over and called on me; she is a delightful old lady and great fun. I mentioned a story about the Duchess of Wellington which I had heard Sir Henry tell; and though he was very tired, he looked it up and copied it out for me in his own hand. The Vandergrifter is pretty vandergriftly; I am well, only for this touch of overwork which annoys me but does me no harm I think.

I do trust Bath may do the trick; but I suspect the great thing is rest. Mind your allowance; stick to that: if you are too tired, go to bed; don't call in the aid of the enemy, for as long as you are in this state, an enemy it is and a dangerous one.

Believe me
Ever your most affectionate son
Robert Louis Stevenson

In another published letter, also in my collection, which was written to his father shortly

after the book was issued, Stevenson makes this happy forecast:

"David seems really to be going to succeed: which is a pleasant prospect on all sides. I am I believe floated financially; a book that sells will be a pleasant novelty. I enclose another review; mighty complimentary and calculated to sell the book too."

Let me remind the reader that David and Alan, within sight of their goal, turned back after the unsuccessful attempt to pass the sentry at the bridge of Forth. They stopped at a small inn in Limekilns and bought bread and cheese from the good-looking maid in charge. They departed, but a little later returned to the inn; and Alan then, by a bit of excusable deception, so worked on the sympathies of the susceptible lass that she promised to find means to put them over the water to Queensferry. In the book as published, the intrepid girl, who brought the refugees to safety, is not mentioned by name. That Stevenson had intended definitely to identify her, is disclosed in a few cancelled lines of the manuscript.

"To make a long story short, she was as good as her word and about eleven of the clock came by herself in a boat, and set us across near Carriden. Her name, she said, was Alison Hastie.

She would have none of ours though I offered to tell her mine, and having shown herself in all things a very good friend to us, she shook us by the hand and got again into her boat for the return."

When I acquired the second batch of the manuscript, I found with it a folio leaf containing a "Note to Kidnapped," incomplete, but very interesting as far as it goes. It is here first printed.

Note to Kidnapped

"I have prepared myself or begun to prepare myself for several works of history; the mountains were repeatedly in travail, and mice, in the shape of little story books, were the best of my results. The best of all my designs, a History of the Highlands from the Union to the Present day; social, literary, economical and religious, embracing the 15, and the 45, the collapse of the Clan System, and the causes and the growth of existing discontents, I bequeath to a more qualified successor. I was myself debarred by the difficulties of the Gaelic language and the state of my health which made of me an exile from my native country; but I desisted with regret, having grown more and more convinced of the utility and interest of

the work. It was in the course of these highland studies that I bought, in the city of Inverness, the printed trial of James Stewart bound up with a critical examination of the evidence; I suppose the volume cost me a few shillings, and has proved certainly the best of my investments. I was taken with the tale from the beginning; no one so dull, but must have been struck with the picturesque details; no one at all acquainted with the Highlands, but must have recognized in this tragedy something highly typical of the place and time. Agrarian crime in Scotland had a colour of antique and disinterested virtue; it was in the cause of the exiled chief, not of the tenant—it was for another, not for himself, that the murderer acted. Hence a part of the pleasure with which I considered this old trial; hence, I determined to found upon it a narration of fact; and hence, in order to make certain of my local colour, I visited Appin in the early summer of 1880. It was the last of many journeys with my father. It was the first time I had travelled with him since we were at all on a footing of equality. The weather was very wild; we were confined whole days to the inn parlour, at Glenorchy, at Oban and elsewhere; but the time sped with that delightful comrade. I have rarely been well re-

ceived among strangers, never if they were womenfolk; and I recall how it pleased and amused me to be a sharer in my father's popularity, and in the public sitting rooms to be the centre of delighted groups of girls: the stormy and tender old man with the noble mouth and the great luminous eyes, had, almost to the end, so great a gift of pleasing. At Balachulish, we had no difficulty in finding the cairn that still marks the place of death; and when we inquired after"

As the reader knows, this article, for the most part, is Stevenson's own writing; in fact there is so much by Stevenson and so little by William Harris Arnold that some may say, Why put your name to it at all? I don't want to go to that extreme; for I do desire recognition for bringing to light a considerable body of original Stevenson material, hitherto unpublished, which can now receive the attention it deserves.

X

LETTERS OF NOTABLE WOMEN

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them together."

—MONTAIGNE.

From the time when I began the delightful pursuit of book collecting, almost thirty years ago, once in a while I bought a letter that bore some relation to a book or its author. After a few years, my interest in autographs increased to such an extent that I frequently ventured outside this limited field; so now there are hundreds of letters in my collection that have no particular association with any of my books, and I have come to look upon the acquisition of autographs as a pursuit with a fascination second to none.

As there have always been many more distinguished men than distinguished women in this world, it is only natural that the larger portion of the letters I have collected were written by men; but no one need be told that those written by women are almost always the more entertaining. Unquestionably, this is due to certain charming qualities that exist only in the feminine mind. These qualities, variously

expressed, may easily be discovered in the examples of "The Gentlest Art" here submitted.

The common difficulty of proving a negative renders it impracticable always to be certain whether or no a letter has ever been published. When I know the letter to have been printed heretofore, I so state.

Our first example was penned by the young Queen of England when she was in her twenty-first year.

Windsor Castle
Nov. 15–1839

My dear Aunt,

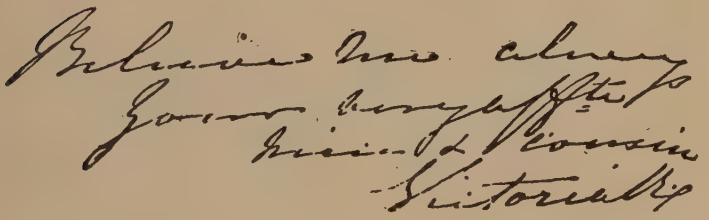
The constant affection & kindness which you have ever shown me, makes me certain that you will take much interest in an event w^{h} so nearly concerns the future happiness of my life. I cannot therefore any longer delay to inform you of my intended marriage with my cousin Albert. The merits of his character are so well known to all, who are acquainted with him, that I need say no more than that I feel as assured of my own happiness as I can be of anything here below, & only hope I may be able to make him as happy as he deserves to be.— As it is not yet to be publicly known, I must beg you not to mention it except to our own family.—

I hope you have quite recovered from the

serious accident you met with when you were at Ramsgate.

Believe me always
Your very affte
niece & cousin
Victoria R.

Superscription:
Her Royal Highness
The *Princess* Sophia Matilda
The Queen



Another letter, written twelve years later, tells us how well the royal romance turned out.

Windsor Castle
Feb: 10. 1851

My dearest Aunt

In both our names accept my warmest thanks for your kind letter & wishes for this to me so very precious day.

Each returning year increases my gratitude & happiness & I feel that I can never *show all* I owe to my beloved Husband as I ought. *He does so* much for *me* & I feel as if I did *so little* for him.

What devotion admiration respect & the intensest attachment can do ever will be his portion & ever will be awarded to him by me.

Our Father in Heaven alone can know *how* deep & intense my feelings are. We are glad to hear that the D^uss^ of Cambridge & Mary were pleased with the children's performance Mamma was much pleased with the D^uss^ visit on Wednesday we come to London. I regret to say it is a great change for me always. —With Albert's love,

Ever
Your devoted Niece
V G

About a year after this second letter of the happy queen was written, Prince Albert received a copy of the first edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life Among the Lowly," with a letter from the author.

Mrs. Stowe retained a copy of the letter, apparently the original draft.

My Copy

To His Royal Highness Prince Albert

The author of this work feels that she has no apology for presenting it to Prince Albert because it concerns the great interests of humanity and from those noble & enlarged views of

human progress, which she has at different times seen in his public speeches she has inferred that he has an eye & a heart for all that concerns the development & welfare of the human family.

Ignorant of the forms of diplomatic address & the etiquette of rank, may she be pardoned for speaking with the republican simplicity of her own country as to one who posseses a nobility higher than that of rank or station.

This simple narrative is an honest attempt to enlist the sympathies both of England & America in the sufferings of an oppressed race, to whom in less enlightened days both England & America were unjust.

The wrong on England's part has been atoned in a manner worthy of herself, nor in all her strength & glory, is there anything that adds such lustre to her name as the position she holds in relation to human freedom (may America yet emulate her example!)

The appeal is in greater part as it should be to the writers own country, but when fugitives by thousands are crowding British shores she would enlist for them the sympathy of British hearts.

We, in America, have been told that the throne of earth's mightiest nation is now filled

by one less adorned by all this world can give of power and splendour, than by a good & noble heart—a heart ever ready to feel for the suffering the oppressed and the lowly.

The author is encouraged by the thought that beneath the royal insignia of England throbs that woman's and mother's heart. May she ask that He who is nearest to her would present to her notice this simple story. Should it win from her compassionate nature, pitying thoughts for those multitudes of poor outcasts who have fled for shelter to the shadow of her throne,—it were enough—

May the blessing of God rest on the noble country from which America draws her lineage & on *Her* the Queen of it. Tho all other thrones be shaken may hers founded deep in the hearts of her subjects, be established to Her & *to Her Children*, thro all generations.

With deep respect

Harriet Beecher Stowe

Brunswick Maine
March 20 1852

Another letter gives a dramatic account of the antislavery compact entered into so aggressively by Harriet and her brother Henry Ward Beecher.

To Dr Ross Hartford July 22, 1875.

Dear Sir

I have read your work with unabated interest through to the end. It carries me back to the time when my brother Henry Ward Beecher and myself just returned from a Western life & come to live in Eastern cities were shocked and outraged by finding both in church and state, a universal bowing down to the fugitive slave law. I remember his coming then, to lecture up in the State of Maine where I was then living and of our meeting & sitting up at night to ask each other What can *we* do for a testimony against this great wrong.

He was going to preach and lecture through the land—& I said—I have begun a set of sketches in the National Era to illustrate the cruelty of slavery—I call it Uncle Tom's Cabin

That's right he said—Write it and we'l print it and scatter it "thick as the leaves of Vallembrosa"—

That was the beginning & since then What hath God wrought.

Whenever since then I have been tempted to be low spirited or desponding—I think Well thank God for one thing I have lived to see Slavery abolished! & God only knows what a

comfort that is. Never let any one despair that has lived to see that.

What a comfort to you must be the reflection that you have saved so many from these horrors. I congratulate you on such a record.

With sincere respect & sympathy

Ever truly Yours

H B Stowe

In English history the Victorian years will always be famous for their literary accomplishment. The number of writers of distinction that belong to the period is rivalled only by the Elizabethan.

The year 1819, in which Victoria was born, also gave birth to Marian Evans, who, as George Eliot, was recognized in her day, and is still recognized, as the greatest of English women writers of all time. Her letter here presented was written to M. d'Albert Durade, at whose home in Geneva Miss Evans resided *en pension* during the autumn and winter of 1849–50.

Holly Lodge, South Fields
Wandsworth, Surrey
October 18, 1859

My dear Friend

Does it ever happen to you now to think of a certain Englishwoman, née Marian Evans? She seems perhaps to deserve that you should

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GEORGE ELIOT.

From a drawing made March 21, 1877.

forget her, seeing that she has let years pass without making any sign of her existence. But in reality she is not so blameworthy. When, more than two years ago, I wrote you word that I & my husband were going to the coast, I could not give you our permanent address, not knowing what it would be; & it did not occur to me to mention any other address which would serve for all times & seasons. Having made this omission, I could not hear from you again, & I had not the courage to write again myself, not feeling that I had anything to tell you that would be worth sending over the Jura.

But in these last three years a great change has come over my life—a change in which I cannot help believing that both you & Madame d'Albert will rejoice. Under the influence of the intense happiness I have enjoyed in my married life from thorough moral & intellectual sympathy, I have at last found out my true vocation, after which my nature had always been feeling & striving uneasily without finding it. What do you think that vocation is? I pause for you to guess.

I have turned out to be an artist—not, as you are, with the pencil & the pallet, but with words. I have written a novel which people

say has stirred them very deeply—and *not* a *few* people, but almost all reading England. It was published in February last, & already 14,000 copies have been sold. The title is "Adam Bede"; & "George Eliot," the name on

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the title page, is my *nom de plume*. I had previously written another work of fiction called, "Scenes of Clerical Life," which had a great *literary* success, but not a great *popular* success, such as "Adam Bede" [h]as had. Both are now published by Tauchnitz in his series of English novels.

I think you will believe that I do not write you word of this out of any small vanity:—my

books are deeply serious things to me, & come out of all the painful discipline, all the most hardly-learnt lessons of my past life. I write you word of it, because I believe that both your kind heart & Madame d'Albert's too, will be touched with real joy, that one whom you knew when she was not very happy & when her life seemed to serve no purpose of much worth, has been at last blessed with the sense that she has done something worth living & suffering for. And I write also because I want to give both you & her a proof that I still think of you with grateful affectionate recollection.

My books are such close & detailed pictures of English life, that I hardly know whether they will affect foreign readers strongly. Yet I cannot help wishing that Madame d'Albert could read them, for I think the views of life with which they are written would excite her sympathy.

I am very much changed from the Minie of old days: the years have altered me as much inwardly as outwardly. In some things, however, I am just the same—in some of my failings, I fear:—but it is not a failing to retain a vivid remembrance of past scenes, & to feel warmly towards friends whose kindness lies far back in the distance, & in these things I am the

same as when I used to walk on La Freibe with you or Madame d'Albert.

Do I deserve that you should write me some word about yourselves? Everything you could tell on that subject would be interesting. Adolphe & Charles are now bearded men, are they not? I remember them with the more interest, because Mr Lewes has three boys, the youngest of whom is about the age your Charles had reached when I was at Geneva. *Our* boys are all three at Hofwyl under Dr Müller, who has revived F. Monberg's institute there. They went soon after I wrote to you on the subject of a foreign school, the Hofwyl school appearing to suit Mr Lewes' views better than that of the Genevese gentleman whom you kindly mentioned to me.

I almost fear to send my letter after the long lapse of time in which I have known nothing of you. What sad things may have happened! Yet I will hope that such fear is groundless, & that you & Madame d'Albert are leading the same peaceful pleasant life as ever, with excellent friends around you.

How I should love to see Geneva again. But that too is greatly changed, is it not? We were in Switzerland in the summer, but had not time then to go so far south as Geneva. Another

time, when we go into Italy, I hope to revisit the dear old scene & show it to my husband.

Farewell, dear friend. Ask Madame d'Albert to accept my affectionate regards, & believe me faithfully yours *Marian E. Lewes.*

"The little book of Rhymes" mentioned in the next letter is, of course, the united production of the Brontë sisters, published under the suggestively masculine pseudonyms of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. The reader will scarcely need to be reminded that the initial letters of these names were those of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne. The sale of the volume when issued was negligible; to-day it is one of the *rarissima* of nineteenth-century poetry.

Mrs. Gaskell had first met Charlotte Brontë in the summer of 1850, only a few weeks before the letter was written. The acquaintance quickly ripened to intimacy. In her admirable "Life" of her friend, Mrs. Gaskell quotes only the third paragraph of the letter; it seems worth while to print all of it here.

Haworth Septbr. 26th, 1850.

My dear Mrs Gaskell.

On no account must you give yourself the trouble of sending the "Prelude" to Smith & Elder—nor, indeed, need you return it to me

at present; keep it in pledge till I come and redeem it—though when that will be, I cannot say. My Father is not well—yet better than he has been; he has taken scarcely any Duty for some weeks past; I should not like to have him now.

I told Mr Smith that I had sent you "The Prelude," and his answer was that he should be very happy if any of the books he lends me, could be made available for your entertainment also. I expect another batch by and by; when they come, I will tell you their titles and you shall make a choice.

The little book of Rhymes was sent by way of fulfilling a rashly made promise; and the promise was made to prevent you from throwing away four shillings in an injudicious purchase: I do not like my own share of the work, nor care that it should be read. Ellis Bell's poems I think good and vigorous, and Acton's have the merit of truth and simplicity. Mine are chiefly juvenile productions; the restless effervescence of a mind that would not be still. In those days, the sea too often "wrought and was tempestuous," and weed, sand, shingle—all turned up in the tumult. This image is much too magniloquent for the subject, but you will pardon it.

I wonder what it was I said that suited you; in vain have I puzzled my memory to make out what it could be.

You were well neither in mind nor body when you wrote last: I trust you are better now. Rumour says we are to expect from you a Christmas Book—but Rumour so often errs, I scarce dare trust her assertions—especially when they are pleasant.

Thank you for your flowers; when put in water they revived and looked quite fresh and very beautiful. I kept them for more than a week; the bit of heliotrope I especially prized for its incomparable perfume.

For the present, good bye, my dear Mrs Gaskell. When you have time, write one line to say how you are. If the report about the Christmas Book is not true—make it true. I am hungry for a genuine bit of refreshment—but you must mind not to pierce one with too keen-edged emotion. There are parts of "Mary Barton" I shall never dare to read a second time. Is that unconscionable Mr. Chapman satisfied yet—now that "Mary Barton" has reached a fourth edition?

Believe me Yours sincerely

C. Brontë

Mrs. Gaskell
Plymouth Grove

Our next letter was written by Mrs. Gaskell to Miss Geraldine Endsor Jewsbury, a woman of unusual literary attainment and author of several works of fiction. I believe the reader will agree with me that Mrs. Gaskell's sprightly gossip is worthy of recognition here.

P. Grove
July 21st Monday (1854)

My dear Geraldine

I beg to say you never put your address on the letter you wrote to me—well! I got it from Mrs Carlyle; forgot it; and it was only from Mr Gaskell's letter I picked it up again, or you'd have heard from me long before this! Yes! it was very good of you to jog the Atheneum's memory about me, & very naughty of them to take no notice of being jogged: which they haven't. Oh! how *pretty* and *fresh* & charming your account of your lovely old fashioned Rectory was! If your novel is not good you've no excuse—Yes! I've been up to London; I went to try & shake off my half-bargain (for so I understood it with Dickens,) to succeed him in H. Words with a story as long as Ruth. He would not let me off: indeed, when I found out how *he* had understood it as a *full* bargain, I durst not for my honor's sake propose giving it up; though I am in a rage with

myself, and my unbusinesslike ways in having concluded an arrangement by talking, and not upon paper, in which latter case there can be no mistake—so take me for a warning my dear! instead of an example! My story could be good if any body could read it as a whole; read in driblets it will seem dull; & be dull for I have not the art, (and would not if I could,) to write for weekly effects. However why should I bore you with all this when perhaps you are in the pangs yourself. Who knows? The only thing was that my 3 weeks in London [name undecipherable] Bedford Row was spoilt by it. First I had to write up to a certain point which I had not done before I went. Then I had to await Dickens' decision; fume & fret at my own stupidity; and into a passion when he sent me word the story would do for him. (I had trusted it would *not*.) so I paid no calls whatever save two. One on Mrs Carlyle; 'tother on Miss Chorley. I let no one know I was in London, but of course by & bye—last 4 days—invitations came in; some very nice, but *of course* these last were for the days beyond the time to which I could stay: & so I came back like a misanthrope fuming at my species. That was five weeks before; since when I have written away like a tiger (do tigers ever write? they're

the most energetic animal I can think of with dinner just coming on the table;) seen nobody, had no letters scolded right & left, and been as disagreeable as possible. Well! I wonder if you care for my small London "experiences"—I went to see La joie fait peur at the French theatre—exquisite oh! *most* exquisite. That's just all I can say. And I rushed in & out of the Academy Exhibition; & glimpsed at all the pictures necessary to be talked about, & was not deeply impressed by any. And I went to the French ditto and Pall Mall Do go, if it's open when you're in London. And I went to a quiet [word undecipherable] at the Carlyles' house. i e. *called* quiet, but not half so pleasant as if it had been. Brookfields, James Marshalls Mrs. Newberg, & Miss Kier Grant, whoever she may be. Up stairs in the new room which looked very pretty. And to a great do at [name undecipherable] where were all the world & his wife. Carlyles Thackeray & his eldest daughter, Maclise, Doyle, Kingsley, Maurice, Sir Alex! Gordon, Procters, Longmans, Tom Taylor, &c &c &c, & any quantity of smart titles. It grew pleasant towards the end of the evening, when the rooms cleared, & one could see & get to people. Those were all my gaieties in London. Miss Bronté is married, & I ought to write to

her, but I've a panic about the husband seeing my letters. Bridegrooms are always curious; husbands are not. Meta comes home from London today—Manchester is very "empty". . . . —nothing, nobody stirring.

Yours very affectionately

E Gaskell

If I were offered as a prize the choice of a single letter of any one of the many distinguished women of the last two centuries, under the stipulation that the contents of the letter should remain undisclosed until the choice be made, I would say "Give me one by Jane Welsh Carlyle"! I have never read one of hers that was not a delight. I don't believe she could have written a dull one, and her best are among the most charming of women's letters.

Of the three letters here printed, the first two were written to Carlyle in April, 1841, while he was visiting young Richard Monckton Milnes, afterward Lord Houghton, most highly regarded as the first biographer of John Keats. The third letter was addressed to Mrs. Gilchrist, a London neighbor.

Friday

Virtue its own reward? "*Never* Sir".— Had you been neglectful and sent me no letter

yesterday, some scribblement better or worse would have proceeded from me yesterday—But the *receiving* of your letter assuaged those wants of my heart (to speak in the language of the Minerva press) which would else have sought assuagement in writing to you—and besides—that letter on glazed paper, written with the best of pens, beautiful outwardly and inwardly, gave me such an ideal of what you would expect of what you were entitled to in return, that I had no longer assurances enough to put you off with one of my rough and ready scrawls, which, as goddess of chaos, presiding over the rumbling and tumbling of a first-rate earthquake, and with a considerable of a headache at the same time, was the best I could have done for you. Today I thought I should be able to write copper plate, to spell, and to put my words together, if not with a certain grace, at lowest with a certain intelligibility. And you see. But "it is of no use rebelling against Providence" —and so I will carry on and "keep never minding"—

No letters have come except your own—and your own having come no others are missed—thank heaven it is no worse with you.—So far as I can read your horoscope at this distance it seems to me pretty fairish—I have great faith

in your *young* host—In fact I believe we might have "riddled creation" without finding a man better fitted for taking charge of you "under difficult circumstances." If he brings you back *a gladder and a foolisher* man, I shall be under eternal obligations to him—say so with my kind regards.

Darwin came yesterday "fully confident of finding Carlyle still here."—He staid but a short while having to call for "old Mrs Pepoli"—told me nothing being in fact in the muddiest condition of ditch-water.—Russini came, full of solicitude about the dangerous state of Lord Granville —"it would be such a pity if he died before having received Mr. Carlyle's letter"!. Every man for himself and the Devil for all. I sent him in quest of the Weekly Dispatch which he speedily realized for me—but the criticism is not half so scurrilous as one would have wished —and so as it will hardly make you laugh it is hardly worth sending—I send it however, since I have got it, but under cover not to compromise your character by addressing such a paper to you in a Tory house—Nobody else has been here—my evenings are as quiet as if I were at the back of beyond—only Helen now and then making noises as of the Ghost of Hamlet—I have employed the quietness rather unprofita-

bly *you* will think in reading Maturin's Melmoth the Wanderer—in *four* volumes—a strange book which I never heard tell of, and wonder that I never did—for I find in it as much wild energy and poetic beauty (of the "distracted" sort) as in any dozen of the Geniuses that we see "going about the streets"—The man seems to want only some one thing—common sense perhaps—to have been great in his day and generation—or perhaps his defect was simply having been born an Irishman—and with a consequent leaning toward lying and stealing.— . . . Here are newspapers and a letter from my Mother—chiefly about *you* so I send it—Take every care of yourself and do not *think*. Above all write and love me—

Yours ever

Jane C

Dearest

John is writing to you upstairs. You must certainly have got two letters from me by this time, and so, I merely take up this bad pen to "let you know I am in being," and heartily glad to hear good accounts of your mother—if not the best of your poor self. A letter from *my* mother had told me before John came that she was much better—God bless me! if you walked into Templand without note of prepa-

ration "how dreadful would be the result"! for my Mother evidently writing in the idea of your being HERE and the sudden apparition of you *there* would surely throw her into fits! —My dear Good, I do not like to say make haste to come back—for I *can* get along tolerably without you *for a time*—and you hate this poor place so much! but still—I fancy that this knocking about in Annondale is not the sort of thing to make you stronger, and that after all that you would mend just as fast in London—bad as it is—beside *me*—

Do not however come a moment sooner on *my* account—I "am not solitary am not idle" ergo, not *melancholy*—It is amazing the quantity of house-work that turns up for me to do! one would say that the *dirt* here had come to be like the spot of blood on the key of Blue-beards closet—as fast you rub it on one side it reappears on the other!—but you *will* find us clean when you come back—by the way Helen made a not unjudicious remark on the effect likely to be produced on you by your sojourn among the Aristocracy—I told her that she had scrubbed something very well—"What does't matter" said she—"when the Master comes haim oot o' *thai gran hooses*, he'll never see the difference between oor *clean and dirty*"!

Fraser sent a note—for yesterday—along with your letter to him and Emerson's to you—there was also a book entitled "*The Rights of Laymen*" five pence three farthing too dear, I am afraid at the sixpence I had to pay for it! —Also a letter from New York postage 8^{d}/2 requesting to be favored with your Autograph! —How sick I am getting of these Yankees!—

But here comes John looking as restless as need be—so no more blash at present—

Your affectionate
Jane Carlyle

But here comes John looking as restless as need be—so no more blash at present—

Your affectionate
Jane Carlyle

Aberdour
Fife

My dear Mrs. Gilchrist,

I don't remember whether I engaged to write to you or not; but anyhow the spirit moves me to write—and exactly at the wrong moment!

when I have the softest pen and the thickest ink that has fallen in my way since I left home!

I suppose you are long removed to your country quarters and have derived, I hope, more benefit from "the change" than I have done as yet. I suppose the dreadfully fatiguing journey wracked me up to such an extent that it has taken all this time of "pure air," "quiet" and "new milk and rum" to overcome the bad consequences—certainly, between ourselves, I am not sensible of having gained an atom of strength, either bodily or mental, since I left Chelsea. And yet, what a difference between the dead-wall one looks out on in Cheyne Row and the "view" from our window here, unsurpassed I am sure by the Bay of Naples, or any other view on Earth! and between the "exhalations from the Thames," complicated with the vitriol Factory and Chancellor dung-hill; and these airs from the Atlantic blowing on our hill top! One *ought* to be *well* here—and now that one has a "cuddy" (donkey) "all to oneself" (as the children say) to *walk* about on the four legs of; one's two own legs being *no go*, one ought to admit one has every thing needed for happiness—except indeed *one* thing *the faculty of being happy!*—

Mr. C. is much pleased with the place and the "soft food" it yields for himself—and horse —and, as he hardly *works* at all, he would be much better if he didn't, as he always does in "the country," take health *by the throat* (as it were) Bathing as if he were a little Boy in the Serpentine, *Walking* as if he had seven-league Boots, and riding like the wild Huntsman!— the consequence of all which is that he keeps up in him a continual fever of biliousness—

Charlotte is the happiest of created girls— everything so *new* to her everything delightful! especially the open admiration of Aberdour Lads; who call her "*Bonnie wee Lassie*" in the public highway! "So kind of them!" she says, "when they never saw her before and don't so much as know her name!!" Mr. C. remarked justly that "the compliments to *herself* were the only words of Scotch she could manage to understand! and these she understood at once, by instinct!"

Nero is a much improved dog. By sea-bathing with his master, he snores less, scratches less and is less selfish. And "the Horse" Oh Mr C declares "It is in *perfect raptures* over its *soft food*—but incapable of recovery from its astonishment at the badness of the Fife roads!"

So we shall do very well at the Farm House for as long as we have it—till the 6th of August —after that our plans are still in the vague—

Good by dear woman—I do hope Mr Gilchrist will find some work in winter to keep you still our neighbors.

Yours most truly,
Jane Carlyle

There is a letter in my collection written by Walter Scott to his Irish friend Matthew Weld Hartstonge, who had provided Scott with material for his "Life of Swift," then just published. The date of the letter is July 18th, 1814. By a happy coincidence, this letter came into my hands the very same day in the summer of 1922 that I also secured the celebrated "Aut Scotus aut Diabolus!" letter of Maria Edgeworth, which she addressed to "The Author of Waverley," in care of the publisher, James Ballantyne. As we all know, "Waverley" was issued anonymously. I quote here from the Scott letter:

". . . I have packed a square deal box as well and neatly as I could with the various treasures I received from you for assistance in Swift. . . . Finding my box too large I have packed up in the top two or three new publica-

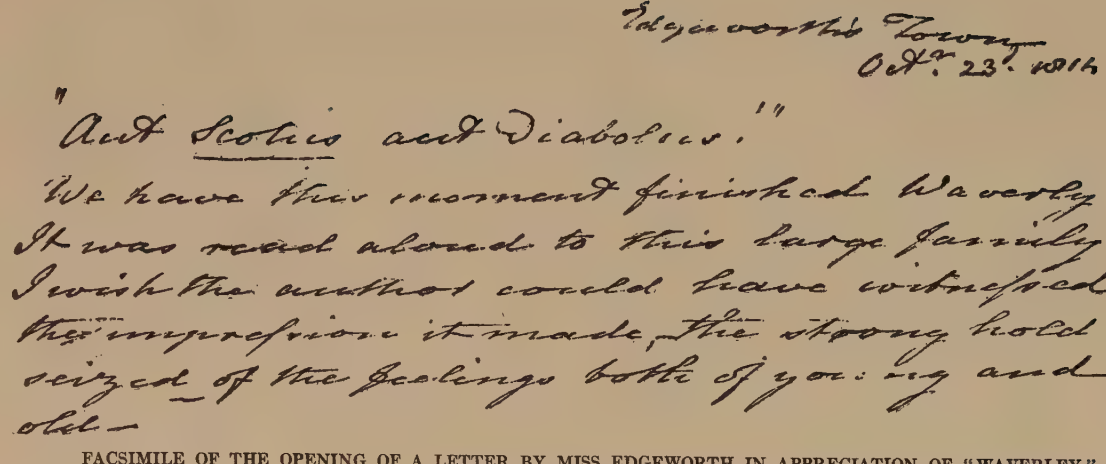
tions for your acceptance. The first is Waverley a novel in 3 volumes of which the Good Town of Edinburgh gave me credit as the author. They do me too much honour & I heartily wish I had both the credit and profit But I believe you will like it though perhaps not so much as I do who am sensible of the likeness of the old fashioned portraits The author must have had your inimitable Miss Edgeworth strongly in his view for the manner is palpably imitated while the pictures are original."

Miss Edgeworth's letter was published in several Irish and English newspapers in the year 1842; I do not know whether it has subsequently appeared in print. The enthusiastic appreciation of "Waverley" by the Edgeworth family, so vividly described by the talented daughter, is typical of the reception that was given the novel by the British reading public.

Edgeworth's Town,
Oct.r 23.d 1814

"Aut Scotus aut Diabolus!"

We have this moment finished Waverly—It was read aloud to this large family & I wish the author could have witnessed the impression it made, the strong hold it seized of the feelings both of young and old—the admiration raised by beautiful descriptions of nature, by the new,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"And Scotice and Diabolice."

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FACSIMILE OF THE OPENING OF A LETTER BY MISS EDGEWORTH IN APPRECIATION OF "WAVERLEY."

and bold delineations of character—the perfect manner in which every character is sustained in every change of situation from first to last without effort, without the affectation of making the people speak in character—the ingenuity with which each person introduced in the drama is made useful and necessary to the end—the admirable art with which the story is constructed, and with which the author keeps his own secrets till the precise moment when they should be revealed—whilst in the mean time with the skill of Shakespear the mind is prepared by unseen degrees for all the changes of feeling and fortune, so that nothing however extraordinary shocks us as improbable & the interest is kept up to the last moment.

We were so possessed with the belief that the whole story & every character in it was real that we could not endure the occasional addresses from the author to the reader—They are like Fielding—but for that reason we cannot bear them—We cannot bear that an author of such high powers, of such original genius should for the moment stoop to imitation—This is the only thing we dislike—these are the only passages we wish omitted in the whole work—And let the unqualified manner in which I say this & the very vehemence of my expression of this

disapprobation be a sure pledge to the author of the sincerity of all the admiration I feel for his genius.

I have not yet said half we felt in reading the work—The characters are not only finely drawn as separate figures, but they are grouped with great skill, and contrasted so artfully and yet so naturally as to produce the happiest dramatic effect and at the same time to relieve the feelings & attention in the most agreeable manner.

The novelty of the highland world which is discovered to our view excited curiosity & interest powerfully; but though it is all new to us, it does not embarrass or perplex, or strain the attention—We never are harrassed by doubts of the probability of any of these modes of life. Though we did not know them we are quite certain they did exist exactly as they are represented. We are sensible that there is a peculiar merit in the work which is in a great measure lost upon us—the *dialects* of the highlanders, and the lowlanders &c—But there is another & a higher merit with which we are as much struck and as much delighted as any true born Scotchman could be—The various gradations of Scotch feudal character, from the highborn chieftain & the military Baron to the noble minded lieutenant Evan Dhu, the robber

Bean Lean & the savage Callum Beg—The *Pre*
—*The Chevalier* is beautifully drawn.

"A prince aye every inch a prince"!

His polished manners, his exquisite address politeness, and generosity interest the reader irresistibly & he pleases the more from the contrast between him & those who surround him —I think he is my favorite character—The Baron Bradwardine is my fathers—He thinks it required more genius to invent & more ability uniformily to sustain this character than any one of the variety of masterly characters with which the work abounds—There is indeed uncommon art in the manner in which his dignity is preserved by his courage, & magnanimity in spite of all his pedantry & his *ridicules* & his bear & his boot-jack & all the raillery of Mac Ivor—(Mac Ivor's unexpected bear and book-jack made us laugh heartily)

But to return to the dear good Baron— Though I acknowledge that I am not as good a judge as my father & brothers are of his recondite learning & his law latin yet I feel the humor, and was touched to the quick, by strokes of generosity, gentleness and pathos in this old man—who by the by is all in good time worked up into a very dignified father in law for the

hero—his exclamation of Oh my son, my son, & the yielding of the fortitious character of the Baron to the natural feelings of the father.

(Evan Dhu's fear that his father in law should die quietly in his bed made us laugh almost as much as the bear and the bookjack)—Jinker in the battle, pleading the cause of the mare which he had sold to Balmawhapple & which had thrown him for want of the proper bit is truly comic—My father says that this & some other passages respecting horsemanship could not have been written by any one who was not master both of the great & little horse—

I tell you without order the great & little strokes of humor or pathos just as I recollect or am reminded of them at this moment by my companions— The fact is that we have had the volumes, only during the time we could read them, & as fast as we could read, lent to us as a great favor, by one who was happy enough to have secured a copy before the first & second edition were sold in Dublin—When we applied not a copy could be had—We expect one in the course of next week but we resolved to write to the author without waiting for a second perusal. Judging by our own feelings as authors we guess that he would rather know our genuine first thoughts than wait for cool

second thoughts or have a regular eulogium or criticism put into the most lucid order & given in the finest sentences that ever were rounded.

Is it possible that I have got thus far without having named Flora or Vich Ian Vohr—The last *Vich Ian Vohr!*—Yet our minds were full of them the moment before I began this letter—and could you have seen the tears forced from us by their fate you would have been satisfied that the pathos went to our hearts—Ian Vohr from the first moment he appears till the last is an admirably drawn & finely sustained character—new—perfectly new to the English reader—often entertaining—always heroic—and sometimes sublime. The *grey spirit* the Bodach Clas thrills *us* with horror. *Us!* What effect must it have upon those under the influence of the superstitions of the highlands. This circumstance is admirably introduced—this superstition is a weakness quite consistent with the strength of the character—perfectly natural after the disappointment of all his hopes—in the dejection of his mind & the exhaustion of his bodily strength.

Flora (we could wish was never called *Miss Mac Ivor* because in this country there are tribes of vulgar Miss *Mac's*—& the association is unfavorable to the sublime & beautiful of

your Flora— She is a true heroine— Her first appearance seized upon the mind & enchanted us so completely that we were certain she was to be your heroine & the wife of your hero—but with what inimitable art you gradually convince the reader that she was not, as she said of herself, *capable of making Waverly happy*— Leaving her in full possession of our admiration, you first made us pity, then love, & at last give our undivided affection to Rose Bradwardine— Sweet Scotch Rose.

The last scene between Flora & Waverly is highly pathetic—My brother wished that *bridal garment* were *shroud*—he thinks it would be stronger and more natural—because when the heart is touched we seldom use metaphor— or quaint alliteration bride-favour—bridal-garment—

There is one thing more we could wish changed or omitted in Flora's character—I have not the volume & therefore cannot refer to the page— But I recollect in the first visit to Flora when she is to sing certain verses there is a walk in which the description of the place is beautiful but *too long* & we did not like the preparation for a *scene* & the appearance of Flora and her harp. It was too like *common* heroine—She should *be far above* all *stage effect* or *novelists trick*—

These are without reserve the only faults we found or *can* find in this work of genius—We should scarcely have thought them worth mentioning except to give you proof positive that we are not flatterers—Believe me I have not nor can I convey to you the full idea of the pleasure, the delight we have had in reading Waverly—nor of the feeling of sorrow with which we came to the end of the history of persons whose *real presence* had so filled our minds —We felt that we must return to the *flat realities* of life & that our stimulus was gone—We were little disposed to read the *Postscript which should have been a preface*—"Well! let us hear it said my father—and M^rs^ E read on—

Oh my dear Sir how much pleasure would my father, my mother my whole family as well as myself have lost if we had not read to the last page—And the pleasure came upon us so unexpectedly!—We had been so completely absorbed that every thought of ourselves or our own authorship was far far away.

Thank you for the honour you have done us & for the pleasure you have given us—great in proportion to the opinion we had formed of the work we had just perused—And believe me every opinion I have in this letter expressed was formed before any individual in the family had

peeped to the end of the book or knew how much we owed you.

Your obliged & grateful
Maria Edgeworth.

To
The author of Waverly.

It has been a matter of some concern to me how to introduce the writer of the next letter, for, although when she came to Paris after her marriage she was received by Queen Marie Antoinette, we may be quite sure that none of the other women whose letters appear in this chapter would have countenanced a person of her character. I decide not to introduce her, but take for granted that you are all acquainted with the fascinating Emma, Lady Hamilton, and the story of her notorious career.

The letter covers four folio pages measuring twelve by nine and one-quarter inches. It is without date or place, and begins abruptly without greeting, as not a few eighteenth-century letters do.

I hope you are recovered from your late indisposion I hope if you have the gout in your hands it will fall in to your feet and when it is in your feet you must stay at home and then you may write to your friends for it is an age

since I have heard from your self, endeed I hear frequently from others for I dont know any man that as so many friends as Fish Crawford, tho they all say he is an *od fish* but a good one, I say a man past forty-five or fifty with twenty years worth of gout about him may be allowed to be od, true says you, the Malemsburys whent to Rome last monday I beg you will joke him about the Duchess de Fleury a pretty french girl of 23 he was foolishly in love with her I say foolishly because she made a fool on him, he was after her from morning to night and at the same time she was dying for Lord Dalkeith, *childish work*, the prince Augustus as been very ill but is now well again Last night we went to Portici where he lives & I sang to him he is very fond of music as fond as the prince of Wales he is very like him in his person the price of W. is a much handsomer man, but you will like Prince A. he is the most amiable best young man I know tho not so clever as the p. of W. endead their are few men as accomplished as the prince of W. I really admire him, so does all who as had the honor of knowing him ask the Prince if he knows Mr^{s} Boehn, she is a fine citty lady and is come abroad for the improvement of her education (I wish it was so) every word she says the prince of Wales

told me so the P. laughed and said Mrs B. you have the most wicked eyes in the world, really Mrs. B. you are very like Lady Lad, in short, she is the greatest fool in the world and I am sure if the p. of W. spoke to her it is onely to laugh at her you may see she as not been used to good company she dined with us the other day and I invited Lord & Lady plymouth as she had been reccommended to the later it was my Lady Countess every moment in short poor Lady p. & self was so tired of our titles and Mrs B. that we now dread the sight of her, dont let this letter be throughn about your room as you do all your others are you got in to your new house yet, where are the Devonshires how goes on old Q, do you see Mr^{s} Knight of Greville, send me some news, we have Mr Eardly, son of Lord Eardly, he is now dying of the Malairia a fine young man I believe an onely son, do you know Lord Shrewsbury he is at naples with a small Brig he bought of Lord Uxbridge. Lord S. is the odest man in the world he is what you would call a *Tory* he looks like a shewmaker belorded very mean looking wears a flaxen wig not large enough to cover his own black hair he never says a word except when you speak to him and then it is yes or no, the onely thing he likes is eating and I have been told in London

he as brought his kitching next his dining room that he may have his beef stakes Hot from the grid iron but for any other passion poor man he is not capable of feeling he looks at a pretty woman with as little indifference or perhaps less that he would look at his wig, how does Lord Stair go on he is properly called, for I am sure he used to stair me out of countenance do you remember Sadlers Wells one bad effect being thought a mistress, fellows think they are at libberty to insult them, when the very name of wife carries respect with it, what a happy woman I am thanks to my Dear Sir William I am out of the reach of all those insults I hear your friend Mr Blair as got a living I have wrote to him to desire he will now get a wife for it is more decent for a clergyman to make *use* of *his own*, than his *neighbours goods*, Lord Macartney wrote to me—lately he reccomended a very amiable man to us Sir George Stanton he onely came for six days he set of yesterday from naples with 2 chinese that are to accompany them on their entended embassy to china, I am proud of my correspondant Lord M. I shall write to him next post to thank him for his *raccommendata*, and I now take this opportunity of thanking you for having made me acquainted with so amiable a character as Lord

M. endead I owe you many such obligations, I hope you often see dear Dutens he is a true friend & a perfect good amiable character & woud go any lengths to serve a friend I never shall forget the pains he took for me & the friendly anxious part he acted through the whole of my *difficult affairs*, pray give my love to him, have you heard from your brother or sister are they at paris still, have you got my picture home yet, do you ever entend to come and see the original dont come with old Q. I wont have him he is false, whilst I could entertain his company it was all well but I have it from very good authority the moment my back was turned he abused me, *a nasty old son of sin*, show him this if you please and tell the avaritious beast of human nature he is beneath the contempt of such a poor low born girl as Emma or else she would have expostulated with him on his Illebrality adio love Crawford
believe me your obliged & sincere

Emma Hamilton

The Mrs. Montagu referred to in the letter that now invites your attention was Elizabeth Robinson Montagu, the celebrated leader of

the "Blue Stockings." This talented woman, believing that exchange of ideas was better than shuffle of cards, invited her friends to a series of "Conversation Parties," with the suggestion that discussion be confined to literary and artistic topics. The Blue Stockings were soon the talk of the town.

The origin of the term, as applied to the intellectual woman, has been variously attributed; it is now placed with Benjamin Stillingfleet, a naturalist and well-known dilettante of the period. Mrs. Montagu had requested her guests to adopt simple forms of dress, so Benjamin, putting aside his customary black silk hose, came to the parties in blue stockings of wool. This informality, wittily seized, provided the everlasting epithet.

The writer of the letter was Fanny Burney (Doctor Johnson's "little Burney"), later Madame D'Arblay. She will always be remembered for her celebrated "Diary" and her entertaining novels, "Evelina," "Cecilia," "Camilla," and "The Wanderer."

This letter is without greeting; it was addressed to Mrs. Thrale. The Blue Stocking assemblies were begun in the late 1770's, and were continued to the end of the century.

Friday, May 31st.

How precisely have you forestalled my answer to your enquiry of *what says Mrs. Montagu* to the Influenza? We had a very small party at the Blue Palace—no ladies but Mrs. & Miss Ord, & no gentlemen but Mr. Langton, Mr. Scott, & Lord Monboddo, who would talk to me of nothing but *Homer*, to the no little diversion of Miss Ord & Miss Gregory and to the no small *muscle suffering* of myself. I fancy he mistook me for Miss Streatfield, for Mr. Seward, *ever studious of mischief & ridicule*, gave a long and florid account both of her & of me to him at your House, and probably he has so confounded us together, that, should he next meet *her*, he will ask what set her about writing *Evelina*. The *Master* was not there, so we saw not the House, further than the Bed Room, & the fine Bed was an admirable subject for Lord Monboddo, who talked to me about the Bed, Sofa, Chairs, Nectar, and Ambrosia of Juno and Jupiter, as mentioned by *our friend Homer*, till to *be grave* exceeded *all power of Face*, & however by this old Lord's mistake Miss Streatfield might lose her credit for her Iv'ry Neck,

Nose & Notions à la grec.

I am at least sure she lost not through *me* her title to the epithet of *smiling* Sophy.

She called upon me just now, & I am much mistaken if she is greatly enchanted at this new connection of her Brothers. She, too, has had the Influenza, and did not look *well; pretty* she could not help looking. I thought of your making Mrs. Montagu stare at Bath with threatening her with songs to *filthy tunes*, when, the other evening, in taking Mrs. Chapone Home from Mr. Pepys, we were *3* times in danger of being overturned, in the midst of Tuesday night's storm, from the pavement being broken up in the streets leading to her House. I quite longed to quote you upon her, but did not dare.

Wednesday, June 5th.

I wrote thus much, dearest Madam, to send by an opportunity which I missed: your last note I have just received, & I will certainly wait upon you to-morrow. I am by no means surprised that all your House should be sick for so universal is sickness, you could not have been made of penetrable stuff to have escaped it. I will *tell* you about *us* and our torments to-morrow. S. S. wanted me to go with her to Streatham to Day, but she gave me no *warning*, & I can at present, arrange nothing in a *hurry*. I am quite *rejoiced* in the thought of

so soon seeing you again, though only for a moment, for ever I am & truly Dearest Mrs. Thrale's, F. B.

I have been again at Mrs. Montagu's, but did not again meet my dear Homerical friends. The Star of the evening was Lord Bristol, who shone, indeed, with much resplendency. Lord Westcote tried to twinkle with him, but did not succeed. The Ords, Mr. Langton, Mr. Stanhope, Mrs. Boscawen, Lord Falmouth, oriental Jones & some others were of the party, but Lord Bristol was the only *spouter*, the rest, Mrs. Mon. excepted, were mere audience.

As George Washington is commonly termed the "Father of his Country," the writer of the next and final letter of our group of notable women must perforce be the "Mother" of our broad land.

Letters written by Martha Washington are much scarcer than those of her husband. The present example is a typical one, and possesses the additional interest of having been indited in the critical days of 1776. The disastrous "Battle of Long Island" occurred just one week after the date of the letter.

Philadelphia august the 28th 1776

My dear sister

I am still in this town and give prospect at present of my leveing it, — the General is at new york he is very well and wrote to me yesterday and informed me that Lord Dunmore with part of his fleet was come to general Howe at Staten Island, that

FACSIMILE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE OPENING OF A LETTER OF MARTHA WASHINGTON.

My Dear sister Philadelphia august the 20^{t} 1776

I am still in this town and noe prospect at preasent of my leveing it,—the General is at new york he is very well and wrote to me yesterday and informed me that Lord Dunmore with part of his fleet was come to General Howe at staten Island, that an other devisian of Hessians is expected be fore they think the regulars will begen thare attack on us, Some hear begen to think thare will be noe Battle after all—Last week our boats made an other attempt on the ships up the North river—and had grapp afire ship with the Phoenix ten muniets but she got cleare of her; and is come down the river on satterday last. Our people burnt one of the tenders—I thank god we shant want men—The Arme at new york is very large and numbers of men are still going Thare is at this time in the city, four thousand on thair march to the Camp and the Virginian is daly expected —I doe my Dear sister most relegiously wish thare was and end to the matter that we might have the pleasure of meeting again—my Duty to my Dear mamma—and tell her I am very well —I dont hear from you so often as I used to doe at Cambridge—I had the pleasure to hear by Col Aylett that you and all Friends ware

well and should been glad to have had a line from you by him—I hope Mr Bassett has got the better of his caugh long agoe—please to present love to him my Brother and sisters my Dear Fanny & the Boy & Except the same yourself

I am my dear Nancy your eaver affectionate sister

Martha Washington

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